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Carlyle

MRS CARLYLE'S LETTERS

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LETTERS AND MEMORIALS

OF

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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LETTERS AND MEMORIALS

OF

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 95.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Thursday, Sept. 16, 1847.

Here are three notes for you, dear; and I cannot send them without a few lines from myself, though up to the ears in my curtains.

If I had waited patiently a few hours longer yesterday, I might have spared you a shrewing. Your nice long letter came in the evening; and before that, I had also seen John, and been favoured with a reading of your letter to him. I could have found in my heart to box his ears, when I found it had been in his pocket since Monday night, and I only told of it then, at three o'clock on Wednesday, after my remonstrance was gone to the post-office. He did not seem to consider my impatience in the meanwhile 'of the slightest consequence.' In fact, he is, for the

moment, 'a miserable wretch, lost in proof-sheets.'[1] He reminds me of the grey chicken at Craigenputtock, that went about for six weeks cackling over its first egg. If everybody held such a racket over his book as he, over this Dante of his, the world would be perfectly uninhabitable. But he comes seldom, and has always to 'take the road again' in a few minutes, so I manage to endure the cackling with a certain stoicism.

Nothing has happened to me since yesterday, except that in the evening I was startled, almost terrified, by a knock at the door. It was Fuz! I had written to him about G.'s[2] manuscript, and he answered my note in person, by return of post. I had expected 'a gentle and free passage of pennies,' extending through, perhaps, a fortnight, before a meeting actually came off.

He seemed very strong-hearted for the reading, which could not, however, be commenced last night, for he had to attend the sale of Shakspeare's house; but on Sunday evening, 'by all that was sacred,' we would fall to in earnest, 'trusting in God that on that night he should find me in good voice.' Meanwhile, 'were there any books—anything on earth—I wished?' He would send Henry to-day. He stayed only half-an-hour—very fat!

[1] 'Lost in statistics,' said old Sterling, of a certain philosopher here.
[2] Geraldine.

This morning a still greater terror struck into me when a carriage stopped at the door while I was sitting at breakfast in my dressing-gown. It was Anthony Sterling on his way from Headley. He did not offer at coming in; merely sent the servant to ask if I would be at home in the afternoon. I am glad he is coming, for I will get him to send me his painter, the one who was to bring me an estimate having never returned. I walked up to the Library yesterday to get myself, if possible, something to read. White Owl[1] expected to-day: library 'too bad for anything;' officials mortal drunk, or worse—overtaken with incurable idiocy! Not a book one could touch without getting oneself made filthy. I expressed my horror of the scene, and was answered: 'Are you aware, ma'am, of the death of Mrs. Cochrane?' I brought away the last four numbers of 'Vanity Fair,' and read one of them in bed, during the night. Very good, indeed, beats Dickens out of the world.

Chalmers is now raising brick fabrics—perfectly incomprehensible in their meaning hitherto[2]—in front of his house.[3] I told old John and the other workmen, yesterday, that there was no longer a doubt that they had all gone perfectly deranged. John

[1] Poor old Cochrane, our first librarian of London Library, and essentially the builder and architect there. The only real bibliographer I have ever met with in Britain.

[2] Turned out to be a porch and pillars. [3] Then No. 4, Cheyne Row.

shook his head quite sorrowfully, and said 'it was only too true.'

The 'National,' Fuz told me, had started a very feasible idea about the Duke de Praslin's intention, in taking the loaded pistol with him. He had ordered the porter to come half-an-hour sooner than usual, and straight to his bedroom. He meant to shoot the porter, and make him pass for the murderer.

Fuz was awfully excited on the subject of Luzzi.[1]

Ever yours

J. W. C.

LETTER 96.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Wednesday, Sept. 22, 1847.

You are to know, then, that ever since I wrote the last letter to you, I have had no history 'to speak of,' having been confined pretty constantly to bed. When I wrote the last letter, I was already ill; in fact, I had never felt well from the first day of my return. But at that writing, I perceived I was in for some sort of regular illness. I thought, at first, it was going to be a violent cold, but it has not turned to a cold. I suppose a doctor would call it some sort of bilious or nervous fever. Whatever it has been, I have suffered horribly from irritation, nausea, and languor; but now I am in the way of getting well again. I am out of bed to-day, and able to

[1] Have forgotten.

write to you, as you see. John has been very kind to me, since he knew of my illness, which was not till Sunday afternoon. He has come to see me twice a day ; and one time stayed four hours in my bedroom, reading to me, &c. I prohibited him from telling you of it, as I did not want you to be kept anxious. But now I am so much better that there is not the slightest occasion for anxiety ; and as to your being there, and not here, I assure you it has been the greatest possible comfort to me that it so happened. I can be twice as patient and composed, I find, when there is nobody put about by my being laid up. Had you been here, I should have struggled on longer without taking to bed, and been in the desperatest haste to get out of it. All the nursing possible has been given me, by Anne and Mrs. Piper ; and the perfect quiet of the house could not have been had on other terms, nor could Anne have had time to attend to me as I required, if we had not had the house all to ourselves.

So do not be *vaixed*, and do not be uneasy ; I have no ailment now, but weakness, and so soon as I can get into the air, that will wear off.

And now I must stop for this time.

Ever yours

J. W. C.

Sept. 23.

You must have another little letter to-day, dear, in case you take a notion to fret. I continue to mend rapidly. One of the people who has been kindest to me during my illness is 'old John.'[1] He has actually reduced all the pianos to utter silence. Hearing Anne say that the noise of his ladies was enough to drive her mistress mad, he said, 'I will put a stop to that,' and went immediately himself into the drawing-room, and told the ladies then at the piano, 'he wondered they were not ashamed of themselves, making such a noise, and Mrs. Carlyle at death's door on the other side of the wall.' And there has not been a note struck since—five days ago.

J. C.

LETTER 97.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Friday, Sept. 24, 1847.

You can't be said, dear, to have wasted many letters on me in this absence; but if you 'feel a stop' (Quakerly speaking), best to let it have way; no good comes of forcing nature, in the matter of writing or any other matter.

Meanwhile, I go on mending. I had more sleep last night, and feel strong enough to-day to meditate a short turn in the open air. When John comes, I

[1] Servant in the adjoining house.

shall propose it to him. I am not to go to Addiscombe to-morrow. Last night, at ten o'clock, I was just going to bed very tired, John and Mazzini having sat talking 'Dante' beside me, till I had to be struck with a sudden thought that M. would miss the Hoxton omnibus, unless John saw him off instantly, when Anne came to announce the important fact of Mr. Fleming. ''Well,' I said, 'send him away; I cannot receive him at this time of night.' But he would not be sent away. 'He had come charged with a message from Lady Harriet (!), and if I would just see him for five minutes.' The other time he called was with Mr. Baring; changed times for little Mrs. Harris.[1]

The message was, that Lady H. was coming up on Saturday, to dine at Holland House on Sunday; so that she could not send for me on Saturday, according to programme, but would take me down with her on Monday. This she had told him (Fleming) when he was 'seeing her off;' and he would tell her my answer 'when he dined with her at Holland House.' 'How very odd,' I said, 'that you should be acting as Lady H.'s Ariel!' 'Oh, not at all now; we are excellent friends now, since we stayed together at Sir W. Molesworth's; and there is nothing I would not do for her! she is the dearest, playfullest, wittiest creature. I love her beyond everything.' 'Very absurd.'

[1] He used to come very assiduously hither, poor little soul, but was now rising in the world.

If I can get off from going now, without discourtesy, I will; for to stay over Tuesday is not worth the fag of going and coming; besides, my painting will terminate, I expect, on Saturday night. And there is yet another thing that takes away my ardour for going. Fleming gravely accused me of having brought on this illness, as I did so many others, by my 'unheard-of imprudence.' 'Lady Harriet assures me that nothing was ever like your indiscretion in diet, and that all these attacks proceed from that cause.' Now, I require to have every furtherance given to any faculty that may lie in me for eating and drinking at present, instead of living and eating in the fear of being thought and published a glutton.[1] The quantity of wine that John prescribes for me might also obtain me the reputation of a drunkard. And I believe it quite necessary, when for days together one's pulse 'could not be counted.' Fleming's 'five minutes' prolonged themselves to half-an-hour, and then I was obliged to tell him that I could sit up no longer. And he went away in his little thunder-and-lightning embroidered shirt, and his little new curled wig, lisping out: 'I shall tell Lady Harriet that I found you in a temperature sufficient to produce a bilious fever.' It was all I could do to keep from summoning all my remaining

[1] Singular indeed! In this world the force of nonsense could no farther go.

strength together and 'doubling him up,'[1] prating in that fashion to me, who had just come through such a week of suffering. Never mind, Chalmers's old John comes to ask after me the first thing every morning; and he keeps all the pianos down. And my maid nurses me with an alacrity and kindness that could not be bought with money; and the more I eat, the better you are always pleased.

Kind regards to them all. I hope your mother don't say every half-hour, 'I wonder how Jane is?'

Yours ever

J. W. C.

LETTER 98.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Addiscombe[2]: Friday, Oct. 1, 1847.

Just two lines, dear, before starting, in case I arrive, as is likely, with a head too bad for writing from Chelsea, by to-day's post.

My visit here has gone off rather successfully in one sense. I never saw Lady Harriet in such spirits, so talkative and disposed to be talked to. I should have enjoyed being beside her more than usual if I had not felt a need of exerting myself much beyond my strength, as she made a point of ignoring the fact that anything ailed me. I fancy it must be one of

[1] Dickens, 'Dombey's marriage,' man of 'science' contemplating Dombey on that occasion.

[2] On a visit to Lady Harriet Baring.

her notions about me, that I am hypochondriacal; and to be made well by being treated as though there was not a doubt of it.[1]

Happily, I have got through it without giving any trouble; but shall be glad to get home to-day, where I may have a fire in my room when I am shivering, and a glass of wine when I am exhausted, and may go to bed when my head gets the better of me, without feeling it to be 'a secret to displease her.' Every day here I have had to slip into bed about two, and lie with a dreadful headache till five, when it went suddenly away. And when the housemaid (not Eliza, she is in town) found that I lighted my bedroom fire myself, she carried away the coals; and no bell could bring her; and the room is so cold and damp now there is no sun. And then no dinner till six, and no wine but hock, which makes me ill; and John had bid me take two glasses (no less) of Madeira; and, in short, 'there is no place like home' for being sick in; and I should understand this, once for all. I am a little stronger, however, than I came, though I have not had one good night, and I expect to feel the benefit of the change when I return. When I look at my white, white face in the glass, I wonder how anybody can believe I am fancying.

Ever yours

J. C.

[1] Patience! patience! but there never was a more complete mistake.

LETTER 99.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Saturday, Oct. 2, 1847.

'Thanks God,' dear, I write from home again! I arrived yesterday, much in the state I expected, with a racking headache and faceache, but also with a little 'monarch of all I survey' feeling, which was compensation 'for much'! In my life I think I never did so enjoy giving orders and being waited upon as last night, and being asked what I would like to take, and getting it! And thanks to the considerable mess of porridge, which John inculcated, I had some sleep, and to-day I am quite free of headache, and the faceache is greatly diminished; and I had very nice coffee in bed, and a fire to dress at, and, in short, I feel in a state of luxury perfectly indescribable! Your letter last night, too, was a most agreeable surprise; two letters in one day! That I was not exacting enough to have ever looked for! Lady Harriet spoke of writing to you one of these days. On Monday she comes to town, to go to the Grange on Tuesday, perhaps; for, if Charles Buller comes from Cornwall on Monday, he might like one day at the Cottage before they go, in which case they would put off going to the Grange till Wednesday. Or, perhaps, 'if Mr. Baring wants *two* days in London,' Lady H. would come up with him on

Monday and go somewhere (Lord Grey's, I think) over Tuesday. At all events, the Grange, after Wednesday, seemed her probable address. Some time in November she expected to be in town for a week; and after Christmas she wished us to go to Alverstoke. She has got a grey Spanish horse, looked up for her by Mr. Fleming, and a new riding habit and beaver, and is 'going to ride quick now.' The coachman has made a new epigram about you. He was backing out Mr. Baring in trying to persuade her ladyship to ride the 'Kangaroo.' 'Good gracious!' said Lady H., 'do none of you remember how it behaved with Mrs. Carlyle? She could not ride it!' 'Pooh! pooh!' said the old humbug, 'Mrs. Carlyle could have ridden the horse perfectly well; it was not the horse Mrs. Carlyle was afraid of. What she was afraid of was Mr. Carlyle!'

Well, if the coachman don't appreciate you, here is 'a young heart' that does, 'immortal one!'

The note I send is accompanied by a blood-red volume entitled 'Criticisms.' I have looked at the gratitude in the preface—a very grand paragraph indeed about the magnificent Trench! and the colossal Carlyle; one of whom 'reminds us of some gigantic river, now winding,' &c., &c.; 'the other of some tremendous being, struggling with mighty power,' &c., &c. A very tremendous blockhead does this writer remind us of!

I can tell you next to nothing of Mazzini. After I had been at home a week I sent him simply my visiting card, which, however, he immediately replied to in person; but when he arrived I had already fallen ill, was just going to bed in a fainting state, and could merely shake hands with him and bid him go away. He sent to ask for me two or three days after, and a week after he came one evening when John was here, who kept him all the time talking about Dante, and in an hour I was wearied and sent them away together. That is all I have seen of him; and all he had got to tell me of 'our things' was that he had been for weeks expecting private information that would take him away at an hour's notice, but that now there seemed no prospect of anything immediate taking effect, and that on the 10th October he would go to Paris for a month, and 'into the valley of Madame Sand.' I asked if he had meant to put himself at the disposal of the Pope. 'Oh, no!' he said; what he aimed at was 'to organise and lead an expedition into Lombardy, which would be better than being an individual under the Pope,' in which words seemed to me to lie the whole secret of Mazzini's 'failed life.'[1]

Kind regards to the others.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. W. C.

[1] Bölte's translation of *Verfehltes Leben.*

LETTER 100.

This is Thomas Spedding's residence. I had halted there for a day or two on my return. Very sad to leave my dear old mother, I can still recollect, and much out of sorts, being still in the dumb state. What did come next of writing after 'Cromwell'? Painter Lawrence was there and James Spedding; both in high spirits.

To T. Carlyle, Mirehouse, Keswick.

Chelsea: Saturday, Oct. 9, 1847.

Oh, my dear! my dear! I am so busy! which is better than being 'so sick'! When Mrs. Piper came this morning and found me on the steps she looked quite aghast, and said, 'You will lay yourself up again!' 'Not a bit,' I told her; 'I feel quite strong to-day.' 'I am afraid, ma'm,' suggested the little woman, 'it is not strength, but the false excitement of Mr. Carlyle coming home!' Anne remarked, 'Whatever it was, it was no use stopping Missus if she had anything on her mind. She was an example!' She 'wondered where there was another lady that could stuff chair-cushions, and do anything that was needed, and be a lady too!' So now I think I am strong enough in Anne's respect to even smoke in her presence. The worst of it is that my work in these days has been Cromwellian work—makes no show for the pains, consists chiefly in annihilating rubbish; annihilating worms for one thing. Only think of

Henry Taylor's famous chair[1] being partly stuffed with dirty old carpet shorn small, which had generated naturally these hundred thousand millions of 'small beings' (as Mazzini would say). Mrs. Piper saw some of them outside when she washed the covers, and I understood that 'indication' at all events. So I had hair, rubbish, and worms, all boiled together in the cauldron, and then the clean hair picked out, and then I remade the cushions 'with my own hands.'

Besides this, I have been in a pretty mess with Emerson's bed, having some apprehensions he would arrive before it was up again. The quantity of sewing that lies in a lined chintz bed is something awfully grand! And I have been able to get next to no help, all the sewing women I knew of being unable to come, though 'sorry to disoblige,' &c. One had 'work on her hands for three months'; another was 'under a course of physic'; another 'found it more profitable to sew at home.' Postie realised me a little woman, who, having a baby a month old, could only come for three hours in the day; and one day she came, and had sense more or less, and was to come every day for three hours till we had finished. But on going home she found 'her baby had never cried so much since it was born;' and she came in the evening to say she could leave it no more; so

[1] A gift of his; still here.

there was nothing for it but to fall on the thing like a tiger myself, and it is now well forward, though I fear it will not be up, as I wished, to delight your eyes when you come.

For the rest, my life is as still as could be wished. Mr. Ireland [1] called last night and told me much of your sayings at the Brights. Lady Harriet called on Tuesday afternoon. She had actually ridden from Addiscombe to London the day before on the Spanish horse. 'The coachman put Mr. Baring on one of the carriage horses,' neither the 'Kangaroo' nor the chestnut being judged safe company. 'He rode half the way on that, and then the helper came up on Muff (the pony), and he got on Muff for the rest of the way.' Good Mr. Baring! I showed Lady H. the book of the 'Young Heart,' and she wrote marginal notes all over it for you, which, she said, along with the list of books she had sent, might stand very well for a letter. I could not but think from her manner that day that she had bethought her I had been rather roughly handled on my last visit. She even offered me a 'tonic,' which had been given to her by Sir J. Clarke. 'Certainly I ought to have something to strengthen me; something to make me eat! She

[1] A Manchester 'editorial gentleman,' &c., &c. He and another took me out one evening to Rochdale, where ensued (not by my blame or seeking) a paltry enough speaking-match with John Bright (topics commonplace, shallow, totally worthless to me), the only time I ever saw that gentleman, whom I seem to have known sufficiently without seeing ever since.

never saw a human creature eat so little!' And a great many more unsayings of things she said at Addiscombe. She was going to dine at the Grey's, and next morning to the Grange, where were Croker and his women—and Miss Mitford!!!

Charles Buller came on Monday, and is going into Normandy. Miss Mitford reminds me of Miss Strickland. Craik, whom I saw yesterday, told me that the book which is the most decided success at present is 'The Queens of England'! Colburn has made some twenty thousand pounds by it! And the authoress too is enriched. She goes to the Duke of Cleveland's, &c., &c. (Lady Clara told John), and is treated there like a high-priestess! everybody deferring to her opinions.

But what is the use of all this writing, and with such a horrid pen, when you are coming so soon? On Monday I hardly expect you. But I shall hear. Thanks for your long letters in such a worry. The Hunts[1] give splendid *soirées*!

Ever yours faithfully,

J. W. C.

LETTER 101.

John Forster, Esq., 58 *Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Chelsea: Saturday, Nov. 20, 1847.

Dear Mr. Forster,—Sure enough, we are in the gloomy month of November, when the people of

[1] Our neighbours still. I know not why so prosperous at present.

England 'commit suicide' under 'attenuating circumstances.' The expediency, nay necessity, of suiciding myself is no longer a question with me. I am only uncertain as to the manner!

On Thursday I was appointed to go to Notting Hill to see my husband's bust; and had to break my appointment, unfeeling as it looked to let myself be withheld by any weather from going to see my husband's bust. I thought it would be more really unfeeling to risk an inflammation in my husband's wife's chest, which makes my husband's wife such a nuisance as you, an unmarried man, can hardly figure. Since then I have mostly lain on the sofa, under the horse-cloth, reading, 'with one eye shut and the other not open' (as poor Darley used to say), some of those divine volumes you lent me. Surely it was in the spirit of divination that I selected 'The Human Body in Health and Disease'; and the 'Means of Abridging Human Life'; and 'Hints on the Formation of Character.' One has such leisure for forming one's character during a shut-up winter!

You perceive whither all this is tending; and wish that I would hasten to the catastrophe. Well, the catastrophe is—I write it with tears in my eyes—that I cannot venture to the play on Monday night. Even if I did not, as is almost certain I should, bring on my cough, I should pass for capricious, insane; and the worst of it is, C., having no longer a duty to

fulfil in promoting my happiness, declares that he won't go either, and that I had best write to you that you may take no seats for us. I do so, unwillingly; for if the weather were to 'go soft,' as Geraldine would say, I might be about again on Monday; and in any case he ought to go to his friend's first night. But there is no rebelling against Providence.

I am also bothered about these proofs;[1] C. has got some furious objection to my meddling with them—even declares that I 'do not know bad grammar when I see it, any better than she does;' that 'if I had any faculty I might find better employment for it,' &c., &c. So, after having written to her that I would do what she wished, I must write again that I am not permitted.

I do think there is much truth in the Young German idea that marriage is a shockingly immoral institution, as well as what we have long known it for—an extremely disagreeable one.

Please countermand the proofs, for every one that comes occasions a row.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. C.

[1] Proofs of a novel by Miss Jewsbury.

LETTER 102.

To John Welsh, Esq., Liverpool.

Chelsea : Dec. 13, 1847.

My dearest Uncle,—I write to you *de profundis*, that is to say, from the depths of my tub-chair, into which I have migrated within the last two hours, out of the still lower depths of my gigantic red bed, which has held me all this week, a victim to the 'inclemency of the season'! Oh, uncle of my affections, such a season! Did you ever feel the like of it? Already solid ice in one's water jug! 'poor Gardiners all froz out,' and Captain Sterling going at large in a dress of skins, the same that he wore in Canada! I tried to make head against it by force of volition—kept off the fire as if I had been still at 'Miss Hall's,' where it was a fine of sixpence to touch the hearthrug, and walked, walked, on Carlyle's pernicious counsel (always for me, at least) to 'take the bull by the horns,' instead of following Darwin's more sensible maxim, 'in matters of health always consult your sensations.' And so, 'by working late and early, I'm come to what ye see'! in a tub-chair—a little live bundle of flannel shawls and dressing-gowns, with little or no strength to speak of, having coughed myself all to fiddle-strings in the course of the week, and 'in a dibble of a temper,' if I had only anybody to vent it on!

Nevertheless, I am sure 'I have now got the turn,' for I feel what Carlyle would call 'a wholesome desire to smoke'! which cannot be gratified, as C. is dining with Darwin; but the tendency indicates a return to my normal state of health.

The next best thing I can think of is to write to thee; beside one's bedroom fire, in a tub-chair, the family affections bloom up so strong in one! Moreover, I have just been reading for the first time Harriet Martineau's outpourings in the 'Athenæum,' and 'that minds me,' as my Helen says, that you wished to know if I too had gone into this devilish thing. Catch me! What I think about it were not easy to say, but one thing I am very sure of, that the less one has to do with it the better; and that it is all of one family with witchcraft, demoniacal possession—is, in fact, the selfsame principle presenting itself under new scientific forms, and under a polite name. To deny that there is such a thing as animal magnetism, and that it actually does produce many of the phenomena here recorded, is idle; nor do I find much of this, which seems wonderful because we think of it for the first time, a whit more wonderful than those common instances of it, which never struck us with surprise merely because we have been used to see them all our lives. Everybody, for instance, has seen children thrown almost into convulsions by someone going through the motions of tickling them!

Nay, one has known a sensitive uncle shrink his head between his shoulders at the first pointing of a finger towards his neck!

Does not a man physically tremble under the mere look of a wild beast or fellow-man that is stronger than himself? Does not a woman redden all over when she feels her lover's eyes on her? How then should one doubt the mysterious power of one individual over another? Or what is there more surprising in being made rigid than in being made red? in falling into sleep, than in falling into convulsions? in following somebody across a room, than in trembling before him from head to foot? I perfectly believe, then, in the power of magnetism to throw people into all sorts of unnatural states of body; could have believed so far without the evidence of my senses, and have the evidence of my senses for it also.

I saw Miss Bölte magnetised one evening at Mrs. Buller's by a distinguished magnetiser, who could not sound his h's, and who maintained, nevertheless, that mesmerism 'consisted in moral and intellectual superiority.' In a quarter of an hour, by gazing with his dark animal eyes into hers, and simply holding one of her hands, while his other rested on her head, he had made her into the image of death; no marble was ever colder, paler, or more motionless, and her face had that peculiarly beautiful expression which Miss Martineau speaks of, never seen but in

a dead face, or a mesmerised one. Then he played cantrups with her arm and leg, and left them stretched out for an hour in an attitude which no awake person could have preserved for three minutes. I touched them, and they felt horrid—stiff as iron, I could not bend them down with all my force. They pricked her hand with the point of a penknife, she felt nothing. And now comes the strangest part of my story. The man, who regarded Carlyle and me as Philistines, said, 'Now are you convinced?' 'Yes, said Carlyle, there is no possibility of doubting but that you have stiffened all poor little Miss Bölte there into something very awful.' Yes, said I pertly, but then she wished to be magnetised; what I doubt is, whether anyone could be reduced to that state without the consent of their own volition. I should like for instance to see anyone magnetise me!' 'You think I could not?' said the man with a look of ineffable disdain. 'Yes,' said I, 'I defy you?' 'Will you give me your hand, Miss?' 'Oh, by all means;' and I gave him my hand with the most perfect confidence in my force of volition, and a smile of contempt. He held it in one of his, and with the other made what Harriet Martineau calls some 'passes' over it, as if he were darting something from his finger ends. I looked him defiantly in the face, as much as to say, 'You must learn to sound your h's, sir, before you can produce any effect on a woman like me!' And whilst

this or some similar thought was passing through my head—flash there went over me, from head to foot, something precisely like what I once experienced from taking hold of a galvanic ball, only not nearly so violent. I had presence of mind to keep looking him in the face, as if I had felt nothing; and presently he flung away my hand with a provoked look, saying, 'I believe you would be a very difficult subject, but nevertheless, if I had time given me, I am sure I could mesmerise you; at least, I never failed with anyone as yet.'

Now, if this destroyed for me my theory of the need of a consenting will, it as signally destroyed his of moral and intellectual superiority; for that man was superior to me in nothing but animal strength, as I am a living woman! I could even hinder him from perceiving that he had mesmerised me, by my moral and intellectual superiority! Of the clairvoyance I have witnessed nothing; but one knows that people with a diseased or violently excited state of nerves can see more than their neighbours. When my insane friend was in this house he said many things on the strength of his insanity which in a mesmerised person would have been quoted as miracles of clairvoyance.

Of course a vast deal of what one hears is humbug. This girl of Harriet's seems half diseased, half make-believing. I think it a horrible blasphemy they

are there perpetrating, in exploiting that poor girl for their idle purposes of curiosity! In fact, I quite agree with the girl, that, had this Mrs. Winyard lived in an earlier age of the world, she would have been burned for a witch, and deserved it better than many that were; since her poking into these mysteries of nature is not the result of superstitious ignorance, but of educated self-conceit.

In fact, with all this amount of belief in the results of animal magnetism, I regard it as a damnable sort of tempting of Providence, which I, as one solitary individual, will henceforth stand entirely aloof from.

And now, having given you my views at great length, I will return to my bed and compose my mind. Love to all; thanks to Helen. With tremendous kisses,

Your devoted niece,

JANE CARLYLE.

That wretched little Babbie does not write because I owe her a letter. A letter from her would have been some comfort in these dreary days of sickness; but since she has not bestowed it, I owe her the less thanks.

LETTER 103.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., at Alverstoke.[1]

Chelsea: Monday, Jan. 17, 1848.

Well, dearest, I have written what I have written, and what I have written I will keep to. If I am spared on foot till Thursday, I will go on Thursday, and accept the consequences—if any. This time I am under engagement to go, and it is pitiful to break one's engagement for anything short of necessity. But I will never, with the health I have, or rather have not, engage to leave home for a long fixed period, another winter. One of the main uses of a home is to stay in it, when one is too weak and spiritless for conforming, without effort, to the ways of other houses. Besides, is not home—at least, was it not 'in more earnest times'—'the woman's proper sphere'? Decidedly, if she 'have nothing to keep her at home,' as the phrase is, she should 'find something—or die!' That is my idea in the days of solitary musing. Amusement after a certain age is no go; even when there are no other nullifying conditions, it gets to be merely distraction, in the Gambardella sense; between which and distraction in the general sense there is but a thin partition, so thin that one can hear through it, whenever one likes to listen, the clanking of chains, and the shrieking of 'mads,' as plainly as I am hear-

[1] Carlyle on visit there to Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring, has written to press his wife to join him.—J. A. F.

ing at this moment the Chalmers's pianoforte. Ah, yes, I had found out that, 'by my own smartness,' before I took to reading on insanity. To be sure, it is hard on flesh and blood, when one 'has nothing to keep one at home,' to sit down in honest life-weariness, and look out into unmitigated zero; but perhaps it 'would be a great advantage' just to 'go ahead' in that; the bare-faced indigence of such a state might drive one, like the piper's cow, to 'consider,'[1] and who knows but, in considering long enough, one might discover what one 'has wanted,' and what one 'wants'—an essential preliminary to getting it. Meanwhile here is Hare's Sterling book come for you —late, for Miss Wynne had read it four days ago—and 'with the publisher's compliments.' No copy had been sent to Anthony when I saw him; he had bought it, and said if you did not feel yourself bound to place his brother in a true light, he must attempt it himself. By the way, what a fine fellow that Mr. O. Holmes is! a sort of man that one would like to see. And Dr. MacEnnery, did not you find his letter had a sort of Cromwellian sincerity and helplessness 'not without worth'? My head aches a great deal, which is natural, for, except the first night after you went, I have slept little—some three hours a night, and that in small pieces; but I am able to lie quite peaceably, without reading.

[1] Note, vol. i., p. 97.

LETTER 104.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., at Alverstoke.

Chelsea: Jan. 18, 1848.

Ah, my dear! We are both busy reflecting, it would seem; driven to it, by quite opposite pressures —you by stress of society, and I by stress of solitude. *A la bonne heure!* reflection is golden; provided one 'go into practice with it;' otherwise, if, as in my case, for most part it serves only to make the inward darkness more visible, why, then, as John said of the senna, one had 'better take it, but perhaps one had better not.'

Poor human creatures 'after all'! I am heartily sorry for them, severally, and in the lump; think sometimes it would be 'a great advantage' if we were all 'fed off!' but one thinks many things, in moments of *un*enthusiasm, which one does not authentically mean. To-day, however, is the brightest of sunshiny days; and last night I slept like a Christian, and so I ought to feel better, and shall, perhaps, before evening. No letters but your own, for which I was thankful. There was one last night from Espinasse—too much of Emerson, whom he 'likes much better than he did.' In reply to my charge that Emerson had no ideas (except mad ones) that he had not got out of *you*, Espinasse answers prettily, 'but pray, Mrs. Carlyle, who has?'

He (E.) had been discussing you with a 'Bey,' whom he met at Geraldine's, sent by the Egyptian; and the Bey 'had the impudence to say': 'M. Carlyle *n'a pas assez de fond pour l'esprit française.*'

I must not write any more to day, for that weary head 'likes' writing as ill as Mrs. Howatson's 'disguster' liked ewe cheese.

Faithfully yours,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 105.

To T. Carlyle, at Alverstoke.

Chelsea: Jan. 21, 1848.

Well, dear, I have written to Lady Harriet that I am not going at all—the only rational course under the circumstances. So now you are to do what you think best for yourself, without reference to me. You are not to hurry home on my account. I am not so ill as to make that a duty for you; nor so well as to make it a pleasure. But if you continue ill yourself, you will certainly be better in your own nest, with me to tell it to, and all your own way, as far as material things are concerned. Do not be uneasy about me. I should know the ways of this sort of cold by now; and I am sure that with reasonable care it need turn to nothing dangerous, though it might easily be fixed in my lungs by any rashness. John said he would write a note himself. I sent for him to take counsel before I began writing. Some

Watts have come to town, with whom he dines, &c.; and it is amazing how, in a few days, he has gone all to smithers (morally). Last night he came, for an hour, before going to these Watts, and found me lying on the sofa, very much done up, and *coffing* worse than usual. 'How d'ye do?' he said, like Mr. Toots.

Mercy, I am going to be belated.

LETTER 106.

To John Forster, Esq., 58 Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

5 Cheyne Row: Saturday, Feb. 1848.

Dear Mr. Forster,—It is too bad to plague you with 'a delicate embarrassment' of mine, when you are overhead in 'earnest work;' but what can I do? If you do not cut me out, my husband will, at the least, send me to Gehenna; and I would much rather not.

Geraldine writes to me this morning (our correspondence had been at a still-stand ever since that feast of 'meats,'[1] and love, and tobacco, at the Fornisari's) that I may expect a copy of her book next week. I had no notion it would be ready so soon. Well! for the delicate embarrassment—she does not say anything about the dedication to Mrs. Paulet and myself—which her heart was much set on some months ago, and which, that is *my* share in

[1] Not 'shells' (Ossian).

it, I neither positively accorded to, nor positively declined at the time, meaning to revise the question when the book was ready for being dedicated, and to be guided by my husband's authentic feelings in the matter. Knowing his dislike to be connected in people's minds, by even the slightest spider-thread, with what he calls 'George Sandism and all that accursed sort of thing,' I was not sure that the half-toleration he gave when asked about it would not be changed into prohibition, if he found it likely to be acted upon. At the time I sounded his feelings, the book, I was able to assure him, contained nothing questionable. Can I say so now? If anything of the last chapters I read be left in it, not only would he detest a dedication to his wife, but his wife herself would detest it. What I want you to do is, if there be a dedication, to erase my name; and leave it all to Mrs. Paulet, and tell me that you have so done; and I will write to Geraldine an explanation of the fact. If there be no dedication, tell me all the same, and then I shall not need to hurt the poor little soul's sensibilities by a premature refusal. You see how I am situated, wishing not to give pain to Geraldine—still less to give offence to my husband; and least of all, to promenade myself as an 'emancipated' woman. I am still confined to the house—weary work.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

Have you the other novels of the Currer Bell people? I should like them any time.

LETTER 107.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Croydon[1]: Thursday, April 13, 1848.

If better for you in all other respects that I should remain in 'some other part of the country,' my return will have, at least, one comfort in it, that I do serve to 'stave off' the people from you, especially at meal-times! But perhaps it is more the cold than the people that makes you more unwell than usual in these days. I have no people here to worry me, have nothing to complain of as to diet, or hours, or noise; and I have not had one well moment day or night, except that day you came. However, I have always been able to keep on foot, and to put a good face on myself; so I have not had the un-'pleasant additimental' consciousness of being a bore. Mr. Baring has not returned yet. On Tuesday evening, after dinner, Lady Harriet went up to the opera—very rashly, I thought, having risen from her sofa to go; but she returned quite well next day about one o'clock. Mr. Baring is not to come, I believe, till she goes up for the Molesworth dinner on Sunday. The evening I spent here, so unexpectedly, alone, was

[1] Mrs. Carlyle, after three months' illness, was now at Addiscombe. —J. A. F.

like a morphia dream. The stillness was something superhuman, for the servants, it seemed to me, so soon as they got their Lady out of the way, went, all but Williams, off into space. While I was upstairs for a moment, light had been brought in; and, an hour after, tea was placed for me in the same invisible manner. I looked, to myself, sitting there, all alone, in the midst of comforts and luxuries not my own, like one of those wayfarers in the fairy tales who, having left home with 'a bannock' to 'poose their fortune,' and followed the road their 'stick fell towards,' find themselves in a beautiful enchanted palace, where all their wants are supplied to them by supernatural agency;—hospitality of the most exquisite description, only without a host! I had been reading Swift all day; but I found that now too prosaical for my romantic circumstances; and, seeking through the books, I came upon 'The Romance of the Forest,' which I seized on with avidity, remembering the 'tremendous' emotions with which I read it in my night-shift, by the red light of our dying schoolroom fire, nearly half a century ago, when I was supposed to be sleeping the sleep of good children. And over that I actually spent the whole evening; it was so interesting to measure my progress—downwards I must think—by comparing my present feelings at certain well-remembered passages with the past. After all, it might have been worse with my imagina-

tive past. I decidedly like the dear old book, even in this year of grace, far better than 'Rose Blanche,' &c.[1] Execrable, that is; I could not have suspected even the ape of writing anything so silly. Lady H. read it all the way down, and decided it was 'too vulgar to go on with.' I myself should have also laid it aside in the first half volume if I had not felt a pitying interest in the man, that makes me read on in hope of coming to something a little better. Your marginal notes are the only real amusement I have got out of it hitherto.

My head feels as usual to be full of melted lead, swaying this way and that. There is no walking off the heaviness if walkable off, for the rain is incessant. Tell Anne to bid the confectioner bake half a dozen fresh little cakes for the X——'s. Have patience with them. Are they not seeking, which is next best to having found?

Ever yours,

J. C.

LETTER 108.

John Forster, Esq., 58 *Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Chelsea: Thursday morning, April 1849.

Dear Friend,—Your Ganymede found me yesterday in a mortal crisis: in the thick of two afflictions, which put together did not make a consolation. In the first place I had got one of my patent headaches to do, which absolutely could not be put off any

[1] G. H. Lewes's novel.

longer ; and at the same time it was required of me to endure the infinite clatter of an old lady—clack, clack, clack, like pailfuls of water poured all over me, world without end. Nevertheless I showed myself to Ganymede for a moment, and bade him tell you—heaven knows what!—that it was 'all right,' or that it was 'all wrong,' or perhaps that it was all right and all wrong in the same breath. I did not know what I was saying. Now that I do, thank you for the books and the veil and the stick. I have forwarded your note to Sterling, and doubt not but it will find the gracious welcome which it deserves ;—and nothing earthly or divine shall make me forget! Bless you! I never forget anything, except now and then my veil, and, always and for ever, the multiplication table! I have never, for example, forgotten a single one of all the kindnesses you have shown me! So you may expect us on Thursday, as far as depends on me, with a confidence which has for its basis the laws of nature.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 109.

Poor Helen's Dublin glories ended (the second year, I think) in total wreck—drink, quarrel with her fool of a brother, dismissal home or into outer darkness, and adieu of the *spitfire* kind! From home she sent inquiries hither: old regrets, new alacrities, &c. &c. As our good little Anne was now to be wedded, and go to Jersey with her 'James'

(where she did well, but died in a couple of years, poor little soul!), we were glad to hear of Helen again. Helen came, a glad sight of her kind; to my eye nothing was wrong in her, but to *another* better observer (though in strict silence towards me) much, much! Accordingly before long strange faults (even theft, to appearance) began to peer out; and, after perhaps four or five months, came the catastrophe described below!

My darling took all pains with the wretched Helen; got her *placed* once, perhaps twice, candidly testifying to qualities and *faults* alike (drove off with her once in a cab, as I can still pathetically recollect having seen):—but nothing could save Helen! She was once, as we heard, dragged from the river; did die, an outcast, few months afterwards. Naivety and even geniality,—imbecility, obstinacy, and *gin*. Her 'sayings,' as reported to me here, were beyond all Jest-Books,—as gold beyond pinchbeck.

19 *March*, 1849, *Cromwell*.—A Third Edition got done (*i.e.* the MS. &c. *copy* of it) 'this morning.'—*Printing* haggles forward till October or after. Mrs. Buller's death 'week before.'

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

5 Cheyne Row: Tuesday night, May 1849.

My dear Jane,—Many thanks for your kind letter and 'dainties'; these I only realised to-day—the weather having been bad, and my head not good, and no carriage turning up for me till to-day. I ate a little piece of cake so soon as I got it home, and pronounce it first-rate; the marmalade I have not yet broken into.

For ourselves, we are all going on as much as

usual. Mr. C. has not got reconciled to his 'interior,' nor I to my head, with which, indeed, I have had several more terrible bouts lately than ever in my life before, which is much to say! John is excessively kind to me on these occasions; has sat on his knees at my bedside for hours together, holding me down, and being sorry for me, which is just all that can be done in the way of alleviation. 'On earth the living have much to bear;' the difference is chiefly in the manner of bearing, and my manner of bearing is far from being the best.

They would tell you of the final crash of my maid Helen, how, on our return from a visit to Captain Sterling,[1] she first would not open the door; and at last did open it, like a stage ghost very ill got up: blood spurting from her lips, her face whitened with chalk from the kitchen floor, her dark gown ditto. and wearing a smile of idiotic self-complacency. I thought Mr. C. was going to kick his foot through her, when she tumbled down at his touch. If she had been his wife he certainly would have killed her on the spot; but his maid-of-all-work he felt could not be got rid of without his being hanged for her. The young woman whom Providence sent me 'quite promiscuously' within an hour of this consummation has hitherto given us the greatest satisfaction. She is far the most lovable servant I ever had; a gentle,

[1] February 1849.

pretty, sweet-looking creature, with innocent winning ways; a very fair worker too, clean, orderly, and 'up to her business.'[1] My only fear about her is that being only four-and-twenty, and calculated to produce an impression on the other sex, she may weary of single service; unless indeed she can get up a sentiment for the butcher's man, who is already her devoted admirer; but 'he is so desperately ugly.'

Meanwhile, I have been busy, off and on, for a great many weeks in pasting a screen with four leaves, five feet high, all over with prints. It will be a charming 'work of art' when finished, but of that there is no near prospect. The prints are most of them very small, and it takes so much pondering to find how to scatter them about to the best advantage.[2] What else I have been doing it were hard to tell. I read very little nowadays; not that my eyes are failed the least in the world, but that books have ceased to take any hold on me; and as for sewing, you know that 'being an only child, I never wished to sew.' Still, I have some inevitable work in that line, as, even if I felt rich enough to have the 'family needlework' done by others, I don't know where to

[1] This must have been Elizabeth Sprague, from Exeter, a high-going, shining kind of damsel, who did very well for about two years; but then, like most of the genus, went away, and disappeared. What a province of the 'domesticities' that is at present! Anarchic exceedingly; the funnel-neck of all our anarchies.

[2] Stands here to this day, the beautifullest and cleverest screen I have ever seen. How strange, how mournfully affecting to me now!

find others to do it for money, without bothering me with their stupidity worse than if I did it myself. But the great business of life for a woman like me in this place is an eternal writing of little unavoidable notes. It falls upon me to answer all the invitations, and make lying excuses world without end; so that I sometimes look back with the tear in my eye to the time when we were not celebrated, and were left to provide our own dinners as we could. A French poet dying of hunger, in a novel, calls, 'Oh, Glory, give me bread!' I would call to Glory often enough, 'Give me repose!' only that I know beforehand my sole response from Glory would be, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

And now, dear, the sun is shining—has actually 'taken a notion' of shining for the first time these many days; and I have need to walk, having been shut up lately till I feel quite moulting. And so I must out into space.

Love to your husband and all the rest. It would be pretty of you to write to me sometimes; for I am always

Very affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 110.

Nothing in the way of printing, or nothing in the least considerable, had come from me since 'Cromwell;' but much was fermenting in me, in very painful ways, during four years of silence. Irish Repeal, Paraclete, McHale, Irish Industrial Regiments, newspaper articles on such, &c., &c., —trifling growls, words idly flung away. In the fourth or third year especially, in the revolutionary 1848, matters had got to a kind of boiling pitch with me, and I was becoming very wretched for want of a voice. Much MS. was accumulating on me, with which I did not know what in the world to do. Nigger question (end of 1849) did get out, and the rest, vividly enough, as Latter-Day Pamphlets (next spring)! Meanwhile, all being dark and dumb, I had decided on a six-weeks' visit to Ireland (Duffy, &c. much pressing me). Record of the tour, written slapdash after my return, is among the worthless MSS. here.[1] Emerson had now left England seven or eight months.

To T. Carlyle, Post Office, Dublin.

Addiscombe, Sunday night, July 2, 1849.

Well! it is a consolation of a sort that I cannot figure you more cold and lonely and comfortless there at sea than myself has been on land, even amidst 'the splendid blandishments' of Addiscombe. When I could not distinguish your white hat any longer I went home, and sat down to cry a little; but Elizabeth put a stop to that by coming in with—your plaid over her arm! and expressing her surprise that

[1] These Notes were given by Mr. Carlyle to a friend, from whom they passed into the hands of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., and were published by that firm in the spring of 1882.—J. A. F.

master hadn't taken it. The plaid forgotten, and the day so cold! For one frantic moment I was for running back to the pier, and plunging into the water on my own basis, and swimming after you with the plaid in my mouth; but a very little reflection turned me from this course, and instead I proceeded to the kitchen, and silently boiled my strawberries, like a practical woman. Then I stowed away some of the valuables, and dressed myself; and, no one having come for my portmanteau, I took it with me in the omnibus to the top of Sloane Street, where I had it and myself transferred to a cab, for greater dignity's sake! I was at Bath House five minutes before twelve, shivering with cold, excessively low, and so vexed about the plaid! But 'no sympathy there, thank God!'—'wits' enough, if that could have helped me. 'You would have the sense to wrap yourself in a sail if you were cold,' or 'Depend upon it, you would seize on the rugs off all the other passengers' beds. At all events, you had promised to stay with them in Scotland, and that would quite set you up if you had taken cold!' Clearly, I must 'come out of that' if I were going to do any good; and I did, to appearance; but all day I was fancying you shivering, like myself. We came here in the open carriage, having picked up Miss Farrar and Blanche. And here there was neither fire nor sun to warm one. We were taken to the dairy to lunch on cold

milk and bread from the cold stone tables; and then to the hay-field to sit on cold hay-cocks; and a very large cold paddock [1] jumped up my leg, good God! and 'it was a bad joy!' The dinner, at six, put me a little to rights; and I felt still better when we had put a lucifer to some sticks in the grate. At eleven we went to bed; 'and the evening and the morning were the first day!'

To-day, Lord Bath and Bingham Mildmay arrived to breakfast; Milnes and Poodle an hour later. It has been a warm, fresh-blowing day, and spent almost entirely out of doors, sitting about the swing, tumbling amongst the hay, walking and driving till eight, when we dined. And after that, very youthful and uproarious sports till twelve! I have written this much since coming up to bed. There is no more paper in my book; so I will now go to bed, and finish at Chelsea. I hope it has been as warm on the sea. Blanche —— has confided to me all the secrets of her heart—her ideas about her father and mother and sisters and lovers—and wishes me to save her soul!

We are to dine here before starting, and if I do not send my letter till we get to London, there may be none at the post-office [2] when you first call; and that would be vexatious. But there is no time or composure here by day for writing, so this must go as it is.

[1] Scotch for frog.

[2] In Dublin.

We have been in the Archbishop's grounds for three hours. The men are all gone back to town, except Lord Bath, who is at this moment singing with Blanche under my window, distracting me worse than a barrel-organ. Good Heavens! What tearing spirits everybody is in!

The note from Davis [1] came before I left. I did not leave my address, so I don't know what others may have come; one to you from Neuberg I left behind. I ought to acknowledge with thankfulness that I have been less sick since I came. Oh, dear, I wish I heard of your safe delivery out of that ship!

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 111.

To T. Carlyle, Imperial Hotel, Dublin, Ireland.

Chelsea: Thursday, July 5, 1849.

I am so glad of your letter this morning! after Miss Wynn's nonsensical preparation, I could not feel at all sure. It sounds bad enough, but it might have been worse: 'kept at sea double the time,' and 'short of provisions;'—that would have been a go!

I am very busy to-day, having written to Mr. Neuberg that the last wild goose will alight at him

[1] One of Robson's printers; did the 'Lists,' &c., in *Cromwell*; a very superior kind of man.

on Monday,[1] and having a world of things to do in the meantime. And so I must be brief; better perhaps I let alone writing altogether, but then you might be 'vaixed.' Hitherto my time has been chiefly taken up by people. Anthony Sterling came while I was at tea, and presently after, Masson and Mr. Russell[2] from Edinburgh; each of these gentlemen drank four cups of tea! I talked a great deal, having all the responsibilty to myself, and 'made so many wits'[3] for them that Anthony bolted off at nine, and the others stayed till eleven, evidently quite charmed with me—so differently do 'wits' act upon different characters! Yesterday I rose with a headache, the penalty of all that cleverness; but cold water and coffee staved it off.

Having made an inventory of the plate, and packed it to be sent to Bath House, I went out and transacted a variety of small affairs; dined very slightly in a confectioner's shop—Blanche and Miss Farrar having insisted on coming to tea with me at five o'clock!—and was home just in time to receive them.

No such 'everlasting friendship' has been sworn to me these thirty years as this of Blanche's! She flings herself on my neck, begs me to call her Blanche, says with tears in her eyes, 'Oh! does not

[1] Neuberg, with his sister, then in Nottingham; my poor pilgrim on the road thither, as her first stage.

[2] Son of surgery professor, ended very tragically long after.

[3] Bölte's phrase.

everyone love you?' protests that she 'would like to stay with me for ever;' and in fact embarrasses me considerably with a sort of thing I have been quite out of these many years. While we were at tea (and these girls too had each four cups! with cakes and bread-and-butter in proportion), up drove Lady Ashburton, which was great fun for all parties. She was in 'tearing spirits,' and so were we by that time; and the racket that followed for the next hour and half was what Forster[1] might have called 'stupendous! Great God!' She said my picture was the horridest thing she had ever seen, 'like, but so disagreeably like, exactly reminding one of a poor old starved rabbit!' I suppose she has criticised it to N——, for he has sent to beg I will give 'one more' sitting; very inconvenient just now, but I promised to go to-morrow. Lord A. was to return last night, feeling a return of his gout, and wishing to be near Fergusson. My party dismissed in good time. Lady A. went at eight 'to dress for a party at Lady Waldegrave's;' the girls about nine, 'to dress for a ball at Lady Wilton's.' I walked to the cab-stand with them;—devoutly imagined to go on and ask for Mrs. Chorley, but was too tired; so I read the new 'Copperfield,' being up to nothing else, and went to bed between ten and eleven. Had again talked too much for sleep, and again rose with a headache,

[1] John, of the *Examiner*, &c. &c.

which again yielded to cold water and 'determination of character.'

God bless you ever.

Yours,

JANE C.

LETTER 112.

To T. Carlyle, at Galway.

Benrydden: Friday, July 20, 1849.

Oh, my dear, I have been 'packed!' The Doctor proposed to 'pack' me for courtesy, and I, for curiosity, accepted. So at six in the morning, just when I had fallen into sound sleep, I was roused by a bath-woman coming to my bedside, in a huge white flannel gown, and bidding me turn out. I got on to the floor in a very bewildered state, and she proceeded to double back one half of my bed clothes and feather-bed, spread a pair of blankets on the mattress, then a sheet wrung out of cold water; then bade me strip and lie down. I lay down, and she swathed me with the wet sheet like a mummy; then swathed me with the blankets, my arms pinioned down, exactly, in fact, like a mummy; then rolled back the feather-bed and original bed-clothes on the top of me, leaving out the head; and so left me, for an hour, to go mad at my leisure! I had no sooner fairly realised my situation of being bound hand and foot under a heap of things, than I felt quite frantic, cursed my foolish curiosity, and made horrid efforts to release myself; thought of rolling to the bell, and ringing it with my teeth, but

could not shake off the feather-bed; did ultimately get one of my hands turned round, and was thankful for even that change of posture. Dr. Nicol says the bath-woman should have stayed with me during the first 'pack,' and put a wet cloth on my head; that it was the blood being sent to my head that 'caused all this wildness.' Whatever it was, I would not undergo the thing again for a hundred guineas. When the bath-woman came back at seven, I ordered her to take me out instantly. 'But the doctor?' The doctor, I told her, had no business with me, I was not a patient. 'Oh! then you have only been packed for foon, have you?' 'Yes; and very bad fun!' So she filled a slipper-bath to 'put me to rights,' and I plunged into that so soon as I was set loose, and she splashed pitcher after pitcher full of water on my head. And this shall be the last of my water-curing, for the present. I feel quite shattered still, with an incipient headache, and am wishing that Forster would come, and take us back to Rawdon.

I suppose Forster has sent you a Bradford paper containing the report of our meeting for 'Roman Liberty.' It went off very successfully as a meeting; but did not bring in to Forster all the 'virtue's own reward' he anticipated, and he was out of humour for twenty-four hours after. In fact, the Bradford gentlemen on the platform were like Bess Stodart's legs, 'no great things.' But the Bradford men, filling

the hall to suffocation, were a sight to see! to cry over, 'if one liked' such ardent, earnest, half-intelligent, half-bewildered countenances, as made me, for the time being, almost into a friend of the species and advocate for *fusion de biens*.[1] And I must tell you 'I aye thocht meikle o' you,' but that night I 'thocht mair o' you than ever.'[2] A man of the people mounted the platform, and spoke;—a youngish, intelligent-looking man, who alone, of all the speakers, seemed to understand the question, and to have feelings as well as notions about it. He spoke with a heart-eloquence that 'left me warm.' I never was more affected by public speaking. When he ceased I did not throw myself on his neck, and swear everlasting friendship; but, I assure you, it was in putting constraint on myself that I merely started to my feet, and shook hands with him. Then 'a sudden thought' struck me: this man would like to know you; I would give him my address in London. I borrowed a pencil and piece of paper, and handed him my address. When he looked at it, he started as if I had sent a bullet into him—caught my hand again, almost squeezed it to 'immortal smash,' and said, 'Oh, it is your husband! Mr. Carlyle has been my teacher and master! I have owed everything to him for years and years!' I felt it a credit to you really to have had

[1] The St. Simonian recipe.

[2] John Brown's widow (of her murdered husband) to Claverhouse's soldiers.

a hand in turning out this man;—was prouder of that heart-tribute to your genius than any amount of reviewer-praises, or aristocratic invitations to dinner. Forster had him to breakfast next morning. I shall have plenty of things to tell you when we meet at leisure, if I can only keep them in mind; but in this wandering Jew life I feel no time on hand, even for going into particulars.

To-day I am pretty well finished off, for all practical purposes, by that confounded pack. My head is getting every moment hotter and heavier; and the best I can do is to get out on the hillside, and think of nothing! Lucas's[1] father and sister are here: genteel Quakerly people—very lean.

After Monday, address to Auchtertool Manse, Kirkcaldy. I wish to heaven I were fairly there. I could almost lose heart, and turn, and go back to London; but I will go: as I used to say when a little child, and they asked if anything was too hard for me, 'Me can do what me's bid.' The difficulty is still chiefly to bid myself—and I have bid myself go to Scotland. Mrs. Paulet is asleep on a sofa beside me, so young and pretty and happy-looking; I wonder at her.

God bless you, dear. When I have 'some reasonably good leisure'[2] again, I will write you better

[1] Catholic editor, Irish M.P., poor soul!
[2] Cromwell.

letters; and more legible ones when I get a decent pen. If you saw the stump I am writing with, you would be filled with admiration of my superiority to circumstances. God bless you! All to be said worth the saying lies in that.

Your affectionate

JANE W. C.

LETTER 113.

Of Irish journey, summer 1849, I think there is the rough jotting [1] hastily done after my return home. In defect of that, or in supplement to that, here are some dates:

August 6, 7.—Miserable puddle of a night; disembarked at Glasgow; ditto day there, and second night with David Hope —last time I saw him. My Jane at Auchtertool (manse, with cousin). I run for Scotsbrig and its shelter first. Remember Ecclefechan station and my parting with W. E. Forster there.

August 27.—Through Kirkcaldy or Auchtertool for some days, we (Jane's last and probably first time) arrive at Linlathen, where I leave her intending for Haddington. Three days with the Donaldsons (three old ladies, dear friends of Dr. Welsh's family in early days), thence to Scotsbrig, and set out with Farie to Perth, intending for Glen Truin (Spey side) and the Ashburtons. There about a fortnight. Crowded, gypsy existence; everywhere chaos, and rest fled whither? Towards Scotsbrig and way home, September 14 at Edinburgh. See Jeffrey drearily, mournfully, for the last time next (spring he died). Not till last week of September get home, my poor, heavy-laden Jane, from Liverpool a few days before, waiting for me with her sad but welcome face—*Ay de mi!*—towards what a three months of excursion had we treated ourselves! Physically and

[1] See p. 40.

spiritually don't remember to have ever suffered more. I had never any health for touring. I should have stayed at home had not, indeed, my 'home' been London, with its summer torments! 'Latter-Day Pamphlets' now close ahead.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle (Galway, Sligo; had followed me to) Scotsbrig.

[1] Haddington: Thursday morning, July 26, 1849.

My dear dear,—I wrote you a long, very long, letter last night at midnight from this same place. But this morning, instead of putting it in the post-office, I have torn it up. You may fancy what sort of a letter, 'all about feelings' (as Lady A. would say), an excitable character like me would write in such circumstances, after a long railway journey, and a three hours' pilgrimage all up and down, and across and round about Haddington. And you can also understand how, after some hours of sleep, I should have reacted against my last night's self, and thought all that steam best gathered back into the vale of silence. I have now only time to write the briefest of notes; but a blessing from here I must send you; to no other mortal would I, or indeed could I, write from this place at this moment; but it comes natural to me to direct a letter to you here, and that is still something, is it not?

I will give you all my news so soon as I have slept

[1] Mrs. Carlyle had gone to Haddington for the first time since her marriage twenty-three years before.—J. A. F.

a night at Auchtertool. I expect Walter and Jeannie will meet me at the station in Edinburgh, where I shall be at a quarter after twelve. I am not too much tired; my journey has been made as easy for me as possible. From Rawdon to Morpeth on Tuesday, William Edward most kindly accompanying me there, and seeing me off next day. 'I looked so horribly helpless,' he said, 'that he could not reconcile it to his conscience to leave me a chance at losing myself.'

I was wandering about till after dark last night, and out again this morning at six; but I must leave all particulars till a more leisure moment, and till my heart is calmer than at present. I am so glad I came here on this *incognito* principle. It is the only way in which I could have got any good of the dear old place. God bless it! How changed it is, and how changed am I! But enough just now.

Ever your affectionate,

JEANNIE WELSH.

Oh! what a letter, what a letter, to read again now! (May 27, 1869.)

Much Ado about Nothing.

This is a very interesting little narrative, discovered by me the other day; I had never heard of it before. The 'Forster' mentioned in it is William Edward Forster, now M.P. for Bradford, conspicuous in various, to me, rather questionable ways—Nigger-Emancipator, Radical Patriot, &c., &c.;

at that time an enthusiastic young 'Wet-Quaker' (had been introduced to me by Sterling), full of cheery talk and speculation, and well liked by both of us till then. I was in Ireland, travelling about, mainly with Duffy (so far as not alone) in those weeks. Forster on quitting her at Morpeth (as mentioned within) shot off for Ireland, and in the very nick of the moment, the next Sunday morning, intersected Duffy and me at Castlebar (Westport, south-west region) just in the act of starting northward; sprang upon the car along with us, and was of the party till it ended (at Ecclefechan, through Derry and Glasgow, Forster's and my part of it), after which I have seen very little of him, nor did she more.—T. C. August 3, 1866.

On Tuesday, July 24, 1849, I left Rawdon[1] after breakfast, and at five of the afternoon reached Morpeth, where I had decided to pass the night. William Forster escorted me thus far, and stayed to start me by the two o'clock train next day, out of purest charity, having adopted Donovan's[2] theory of me, that I am wholly without observing faculty, with large reflectiveness turned inward; a sort of woman, that, ill-adapted for travelling by railway alone, with two boxes, a writing-case and carpet-bag. Anyhow, I was much the better of such a cheerful companion to stave off the nervousness about Haddington, not to speak of the material comforts—a rousing fire, brandy-negus, &c.—which he ordered for me at the

[1] Near Bradford, Yorkshire.
[2] A quack physiognomist, &c., of the time.

inn, and which I should not have had the audacity to order on my own basis.

After a modest dinner of chops and cherry-tart, we walked by the river-side in a drizzling rain (that was at my suggestion); then back to the 'Phœnix' for tea, chess, and speculative talk till midnight; when I went to bed expecting no sleep to speak of, and of course slept unusually well; for the surest way to get a thing in this life is to be prepared for doing without it, to the exclusion even of hope.

Next morning was bright as diamonds, and we walked all about the town and neighbouring heights; where, rendered unusually communicative by our isolated position, I informed William Edward that my maternal grandmother was 'descended from a gang of gipsies;' was in fact grand-niece to Matthew Baillie who 'suffered at Lanark,' that is to say was hanged there. A genealogical fact, Forster said, which made me at last intelligible for him, 'a cross betwixt John Knox and a gipsy, how that explained all!' By the way, my uncle has told me since I came here that the wife of that Matthew Baillie, Margaret Euston by name, was the original of Sir W. Scott's 'Meg Merrilies.' Matthew himself was the last of gipsies; could steal a horse from under the owner if he liked, but left always the saddle and bridle; a thorough gentleman in his way, and six feet four in stature!

But to go back to Morpeth: we again dined at the 'Phœnix'; then Forster put me into my carriage, and my luggage into the van, and I was shot off towards Scotland, while himself took train for Ireland.

From Morpeth to Haddington is a journey of only four hours; again 'the wished-for come too late!'—rapidest travelling to Scotland now, and no home there any more! The first locality I recognised was the Peer Bridge; I had been there once before, a little child, in a post-chaise with my father; he had held his arm round me while I looked down the ravine. It was my first sight of the picturesque that. I recognised the place even in passing it at railway speed, after all these long, long years.

At the Dunbar station an old lady in widow's dress, and a young one, her daughter, got into the carriage, which I had had so far all to myself; a man in yeomanry uniform waiting to see them off. 'Ye'll maybe come and see us the morn's nicht?' said the younger lady from the carriage. 'What for did ye no come to the ball?' answered the yeoman, with a look 'to split a pitcher.' The young lady tchick-tchicked, and looked deprecatingly, and tried again and again to enchain conversation; but to every-thing she said came the same answer—'What for did ye no come to the ball?' The poor young lady then tried holding her tongue; her lover (only her

lover would have used her so brutally) did the same; but rested his chin on the carriage window to scowl at her with more convenience. The interest was rising; but one could see who of them would speak first. 'Oh!' broke out the young lady, 'I'm just mourning!' 'What for?' 'Oh, just that ball!' 'What for then did ye no come?' growled the repeating decimal; 'I waited an oor for ye!' and he got his upper lip over the strap of his cap and champed it—like a horse! Squeal went the engine; we were off; the young lady 'just mourned' for a minute or two, then fell to talking with her mother. For me, I reflected how 'the feelings were just the same there as here,'[1] and the Devil everywhere busy! Before the ladies got out at Drem I had identified the pale, old, shrivelled widow with a buxom, bright-eyed, rosy Mrs. Frank Sheriff of my time. The daughter had not only grown up but got herself born in the interval. What chiefly struck me, however—indeed confounded me—was to be stared at by Mrs. Sheriff as a stranger or even foreigner! for, when I asked her some question about the road, she answered with that compassionate distinctness which one puts on with only foreigners or idiots. I began to think my precautions for keeping *incognita* in my native place might turn out to have been superfluous. One of these precautions had the foolishest little consequence.

[1] My mother, on reading *Wilhelm Meister*.

In leaving London, I had written the addresses for my luggage on the backs of other people's visiting-cards, 'without respect of persons'—a stupid practice when one thinks of it!—but at Morpeth I removed three of the cards, leaving one to the carpet-bag, carpet-bags being so confoundable. I was at the pains, however, to rub off my own name from that card, which, for the rest, happened to be Mrs. Humphrey St. John Mildmay's. Well, at Longniddry, where I had to wait some fifteen minutes for the cross-train to Haddington, 'there came to pass' a porter! who helped me with my things, and would not leave off helping me, quite teased me in fact with delicate attentions. At last he made me a low bow and said he was 'not aware that any of the family were in this quarter.' I believe I answered, 'Quite well I thank you;' for I was getting every instant more excited with my circumstances. He shut the carriage-door on me, then opened it again and said, with another low bow, 'Excuse me, ma'am; but I was in the service of the brother of Mr. Humphrey St. John Mildmay.' I am positive as to my answer this time, that it was, 'Oh, thank you!—no, I am quite another person!'

A few minutes more and I was at the Haddington station, where I looked out timidly, then more boldly, as my senses took in the utter strangeness of the scene; and luckily I had 'the cares of luggage'

to keep down sentiment for the moment. No vehicle was in waiting but a dusty little omnibus, licensed to carry any number, it seemed; for, on remarking there was no seat for me, I was told by all the insides in a breath, 'Never heed! come in! that makes no difference!' And so I was trundled to the 'George Inn,' where a landlord and waiter, both strangers to me, and looking half-asleep, showed me to the best room on the first floor, a large, old-fashioned, three-windowed room, looking out on the Fore Street, and, without having spoken one word, shut the door on me, and there I was at the end of it! Actually in the 'George Inn,' Haddington, alone, amidst the silence of death!

I sat down quite composedly at a window, and looked up the street towards our old house. It was the same street, the same houses; but so silent, dead petrified! It looked the old place just as I had seen it at Chelsea in my dreams, only more dream-like! Having exhausted that outlook, I rang my bell, and told the silent landlord to bring tea and take order about my bedroom. The tea swallowed down, I notified my wish to view 'the old church there,' and the keeper of the keys was immediately fetched me. In my part of Stranger in search of the Picturesque, I let myself be shown the way which I knew every inch of, shown 'the school-house' where myself had been Dux, 'the play-ground,' 'the boolin' green,' and

so on to the church-gate; which, so soon as my guide had unlocked for me, I told him he might wait, that I needed him no further.

The churchyard had become very full of graves; within the ruin were two new smartly got-up tombs. *His*[1] looked old, old; was surrounded by nettles: the inscription all over moss, except two lines which had been quite recently cleared—by whom? Who had been there before me, still caring for his tomb after twenty-nine years? The old ruin knew, and could not tell me. That place felt the very centre of eternal silence—silence and sadness world without end! When I returned, the sexton, or whatever he was, asked, 'Would I not walk through the church?' I said 'Yes,' and he led the way, but without playing the cicerone any more; he had become pretty sure there was no need. Our pew looked to have never been new-lined since we occupied it; the green cloth was become all but white from age! I looked at it in the dim twilight till I almost fancied I saw my beautiful mother in her old corner, and myself, a bright-looking girl, in the other! It was time to 'come out of that!' Meaning to return to the churchyard next morning, to clear the moss from the inscription, I asked my conductor where he lived—with his key. 'Next door to the house that was Dr. Welsh's' he answered, with a sharp glance at my face; then added

[1] Her father's.

gently, 'Excuse me, me'm, for mentioning that, but the minute I set eyes on ye at the "George," I jaloosed it was her we all looked after whenever she went up or down.' 'You won't tell of me?' I said, crying, like a child caught stealing apples; and gave him half-a-crown to keep my secret, and open the gate for me at eight next morning. Then, turning up the waterside by myself, I made the circuit of The Haugh, Dodds's Gardens and Babbie's Butts, the customary evening walk in my teens; and except that it was perfectly solitary (in the whole round I met just two little children walking hand in hand, like the Babes of the Wood) the whole thing looked exactly as I left it twenty-three years back; the very puddles made by the last rain I felt to have stepped over before. But where were all the living beings one used to meet? What could have come to the place to strike it so dead? I have been since answered—the railway had come to it, and ruined it. At all rates 'it must have taken a great deal to make a place so dull as that!' Leaving the lanes, I now went boldly through the streets, the thick black veil, put on for the occasion, thrown back; I was getting confident that I might have ridden like the Lady Godiva through Haddington, with impunity, so far as recognition went. I looked through the sparred door of our old coach-house, which seemed to be vacant; the house itself I left over till morning,

when its occupants should be asleep. Passing a cooper's shop, which I had once had the run of, I stept in and bought two little quaighs; then in the character of travelling Englishwoman, suddenly seized with an unaccountable passion for wooden dishes, I questioned the cooper as to the past and present of his town. He was the very man for me, being ready to talk the tongue small in his head about his town's-folks—men, women, and children of them. He told me, amongst other interesting things, 'Doctor Welsh's death was the sorest loss ever came to the place,' that myself 'went away into England and—died there!' adding a handsome enough tribute to my memory. 'Yes! Miss Welsh! he remembered her famously, used to think her the tastiest young lady in the whole place; but she was very—not just to call proud—very reserved in her company.' In leaving this man I felt more than ever like my own ghost; if I had been walking after my death and burial, there could not, I think, have been any material difference in my speculations.

My next visit was to the front gate of Sunny Bank, where I stood some minutes, looking up at the beautifully quiet house; not unlike the 'outcast Peri' done into prose. How would my old godmother and the others have looked, I wondered, had they known who was there so near them? I longed to go in and kiss them once more, but positively dared not;

I felt that their demonstrations of affection would break me down into a torrent of tears, which there was no time for; so I contented myself with kissing the gate (!) and returned to my inn, it being now near dark. Surely it was the silentest inn on the planet! not a living being, male or female, to be seen in it except when I rang my bell, and then the landlord or waiter (both old men) did my bidding promptly and silently, and vanished again into space. On my re-entrance I rang for candles, and for a glass of sherry and hot water; my feet had been wetted amongst the long grass of the churchyard, and I felt to be taking cold; so I made myself negus as an antidote, and they say I am not a practical woman! Then it struck me I would write to Mr. Carlyle one more letter from the old place, after so much come and gone. Accordingly I wrote till the town clock (the first familiar voice I had heard) struck eleven, then twelve; and, near one, I wrote the Irish address on my letter and finally put myself to bed—in the 'George Inn' of Haddington, good God! I thought it too strange and mournful a position for ever falling asleep in; nevertheless I slept in the first instance, for I was 'a-weary a-weary,' body and soul of me! But, alas! the only noise I was to hear in Haddington 'transpired' exactly at the wrong moment; before I had slept one hour I was awoke by—an explosion of cats! The rest of that night I spent betwixt sleeping

and waking, in night-mare efforts to 'sort up my thoughts.' At half after five I put my clothes on, and began the business of the day by destroying in a moment of enthusiasm—for silence—the long letter 'all about feelings' which I had written the night before. Soon after six I was haunting our old house, while the present occupants still slept. I found the garden door locked, and iron stanchions—my heavens!—on the porch and cellar windows, 'significative of much!' For the rest, there was a general need of paint and whitewash; in fact, the whole premises had a bedimmed, melancholy look as of having 'seen better days.'

It was difficult for me to realise to myself that the people inside were only asleep, and not dead—dead since many years. Ah! one breathed freer in the churchyard, with the bright morning sunshine streaming down on it, than near that (so-called) habitation of the living! I went straight from one to the other. The gate was still locked, for I was an hour before my time; so I made a dash at the wall, some seven feet high I should think, and dropt safe on the inside —a feat I should never have imagined to try in my actual phase, not even with a mad bull at my heels, if I had not trained myself to it at a more elastic age. Godefroi Cavaignac's '*Quoi donc, je ne suis pas mort!*' crossed my mind; but I had none of that feeling—*moi*—was *morte* enough I knew, whatever face I

might put on it; only, what one has well learnt one never forgets.

When I had scraped the moss out of the inscription as well as I could with the only thing in my dressing case at all suited to the purpose, namely *his own* button-hook with the mother-of-pearl handle, I made a deliberate survey of the whole churchyard; and most of the names I had missed out of the sign-boards turned up for me once more on the tombstones. It was strange the feeling of almost glad recognition that came over me, in finding so many familiar figures out of my childhood and youth all gathered together in one place; but, still more interesting for me than these later graves were two that I remembered to have wept little innocent tears over before I had a conception what real weeping meant—the grave of the little girl who was burnt to death, through drying her white muslin frock at the fire, and that of the young officer (Rutherford) who was shot in a duel. The oval tablet of white marble over the little girl's grave looked as bright and spotless as on the first day—as emblematic of the child existence it commemorated; it seemed to my somewhat excited imagination that the youthfulness and innocence there buried had impregnated the marble to keep it snow-white for ever!

When the sexton came at eight to let me in, he found me ready to be let out. 'How in the world had I

got in!' 'Over the wall!' 'No! surely I couldn't mean that?' 'Why not?' 'Lords' sake then,' cried the man in real admiration, 'there is no end to you!' He told me at parting, 'There is one man in this town, me'm, you might like to see, James Robertson, your father's old servant.' Our own old Jamie! he was waiter at 'The Star.'—Good gracious!—had returned to Haddington within the last year. 'Yes, indeed,' I said, 'he must be sent to me at "The George" an hour hence, and told only that a lady wanted him.'

It was still but eight o'clock, so I should have time to look at Sunny Bank from the back gate, and streamed off in that direction; but passing my dear old school-house, I observed the door a little ajar, walked in and sat down in my old seat, to the manifest astonishment of a decent woman who was sweeping the floor. *Ach Gott!* our maps and geometrical figures had given place to texts from Scripture, and the foolishest half-penny pictures! It was become an Infant School! and a Miss Alexander was now teacher where Edward Irving and James Brown had taught. Miss A—— and her infants were not, it seemed, early risers, their school-room after eight o'clock was only being swept: it was at seven of the morning that James Brown found me asleep there, after two hours' hard study, asleep betwixt the leaves of the Great Atlas, like a

keep lesson! but, 'things have been all going to the devil ever since the Reform Bill'—as my uncle is always telling us. The woman interrupted her sweeping to inform me amongst other things that it was 'a most terrible place for dust,' that 'a deal was put into bairns now, which she *dooted* was *waste wark*,' that 'it was little one got by cleaning after them,' and, 'if her husband had his legs, they might have the school that liked.' Not the vestige of a boy or even of a girl was to be seen about the Grammar School either. That school, I afterwards heard from Jamie, 'had gone to just perfect nonsense.' 'There was a master (one White), but no scholars.' 'How is that?' I asked; 'are there no children here any longer?' 'Why, it's not altogether the want o' children,' said Jamie with his queer old *smudge* of inarticulate fun; 'but the new master is rather severe—broke the jawbone of a wee boy, they tell me; but indeed the whole place is sore gone down.' I should think so! But I am not got to Jamie yet, another meeting came off before that one.

Sunny Bank looked even lovelier 'in the light of a new morning' than it had done in the evening dusk. A hedge of red roses in full blow extended now from the house to the gate; and I thought I might go in and gather one without evoking any—beast. Once inside the gate, I passed easily to the idea of proceeding as far as the back-door, just to ask the

servant how they all were, and leave compliments without naming myself; the servants only would be astir so early. Well! when I had knocked at the door with my finger, 'sharp but mannerly,' it was opened by a tidy maid-servant, exhibiting no more surprise than if I had been the baker's boy!

Strange, was it not, that anybody should be in a calm state of mind, while I was so full of emotions? Strange that the universe should pursue its own course without reference to my presence in Haddington! 'Are your ladies quite well?' I asked nevertheless. 'Miss Jess and Miss Catherine are quite well; Miss Donaldson rather complaining. You are aware, me'm, that Mr. Donaldson is dead.' 'Oh, dear, yes!' I said, thinking she meant Alexander. 'At what hour do your ladies get up?' 'They are up, me'm, and done breakfast. Will you walk round to the front door?' Goodness gracious! should I 'walk round' or not? My own nerves had got braced somewhat by the morning air; but their nerves!—how would the sight of me thus 'promiscuously' operate on them? 'You had better go round and let me tell the ladies,' put in the servant, as if in reply to my cogitations; 'what name shall I say?' 'None; I think perhaps my name would startle them more than myself;—tell them some one they will be glad to see.' And so, flinging the responsibility on Providence, who is made for being fallen back upon

in such dilemmas (Providence must have meant me to see them in raising them out of bed so betimes !), I did 'go round,' with my heart thumping, 'like, like, like anything.' The maid-servant met me at the front door, and conducted me to the drawing-room ; where was—nobody, but on a table lay a piece of black bordered note-paper which explained to me that it was Mr. Donaldson of London who was dead—the last brother—dead in these very days ! I wished I had not come in, but it was out of time now. The door opened and showed me Miss Catherine changed into an old woman, and showed Miss Catherine me changed into one of—a certain age ! She remained at the door, motionless, speechless, and I couldn't rise off my chair—at least I didn't ; but when I saw her eyes staring, 'like watch faces,' I said, 'Oh, Miss Catherine, don't be frightened at me !'—and then she quite shrieked 'Jeannie ! Jeannie ! Jeannie Welsh ! my Jeannie ! my Jeannie !' Oh, mercy ! I shan't forget that scene in a hurry. I got her in my arms and kissed her into wits again ; and then we both cried a little—naturally ; both of us had had enough since we last met to cry for. I explained to her 'how I was situated,' as Mr. C. would say, and that I was meaning to visit them after, like a Christian ; and she found it all 'most wisely done, done like my own self.' Humph ! poor Miss Catherine ! it's little she knows of my own self, and perhaps the less the

better! She told me about their brother's death, which had been sudden at the last. Supposing me still in London as usual, and that in London we hear of one another's deaths, they had been saying it was strange I did not write to them, and my godmother had remarked, 'It is not like her!' just while I was standing at their gate most likely, for it was 'the evening before, about dark,' they had been speaking of me.

But again the door opened and showed Miss Jess. *Ach!* she had to be told who I was, and pretty loudly too; but when she did take in the immense fact, oh, my! if she didn't 'show feeling enough' (her own favourite expression of old). Poor Jess after all! We used to think she showed even more feeling than she felt, and nothing came out on the present emergence to alter our opinion of her. But enough—the very old, it seems to me, should be admitted by favour to the privilege of the Dead—have 'no ill' spoken of them that can possibly be helped.

My 'godmother' was keeping her bed 'with rheumatism' and grief. As I 'would really come back soon,' it was settled to leave her quiet. They offered me breakfast, it was still on the table, but 'horrible was the thought' to me. It was all so solemn and doleful there that I should have heard every morsel going down my throat! besides, I was engaged to breakfast with myself at the 'George.' So, with bless-

ings for many days, I slipt away from them like a knotless thread.

My friend the cooper, espying me from his doorway on the road back, planted himself firmly in my path; 'if I would just compliment him with my name he would be *terribly* obliged; we had been uncommon comfortable together, and he must know what they called me!' I told him, and he neither died on the spot nor went mad; he looked pleased, and asked how many children I had had. 'None,' I told him. 'None?' in a tone of astonishment verging on horror. 'None at all? then what on earth had I been doing all this time?' 'Amusing myself,' I told him. He ran after me to beg I would give him a call on my return (I had spoken of returning) 'as he might be making something, belike, to send south with me, something small and of a fancy sort, liker myself than them I had bought.'

Breakfast stood ready for me at the inn, and was discussed in five minutes. Then I wrote a note to Mr. C., a compromise betwixt 'all about feelings' and 'the new silent system of the prisons.' Then I went to my bedroom to pack up. The chamber-maid came to say a gentleman was asking for me. 'For me?' 'Yes; he asked for the lady stopping here' (no influx of company at the 'George' it seemed). 'Did you see him?' I asked, divining Jamie; 'are you sure it is a *gentleman*?' 'I am sure of his

being put on like one.' I flew down to my parlour and there was Jamie sure enough, Jamie to the life! and I threw my arms round his neck—that did I. He stood quite passive and quite pale, with great tears rolling down; it was minutes before he spoke, and then he said only, low under his breath, 'Mrs.—Carlyle!' So nice he looked, and hardly a day older, and really as like 'a gentleman' as some lords; he had dressed himself in his Sunday clothes for the occasion, and they were capital good ones. 'And you knew me, Jamie, at first sight?' I asked. 'Toot! we knew ye afore we seed ye.' 'Then you were told it was me?' 'No; they told us just we was to speak to a lady at the "George," and I knew it was Mrs. Carlyle.' 'But how could you tell, dear Jamie?' 'Hoots! who else could it be?' Dear, funniest of created Jamies! While he was ostler at the 'Black Bull,' Edinburgh, 'one of them what-ye-call bagmen fur-gotted his patterns' at Haddington, and he (Jamie) was 'sent to take them up; and falling in talk with him at the "Star," it came out there was no waiter, and so in that way,' said Jamie, 'we came back to the old place.' He told me all sorts of particulars 'more profitable to the soul of man' than anything I should have got out of Mr. Charteris in three years, never to say 'three weeks.' But 'a waggon came in atween ten and eleven, and he must be stepping west.' 'He was glad to have seen me looking so' (dropping his

voice) 'stootish.' [I saw him from the omnibus, after unloading the waggon, in his workday clothes almost on the very spot where, for a dozen years, he had helped me in and out of our carriage.]

And now there only remained to pay my bill and await the omnibus. I have that bill of 6*s.* 6*d.* in my writing-case, and shall keep it all my days; not only as an eloquent memorial of human change, like grass from graves and all that sort of thing, but as the first inn-bill I ever in my life contracted and paid on my own basis. Another long look from the 'George Inn' window, and then into the shabby little omnibus again, where the faces of a lady next me and a gentleman opposite me tormented my memory without result.

In the railway carriage which I selected an old gentleman had taken his seat, and I recognised him at once as Mr. Lea, the same who made the little obelisk which hangs in my bedroom at Chelsea. He had grown old like a golden pippin, merely *crined*,[1] with the bloom upon him. I laid my hand on his arm, turning away my face, and said: 'Thank God here is one person I feel no difficulty about!' 'I don't know you,' he said, in his old blunt way; 'who are you?' 'Guess!' 'Was it you who got over the churchyard wall this morning? I saw a stranger lady climb the wall, and I said to myself,

[1] *I.e.* shrunk.

that's Jeannie Welsh! no other woman would climb the wall instead of going in at the gate. Are you Jeannie Welsh?' I owned the soft impeachment; then such shaking of hands, embracing even! But so soon as things had calmed down a little between us, Mr. Lea laid his hand on my shoulder and said, as if pursuing knowledge under difficulties, 'Now tell me, my dear, why did you get over the wall instead of just asking for the key?' He spoke of William Ainsley's death; I said I had never known him, that he went to India before I could remember. 'Nonsense,' said Mr. Lea; 'not remember William Ainsley? Never knew William Ainsley? What are you thinking of? Why, didn't he wrap you in a shawl and run away with you to our house the very day you were born, I believe?' I said it might be very true, but that the circumstance had escaped my recollection. Mr. Lea was left at Longniddry, where he came daily, he said, to bathe in the sea. What energy!

While waiting there for the train from London, I saw again my lady and gentleman of the omnibus, and got their names from Mr. Lea. They were not people I had ever visited with, but I had been at school with them both. We passed and repassed one another without the slightest sign of recognition on their side. George Cunningham, too, was pacing the Longniddry platform, the boy of our school

who never got into trouble, and never helped others out of it—a slow, bullet-headed boy, who said his lessons like an eight-day clock, and never looked young; now, on the wrong side of forty, it might be doubted if he would ever look old. He came up to me and shook hands, and asked me by name how I did, exactly as though we met on 'change every day of our lives. To be sure I had seen him once since we were at school together, had met him at Craik's some twelve years ago. Such as he was, we stood together till the train came up, and 'talked of geography, politics, and nature.'

At Edinburgh Jeannie's[1] sweet little face looked wildly into the carriage for me, and next minute we were chirping and twittering together on the platform, whilst the eternal two boxes, writing-case, and carpet-bag were being once more brought into one focus. 'Look, look, cousin!' said Jeannie, 'there are people who know you!' And looking as I was bid, who but the pair who had accompanied me from Haddington, with their heads laid together, and the eyes starting out of them me-ward. The lady, the instant she saw I noticed them, sprang forward extending her hand; the husband, 'emboldened by her excellent example,' did the same; they were 'surprised,' 'delighted,' everything that could be wished; 'had not had a conception of its being me

[1] Cousin from Liverpool (now Mrs. Chrystal).

till they saw me smiling.' 'Eh, sirs!' said my mother's old nurse to her after a separation of twenty years, 'there's no a featur o' ye left but just the bit smile!'

I will call for these Richardsons when I go back to Haddington: I like their hop-step-and-jump over ceremony, their oblivion in the enthusiasm of the moment that we had 'belonged to different circles' (Haddington speaking).

And now having brought myself to Edinburgh, and under the little protecting wing of Jeannie, I bid myself adieu and 'wave my lily hand.' I was back into the present! and it is only in connection with the past that I can get up a sentiment for myself. The present Mrs. Carlyle is—what shall I say?—detestable, upon my honour.[1]

Auchtertool Manse: Aug. 2.

LETTER 114.

Sunny Bank (now Tenterfield) is the Donaldsons' residence, a pleasant, most tranquil house and garden in the suburbs of Haddington—to her always a quasi-maternal house. Glen Truin (pronounced Troon) is Lord Ashburton's deer-hunting station in Macpherson of Cluny's country, rented, twice over I think, at the easy rate of 1,000*l.* a season—intrinsic value, perhaps, from 50*l.* to 25*l.* Thither I had passed from Scotsbrig; saw my darling at Linlathen for a day or two in passing (she ill oft, I ditto—much out of sorts both of us); had there, too, a miserable enough hugger-

[1] A Mazzini locution.

mugger time. My own blame; none others' so much—saw that always.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, at Glen Truin House.

Sunny Bank, Haddington: Sept. 5, 1849.

It looks a month since we parted at Dundee! I have had so much of both motional and 'emotional culture' since that evening. *Goot look* did not follow me into the Orient[1] by any means. A headache followed me, and stuck by me till the Monday that I left Kirkcaldy; of heartache I will not speak; but there is no reason why I should be silent on the misfortune I happened one hour after my return to Fergus-dom; *that* might have happened to anyone, however little of an egoist. I had lain down on the black coffin-like sofa in my bedroom to try what rest, such as could be had under the circumstances, would do for my head, when I felt something like a blue-bottle creep inside my hand; shook it off, and, oh, my! the next instant I was on foot like 'a mad'—stung by a wasp! Miss Jessie got the sting out, and admired it through her glass, and applied, on my own advice, laudanum and honey; but the pain went up to my shoulder and down to my side, and the swelling and inflammation spread so fast all up my arm, that Miss Jessie could hardly be hindered from running herself for both a doctor and a silver-

[1] *Supra*, Haddington is east. Mrs. Carlyle had returned thither to stay with the Donaldsons.

smith, the last to cut a ring that could not be got off; but it was my mother's little pebble ring, and I would not suffer it to be cut, and neither would I be at the cost of a doctor just yet. All that evening I suffered horribly, in silence, and all night 'the trophies of the wasp would not let me sleep,' not one wink. However, I went next day to Auchtertool with my hand in a poultice, being still determined to 'come out of that' on Monday, and unwilling to go without saying farewell to my poor uncle, whom it is likely enough I shall never see again.

On Sunday night the pain was sufficiently abated to let me sleep. So I was up to leaving, according to programme, by the quarter-after-eight train. John and Jessie were up to give me breakfast, and see me off, and Mrs. Nixon gave me a nice little trunk to facilitate my packing. They were really very kind, the poor Ferguses; but somehow or other they are radically uncomfortable people for us to be mixed up with, in spite of their 'good intentions.'

I got to the Princes Street station a little before ten, and found on inquiry that I could have my luggage taken care of for me on paying the sum of sixpence for booking; so I left there everything but my writing-case, in which were my jewels and your manuscript; and with that I got into a cab, having bargained with the cabman for two shillings an hour (I tell you these details for your own guidance in

case of your returning by Edinburgh), and drove to Adam Street to Betty.[1]

Of all the meetings I have had in Scotland, that was the most moving, as well as the happiest; was just all but a meeting betwixt mother and child after twenty years' separation. She was on her knees blackleading her grate, all in confusion, poor soul! her little carpet up, everything topsy-turvy, a domestic earthquake having been commenced that very morning in preparation for my coming, Miss Anne having kindly warned her that she might be 'all ready;' but I was too early, and so found her all unready, only her heart as right as could be. Oh, dear me! how she does love me, that woman, and how good and pious-hearted she is! While I sat on her knee, with my arms about her neck, and she called me her 'dear bairn,' and looked at me as if she would have made me welcome to her 'skin,' I felt, as nearly as possible, perfectly happy—just fancy that! But I must not get into the details of my visit to her just now; my few days here are so filled up, I have not yet seen half the people I wish to see. She gave me four biscuits wrapt in her best pocket-handkerchief, and promised to see me at my aunt's before I left in the evening; and then I jumped

[1] The old Haddington servant—almost from my Jeannie's birth—is still living (1869), one of the venerablest and most faithful of women. I never saw such perfection of attachment, and doubt if it exists elsewhere.—T. C.

into my cab again, and proceeded to Clarence Street.[1]

A kind note, received at Kirkcaldy from Elizabeth, had prepared me for a rather warmer welcome than I had anticipated, but not for so warm a one as I got; it was a great comfort to me to be so received by my father's sisters, however unlike him. My heart was opened by their kindness to tell them that it was nothing but apprehension of their bothering me about my soul which had estranged me from them so entirely. Anne's reply, given with an arch look and tone, was very nice, 'Indeed, Jeannie, you need not have been afraid of our setting ourselves to reform you; it is plain enough that nothing short of God's own grace can do that, but I won't despair that a time may come, though I am not such a fool as to think that I can hasten it.' Anne went out with me, and we called for Mrs. George[2]—not at home; at the Stoddarts'—the lady in the country, John petrified-looking, either hardened into stone, or quite stunned at seeing me, I could not tell which. On our way to Mrs. Stirling's[3] we met her, and she flew into my arms in the open street, just as she would have done before writing 'Fanny Hervey.' I walked into Marshall the jeweller's, who knew me at once; and a Mrs. Watson, who met me on the bridge,

[1] To her aunts, Elizabeth, Ann, and Grace Welsh.
[2] Widow of George Welsh. [3] Susan Hunter.

shouted out Jeannie Welsh! But I will tell you all the rest afterwards.

Miss Catherine was waiting for me with a carriage at the Haddington station, told me there was a letter from you here for me, but it proved only the briefest of notes from John. Yours, however, came yesterday forenoon, just when I was sallying out to make calls. I was through all our house yesterday, from garret to kitchen; everybody is so good to me, so very good! Miss Howden brought me a bouquet 'out of your own garden' last night, and Helen Howden has just sent me her children to look at, and you wrote me a nice long letter—so I ought to be thankful. I go back to 10 Clarence Street on Thursday (to-morrow night), and stay with my aunts till Saturday, when I shall go to Scotsbrig. I have written to John.

J. W. C.

No more room; margin itself half full.—T. C.

LETTER 115.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Maryland Street, Liverpool: Friday, Sept. 14, 1849.

Oh, my dear, my dear! How thankful I may be that I knew nothing of that colic[1] till it was over! A colic in these cholera-times would have alarmed me in any circumstances; but there—remembering,

[1] Got by a too violent excursion to Glen—large miscellaneous party. Lord Ashburton and I rode over stock and stone on Highland ponies.

as I still do, 'rather exquisitely,' my own sore throat transacted at Alverstoke three winters ago, and other little attacks of my own, under the same *régime*—how could I have stayed in my skin, with no certainty that you would be able to get so much as a cup of bad tea, never to speak of hot water to your feet, or human sympathy? You were not, it would seem, so wholly left to Providence as I was; still it is a great mercy that you were not long laid up in that house, or any other of their houses. As my aunt Grace told me very often during my bad day: 'There is mercy mixed up with all our afflictions! It is a great comfort to think you are in better hands than ours—I mean in Jesus Christ's.' 'Oh, ay!' said dear Betty, 'Christ has care of my bairn a'wheres, even on the railway! And a great comfort that is for me to think, now that she gangs sae muckle be them!' But of all that, some quiet evening at Chelsea.

I have to tell you now that a note from Elizabeth, lying for me here, stated that she continued better, but not strong yet, and that her sister was still with her, and would stay till I came—a great luck that this sister happened to be out of a place just now. I fancy the poor girl had been in a very dangerous way before we heard of her illness.

Now that I know of this sister being with her, I feel in less breathless haste to fly to her rescue—can yield to Jeannie's wish, which is indeed an obligation

of duty on me, with a good grace, that I would stay here over Sunday, to give her my advice about Helen; she (Jeannie) being to arrive from Auchtertool to-morrow night, to look after poor Helen, who has been very ill indeed, and I am afraid has a disease on her that may end fatally, sooner than any of them are aware. I was dreadfully shocked with her shape, and emaciated look; still she can go out for exercise, and protests that she is getting better, but there is death in her face. We wish John to examine into her case; but she is extremely nervous about him, and it must be gone about delicately when Jeannie comes. I am glad dear John came with me.

When I have talked with Jeannie I can be of no further use here, only a trouble in fact; so, on Monday, I mean to go to Manchester, to make amends to Geraldine for the vexation about me, caused by that foolish Harriet Martineau;[1] and to London straight, next day. That is my present programme; if it receive any modification I will write again to Scotsbrig, where I hope this will find you safe and slept. If you get as nice porridge, and nice coffee, and nice everything, with such a seasoning of human kindness, as I got there, you will need no more pity.

John went out with Betsy[2] last night, there being

[1] Gossip of some kind.

[2] Mrs. Paulet.

no bed for him here, unless he had chosen to sleep in a little one in my room, which I told him he was welcome to do, if he liked!! But he declined. He promised to come to-day about one, and stay till night. And to-morrow Betsy is to bring the carriage, and take me to Seaforth for a few hours, just to satisfy her that I have not 'registered a vow in Heaven' never to set my foot in her house again. But a few hours will be enough of that. She looks to be more than ever in a state of 'mild delirium.'

And now I must end and go to Helen. Kindest love to your mother and all of them. And tell Isabella I forgot the woodriff; and she must stuff some into your carpet-bag.

If you write on Sunday or Monday, in time for Tuesday morning, address to Geraldine's. You remember Carlton Terrace, Green Heys, Manchester.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 116.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row: Sunday, Oct. 1849.

My dear Mrs. Carlyle,—If John is not there to talk to you, how you will be needing more than ever to be written to. And I should be very ungrateful for all your affection and kindness if I did not con-

tribute my mite, especially as you are the only person that ever complimented me on my hand-writing!

The settling down at home after all those wanderings has been a serious piece of work for both Mr. C. and myself; for me, I have only managed it by a large consumption of morphia. At last, however, I begin to sleep, if not like a Christian yet, at least less like a heathen. Mr. C. is at his work again, and my maid is at her work again; and the supernumerary sister is gone away; and now that the house should go on in its old routine there is only needed a cat (the last was drowned for unexampled dishonesty during my absence) to eat the regiments of mice, who have effected a settlement in every part of the house, the parlour not excepted, and who threaten to run up one's very petticoats while one is reading one's book! Mr. C., in the midst of talking to me the other evening, suddenly stamped his foot on the hearth-rug and called out furiously 'Get along, sir!' and he had not gone mad, had merely perceived a mouse at his feet!

I am also terribly ill off for curtains, bugs having invaded the premises as well as mice, and all my curtains having been frantically torn down, and sent to the dyers; not so much to have the colour renewed, as to have the bugs boiled to death.

The middle of next week it is promised I shall

have my bed set up again ; but in the meanwhile I feel like a poor wretch in an hospital, or a beggar's lodging-house, lying without a rag about me to hide my 'sleeping,' or oftenest sleepless, 'beauties' from the universe! What troubles people have in this world in merely protecting themselves from the inferior animals!

For the rest: London is quiet enough for the most retired taste at present, and I like it best so ; there are always some 'dandering individuals' dropping in, to prevent one from growing quite savage, and of excitement I had enough in Scotland to serve me for many months to come. I am very glad I have been in Scotland once more, and seen all those places and people ; though it was smashing work at the time! I have brought away many recollections that will be a pleasure for me all my life ; and my visit to Scotsbrig was the one in which I had most unmixed satisfaction ; for, along with my pleasure at Haddington and Edinburgh, there was almost more pain than I could bear. But you were all so kind to me, and then you were little changed. I had seen you all so much more recently, and, in short, in finding so much to please me at Scotsbrig, I missed nothing I had ever possessed there. In the other places it was far otherwise.

I hope you have the same mild weather that has been here the last few days; that your poor face

may be quite mended. We shall be very anxious till we hear that you are in your usual state again, and that Jamie is come home well. I am very sorry about Jamie's ill-health; he seems to deserve more than any of us to be strong, leading the natural, hard-working life that he leads, and manifesting at all times such a manly, patient, steadfast mind.

My love to Isabella, who I hope is not gone with him; for she is not strong enough for encountering agitations of that sort.

Hoping to hear soon good news of you all, I remain, dear Mrs. Carlyle, ever yours

Affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 117.

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

5 Cheyne Row: Oct. 1849.

My dear Jane,—Your letter was one of the letters that one feels a desire to answer the instant one is done reading it—an out-of-the-heart letter that one's own heart (if one happen to have one) jumps to meet. But writing with Mr. C. waiting for his tea was, as you will easily admit, a moral impossibility; and after tea there were certain accursed flannel shirts (oh, the alterations that have been made on them!) to 'piece;' and yesterday, when I made sure of writing you a long letter, I had a headache, and

durst not either write or read for fear of having to go to bed with it. To-day I write; but with no leisure, though I have no 'small clothes' to make, nor any disturbance in that line (better for me if I had); still I get into as great bustles occasionally as if I were the mother of a fine boisterous family. Did you hear that I found bugs in my red bed on my return? I who go mad where a bug is! and that bed 'such a harbour for them,' as the upholsterer said. Of course I had it pulled in pieces at once, and the curtains sent to the dyeing—at immense expense—and ever since I have been lying in the cold nights between four tall bare posts, feeling like a patient in a London hospital. To-day at last two men are here putting up my curtains, and making mistakes whenever I stay many minutes away from them; and as soon as their backs are turned I have to go off several miles in an omnibus to see Thackeray, who has been all but dead, and is still confined to his room, and who has written a line to ask me to come and see him. And I have great sympathy always with, and show all the kindness in my power to, sick people—having so much sickness myself, and knowing how much kindness then is gratifying to me.

So you see, dear, it is not the right moment for writing you the letter that is lying in my heart for you. But I could not, under any circumstances, refrain

longer from telling you that your letter was very, very welcome; that the tears ran down my face over it—though Mr. C. was sitting opposite, and would have scolded me for 'sentimentality' if he had seen me crying over kind words merely; and that I have read it three times, and carried it my pocket ever since I got it, though my rule is to burn all letters. Oh, yes; there is no change in me, so far as affection goes, depend upon that. But there are other changes, which give me the look of a very cold and hard woman generally. I durst not let myself talk to you at Scotsbrig, and now that the opportunity is passed I almost wish I had. But I think it not likely, if I live, that I will be long of returning to Scotland. All that true, simple, pious kindness that I found stored up for me there ought to be turned to more account in my life. What have I more precious?

Please burn this letter—I mean don't hand it to the rest; there is a circulation of letters in families that frightens me from writing often; it is so difficult to write a circular to one.

How glad I am to hear such good news of Jamie.[1] I hope to-night's post will tell us he is safe home. John, I fancy from Jeannie's last letter, does not go back with him, but to Auchtertool for a little longer.

[1] Brother Jamie. Been at Edinburgh for a surgical operation with John.

Your poor mother and her face—what a bout she must have had! For me, I am really better; though I may say, in passing, that Mr. C.'s 'decidedly stronger' is never to be depended on in any account he gives of me—as, so long as I can stand on my legs, he never notices that anything ails me; and I make a point of never complaining to him unless in case of absolute extremity. But I have, for the last week, been sleeping pretty well, and able to walk again, which I had not been up to since my return.

About the bonnet: send it by any opportunity you find, just as it is; I can trim very nicely myself, and perhaps might not like Miss Montgomery's colour. But I cannot have it for nothing, dear. If Miss G. won't take money, I must find some other way of paying her. God bless you, dear Jane, and all yours. Remember me to James; and never doubt my affection for yourself, as I shall never doubt yours for me.

Ever, J. W. C.

LETTER 118.

John Forster, Esq., 58 *Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Chelsea: Tuesday evening, Nov. 14, 1849.

God's will be done! dear Mr. Forster. If one said otherwise, it would do itself all the same in spite of

our teeth; so best to subscribe with a good grace. I have taken 'a heavy cold'—had not five minutes' sleep all night with it, and am just risen after a feverish day in bed. There is no present prospect of my being up to any sort of pleasure to-morrow; and I think with dismay of Mrs. Dickens brought to meet me, and me not forthcoming. So I write at once that you may if you like put the other female off. But for Mrs. Dickens, who may not perhaps feel so perfectly at home 'in Chambers' as you have taught me to feel, I should have waited till the last moment in hope of a miracle being worked in my favour.

Mr. C. of course will be with you as little too late as possible for a man of his habits.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

There is a novel I might read if I could get it during this period of sneezing and streaming at the eyes, written by a very young girl of the name of Mulock; not Dickens's 'a young lady grow'd.' I can't remember the name of the book; but the authoress's name is Molock or something very like it, and it is published by Chapman. It must be rather curious to see, for I am told by Madame Pepoli the Molock is eighteen, has read 'absolutely no books,' and seen 'nothing whatever of society;'

and the book is coming to a second edition—'circulates in families,' and will yield profit.

LETTER 119.

Poor little Nero, the dog, must have come this winter, or 'Fall' (1849)? Railway Guard (from Dilberoglue, Manchester) brought him in one evening late. A little Cuban (Maltese? and otherwise mongrel) shock, mostly white—a most affectionate, lively little dog, otherwise of small merit, and little or no training. Much innocent sport there rose out of him; much quizzical ingenuous preparation of me for admitting of him: 'My dear, it's borne in upon my mind that I'm to have a dog!' &c. &c., and with such a look and style! We had many walks together, he and I, for the next ten years; a great deal of small traffic, poor little animal, so loyal, so loving, so *naïve* and true with what of dim intellect he had! Once, perhaps in his third year here, he came pattering upstairs to my garret; scratched duly, was let in, and brought me (literally) the *Gift of a* HORSE (which I had talked of needing)! Brought me, to wit, a letter hung to his neck, inclosing on a saddler's card the picture of a horse, and adjoined to it her cheque for 50*l.*—full half of some poor legacy which had fallen to her! Can I ever forget such a thing? I was not slave enough to take the money; and got a horse next year, on the common terms—but all Potosi, and the diggings new and old, had not in them, as I now feel, so rich a gift! Poor Nero's last good days were with us at Aberdour in 1859. Twice or thrice I flung him into the sea there, which he didn't at all like; and in consequence of which he even ceased to follow me at bathing time, the very strongest measure he could take—or *pretend* to take. For two or three mornings accordingly I had seen nothing of Nero; but the third or fourth morning, on

striking out to swim a few yards, I heard gradually a kind of swashing behind me; looking back, it was Nero out on voluntary humble partnership—ready to swim with me to Edinburgh or to the world's end if I liked! Fife had done his mistress, and still more him, a great deal of good. But, alas! in Cook's grounds here, within a month or two a butcher's cart (in *her* very sight) ran over him neck and lungs; all winter he wheezed and suffered; 'Feb. 1st, 1860,' he died (prussic acid, and the doctor obliged at last!)—I could not have believed my grief then and since would have been the twentieth part of what it was—nay, that the want of him would have been to me other than a riddance. Our last midnight-walk together (for he insisted on trying to come), Jan. 31, is still painful to my thought. 'Little dim-white speck, of Life, of Love, Fidelity and Feeling, girdled by the Darkness as of Night Eternal!' *Her* tears were passionate and bitter; but repressed themselves as was fit, I think the first day. Top of the garden, by her direction, Nero was put under ground; a small stone tablet with date she also got—which, broken by careless servants, is still there (a little protected now).

John Forster, Esq., 58 *Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Chelsea: Dec. 11, 1849.

My dear Mr. Forster,—I died ten days ago and was buried at Kensal Green; at least you have no certainty to the contrary: what is the contrary? Do you mean to fulfil that promise of coming in the evening?

Do you know Alfred's address? if so, forward the inclosed, please; it is a piece of a letter that may gratify him a little, and, though no great hand at the

'welfare of others' business, I don't mind giving a man a little gratification when it can be done at the small cost of one penny.

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

Oh, Lord! I forgot to tell you I have got a little dog, and Mr. C. has accepted it with an amiability. To be sure, when he comes down gloomy in the morning, or comes in wearied from his walk, the infatuated little beast dances round him on its hind legs as I ought to do and can't; and he feels flattered and surprised by such unwonted capers to his honour and glory.

LETTER 120.

John Forster, Esq., 58 *Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Chelsea: Dec. 1849.

My dear Mr. Forster,—I hope the newspaper arrived safe! Henry[1] looked so excited when he heard it was consigned to the Post Office, and exclaimed so wildly, 'I would not for five pounds that it were lost! Mr. Forster would be in such a way,' that I quite trembled with apprehension about it all the evening. Mr. C. put it in with his own hand, and out of his own head.

I am still confined to the house in a very shabby

[1] Mr. Forster's servant.

condition indeed, and need cheering spectacles (don't I wish I may get 'em?), a sight of you for example. Meanwhile thanks for Mulock's book, which I read with immense interest. It is long since I fell in with a novel of this sort, all about love, and nothing else whatever. It quite reminds one of one's own love's young dream. I like it, and like the poor girl who can still believe, or even 'believe that she believes,' all that. God help her! She will sing to another tune if she go on living and writing for twenty years!

I am desired by the other Forster,[1] the unreal it must be since you are 'the real,' to forward to you his defence of W. Penn, as if anybody out of the family of Friends cared a doit about W. Penn. For me, I never could get up a grain of interest about any Quaker, dead or alive, except 'Tawell'[2] of the apple pips.[3]

All good be with you.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 121.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Dec. 31, 1849.

Dearest Mrs. Russell,—To think that I should never have written you one line since the distracted

[1] William Edward (of Bradford), the ex-Quaker, now Her Majesty's Minister, &c. &c.

[2] Murderer. [3] Advocate's excuse.

little note I sent you from Nottingham in July last, and so often I have thought of it too! Nay, I actually began a letter one day in October; I had just been writing Drumlanrig Castle, Thornhill, on the back of a letter to Lady Ashburton, who was on a visit there, and had written me out the address as particularly as if I had never heard of Drumlanrig in my life. And it struck me as something quite unnatural that I should be writing Thornhill after any other name than yours; just as when I first wrote to you I found it so very strange and sad to be writing that place after anyone's name but my mother's. And so, by way of making amends to nature, I began a second letter, one to you to go by the same post; but some visitor came in, and what does not get done by me at the right moment is apt to miss getting done altogether.

When I wrote from Nottingham I remember I durst not trust myself to tell you anything about me, even if there had been leisure for it. I was in such a nervous state: promised to Mr. C. and to my own mind to go to Scotland, but afraid to make my purpose known lest, after all, I should shirk it at the last moment, as I had done once before; and, even if I got into Scotland, I could not have told you, for my life, what I was going to do there, where I should go or not go. Sometimes, in brave moments, I thought of visiting Thornhill as well as

Haddington; and then it seemed all but impossible for me ever to set foot in either place—and if I did I was not sure that I would show myself to any living person of my friends, in either the one place or the other. So I thought it best to say nothing to you of my intentions till I ascertained, by trying, what part of them I could carry out. It was not till I was in the railway for Haddington that I was sure I was really going there. And I did spend a night there in the principal inn, the windows of which looked out on our old house, without anyone suspecting who I was. I arrived at six in the evening, and left at eleven next day, after having walked over the whole place, and seen everything I wished to see—except the people. I could not have stood their embraces, and tears, and 'all that sort of thing,' without breaking down entirely; so I left that part of the business till the agitation, caused by the sight of the old place, should have subsided, and I could return with my nerves in good order. Which I did for three days, after having been six weeks in Fife and other places, with which I had no associations either sad or gay. It was the same when I went to Annandale; till the last moment I was not sure I could go, and would not have gone but for the pain I was going to give my husband's family by passing them by. Actually when I left Edinburgh for Ecclefechan, I did not know whether the railway went through

Thornhill! had not dared to satisfy myself! and at all the stations after I got into Dumfriesshire I kept my eyes shut. This will sound to you like sheer madness; but it was no more than extreme nervousness, which I could not control, and so must be excused for. I stayed only two days at Scotsbrig, and then hurried on to Manchester, where I was detained by severe illness. Another time it will not be so bad, I hope; and I shall behave more like a rational woman. You may believe I got little good of the country, under such circumstances: I returned to London so ill, and continued so ill, so long a time, that I got into the way of doing nothing I could possibly help; and so it happened that, having lightened my conscience of the half-sovereign which a Miss Skinner undertook to convey to you, I postponed writing till—now!

If anniversaries be, in many respects, painful things, they are useful at least in putting orderly people, like me, on settling up their duties as well as their accounts. And so I am busier this week than for months back, bringing up my correspondences, &c., &c. Fortunately I am on foot, and even able to go out a little in the forenoon, though the frost is hard enough. I seem to have got off, this winter, with only three weeks' confinement. For the rest, the pleasantest fact in my life for a good while is, that I have got a beautiful little dog, that I hope I will not

make such a fool of myself with, as Mrs. M—— used to make of herself with—what was the object's name? He is not, of course, either so pretty or so clever as Shandy, and if he were I should not think so; but he is 'better than I deserve,' as Coleridge said of his cold tea; and I like him better than I choose to show publicly. The sad part of the business is that I dare not take him out with me without a chain, for fear of the 'dog-stealers,' who are a numerous and active body.

I am sending you, for good luck, a book, which I hope you will get some amusement out of—perhaps the best New Year's gift one can make—a little amusement I mean. The two bits of things, for Margaret and Mary, you will give them with my kind remembrance, and the Post-Office Order I need not point out the use of.

God bless you, dear Mrs. Russell, with love to your husband and father.

I am ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

Please tell me how old Mary stands. When is her money due? I always forget.

LETTER 122.

'Latter-Day Pamphlets' had at last, winter, 1849, resolved themselves into that form; and were to be published by Chapman; Forster, he, and I walking together (I very sad and heavy) towards Chapman's house, which I did not enter, on cold windy Sunday (Chapman with the rough MSS. in his pocket): this I can still recollect; and that my resolution was taken and Chapman's not doubted of—but not the month or day. Probably after December, on which day Nigger Question (in 'Fraser') had come out with execrative shrieks from several people—J. S. Mill for one; who indeed had personally quite parted from me, a year or two before, I knew not and to this day know not why; nor in fact ever much inquired, since it was his silly pleasure, poor Mill!

First 'Latter-Day' dated 'Feby 1' had come out January 29 and been sent to me at 'The Grange'; where with Robert Lowe and Delane I recollect being for a day or two —and ultimately having a pleasant wise kind of night with Milnes as the one other guest; 'Boreas' the lady's arch designation for me as we talked! Pamphlet 1st was read by both the Lady A—— and Milnes next day in the railway as we all journeyed up; remarks few or none. I was to be very busy thenceforth till the chaos of the MSS. was all got spun out into distinct webs—and after that till I tired, which was soon after, essential impulse being spent there.

In this short absence, I have no letter, except this which Nero wrote me, dear little clever dog! 'Columbine' is the black cat, with whom he used to come waltzing in, directly on the dining-room door opening, in the height of joy; like Harlequin and Columbine, as I once heard remarked and did not forget. 'Mrs. Lindsay,' I believe, is a sister of Miss Wynne's. 'Small beings,' Mazzini's name for two roasted larks she would often dine on, especially when by

herself! For smallness, grace, salubrity and ingenuity, I have never seen such human diners.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, The Grange, Alresford, Hants.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Tuesday, Jan. 29, 1850.

Dear Master,—I take the liberty to write to you myself (my mistress being out of the way of writing to you she says) that you may know Columbine and I are quite well, and play about as usual. There was no dinner yesterday to speak of; I had for my share only a piece of biscuit that might have been round the world; and if Columbine got anything at all, I didn't see it. I made a grab at one of two 'small beings' on my mistress's plate; she called them heralds of the morn; but my mistress said, 'Don't you wish you may get it?' and boxed my ears. I wasn't taken to walk on account of its being wet. And nobody came, but a man for 'burial rate'; and my mistress gave him a rowing, because she wasn't going to be buried here at all. Columbine and I don't mind where we are buried.

This is a fine day for a run; and I hope I may be taken to see Mohe and Dumm. They are both nice well-bred dogs, and always so glad to see me; and the parrot is great fun, when I spring at her; and Mrs. Lindsay has always such a lot of bones, and doesn't mind Mohe and Dumm and me eating them on the carpet. I like Mrs. Lindsay very much.

Tuesday evening.

Dear Master,—My mistress brought my chain, and said 'come along with me, while it shined, and I could finish after.' But she kept me so long in the London Library, and other places, that I had to miss the post. An old gentleman in the omnibus took such notice of me! He looked at me a long time, and then turned to my mistress, and said 'Sharp, isn't he?' And my mistress was so good as to say, 'Oh yes!' And then the old gentleman said again, 'I knew it! easy to see that!' And he put his hand in his hind-pocket, and took out a whole biscuit, a sweet one, and gave it me in bits. I was quite sorry to part from him, he was such a good judge of dogs. Mr. Greig from Canadagua and his wife left cards while we were out. Columbine said she saw them through the blind, and they seemed nice people.

Wednesday.

I left off, last night, dear master, to be washed. This morning I have seen a note from you, which says you will come to-morrow. Columbine and I are extremely happy to hear it; for then there will be some dinner to come and go on. Being to see you so soon, no more at present from your

Obedient little dog,

NERO.

LETTER 123.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1850.

My dear Mrs. Russell,—Perhaps Mr. C. may be in Scotland this coming month; you may have seen by the newspapers that one party of the Aberdeen students want him for their Lord Rector, the others wanting the Duke of Argyll, who will suit the purpose better, I should think. If Mr. C. be elected, he must, in common civility to his admiring boys, go and make them a speech, and come back again. A long journey for so brief a purpose! and at an inconvenient time, when he is bothering with his pamphlets. So he rather wishes the Duke may be the happy man.

The great delight of my life at present is the little dog I think I told you of. It was stolen for a whole day; but escaped back to me on its own four legs. Mr. C. asked while it was a-missing: 'What will you be inclined to give the dog-stealers, for bringing it back to you?' (dog-stealing being a regular trade here); and I answered passionately with a flood of tears 'my whole half-year's allowance!' So you may fancy the fine way I am in. Lady Ashburton has given me the name of Agrippina; the wit of which you would not see unless I told you my dog's name was Nero.

I want you to do something for me, if you can :—I saw at Auchtertool, a slip of the Templand sweetbriar, that had taken root finely, brought by one of those ladies I saw. If, at the proper time for slipping, you could get me a little bit and send it by post, I should be very grateful. I brought, or rather had sent, from Haddington, a slip of the jessamine that grew over our dining-room window, and another of a Templand rose, which my mother took with her to Sunny Bank; and both are growing to my great satisfaction.

All good be with you, dear Mrs. Russell.

Your ever affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 124.

Is at Addiscombe, on visit for a few days; returned thence, soon, as will be seen. I was too deep in 'Latter-Day Pamphlets' to accompany. 'Poor orphan' was to me abundantly ridiculous, though lost to any stranger. Willie Donaldson and Mrs. (usually called Peg Irrin), crossing Solway sands, with their small cargo of merchandises in their wheezy little equipage, fancy themselves, at one moment, lost utterly; but are not, and are overheard in dialogue:

William: 'O Paig, Paig, a misspaint life!' Peg (as if in soliloquy): 'What'll become of the poor orphin at home?'—their only child 'Bett,' a loud haveril of a lass, against whom this bit of pathos was remembered.

Willie was an Aberdeen man; probably a carpenter before enlisting; had fought at the Bunker Hill business;

was now a pensioner, asthmatically making rakes, used to lend his cart, on bonfire-victory occasions (as if in duty bound) to be whirled rapidly from door to door, over the village in peremptory demand of the fuel necessary.—T. C.

To Master Nero, (under cover to) T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Addiscombe: Wednesday, March 20, 1850.

My 'poor orphan!' My dear good little dog! How are you? How do they use you? Above all, where did you sleep? Did they put you to bed by yourself in my empty room, or did you 'cuddle in' with your surviving parent? Strange that amidst all my anxieties about you, it should never have struck me with whom were you to sleep; never once, until I was retiring to bed myself without you trotting at my heels! Still, darling, I am glad I did not take you with me. If there had been nothing else in it, the parrot [1] alone was sufficient hindrance; she pops 'all about;' and for certain you would have pulled her head off; and then it would have been 'all over' with you and me. They would have hated us 'intensely!'

The lady for whom I abandoned you—to whom all family ties yield—is pretty well again, so far as I see. She is very kind, and in good spirits; so my absence from you has all the compensation possible.

[1] Lady A.'s 'green chimera.'

But I shall be glad to receive your affectionate caresses to-morrow. Kiss your father for me.

Ever your loving

AGRIPPINA.

LETTER 125.

Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

Chelsea: Sunday, April 1850.

My dear Jane,—The spirit moves me to write you a letter this morning; if I begin with excuses, the impulse will get overlaid by the difficulty of the thing, and stick short in a mere 'good intention;' so here goes 'quite promiscuously.' I have little to tell you worth even a penny stamp; oneself —at least myself—is a sort of Irish-bog subject in which one is in danger of sinking overhead; common prudence commands therefore to 'keep out of that,' whatever else; and my days do not pass amidst people and things so interesting, in themselves, as to be worth writing about to one safe and sound on the outside of all that, as you are. What good would it do you, for example, to have given the 'most graphic' description of the great 'flare up' we had at the Wedgwoods yesterday—where all the notabilities Mrs. W. had ever got a catch at were hauled in 'at one fell swoop,' making a sort of Tower of Babel concern of it; that has left nothing behind for me, 'as one solitary individual,' but a ringing in my ears,

and a dull headache! What a tenacity there must be in human nature, that people can go on to the oldest age with that sort of thing! The young ladies in wreaths and white muslins with 'the world all before them where to choose'—a husband—those one can understand delighting in such gatherings; as a young Irish lady told a friend of mine, 'I go wherever I am invited, however much I may dislike the people who ask me; for nobody knows on whose carpet one's lot may be!' But the people who have already taken up their lot and found it (as who does not?) a rather severe piece of work, what they get or expect in such scenes to compensate the cost and fatigue I have no conception. I was sitting beside old Mrs. Fletcher of Edinburgh last night—she is seventy-four, I believe—when old Sir R. Inglis was brought up to her, 'to renew their acquaintance.' 'I dare hardly say,' said Sir Robert, 'how long I believe it to be since I had last the pleasure of meeting you in society.' 'It is just forty-one years,' replied Mrs. Fletcher! and these two old people did not burst into tears or 'go aboot worship' but fell to talking trivialities just like the young ones! Well I shall be dead before I am anything like as old as Mrs. Fletcher, and I shall not wait till I am dead to retire from public life. My beau-ideal of existence this long while has been growing farther and farther from that 'getting on' or rather 'got on' in society

which is the aim of so much female aspiration and effort!

I suppose John will be coming back soon now, and that will be one good thing. I have a little dog that I make more fuss about than beseems a sensible woman. The next time I go to Scotland he shall accompany me, and see if he don't 'ingrush himself with the people'! He walks with me, this creature, and sleeps with me, and sits with me--so I am no longer alone any more than you are with your bairns —though the company is different! mine has one advantage however; it needs no sewing for, and then, too, I am troubled with no anxiety about its prospects in life.

An old East Lothian friend turned up for me lately who comes a great deal and makes terrible long stays. The last time I had seen her she was riding away in bridal finery beside her artillery officer husband; I found her now, after thirty years and odd, without teeth, all wrinkled, in weeds for that same husband, whom, however, she had long been separated from. So goes the world! Here is a specimen of a new sort of lady's work—the embroidery is cut out and stitched on—it is done very fast.

With kind regards to James,

Ever your affectionate

J. C.

LETTER 126.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, July 15, 1850.

My dear Mrs. Russell,—I could give myself a good whipping (with a few side-strokes to the getters-up of our new Post Office regulations), for having let the 14th pass without any remembrance of me to old Mary. But it is myself who am the chief delinquent; for I might have sent my packet to you any day of the week, who would not have been too puritanical to transmit it to her on the Sunday. I did not think of that, however, till too late, having not yet got familiarised to these new regulations; it was only on Friday that it struck my stupidity, a letter despatched that night would not be delivered any longer on Sunday. Better late than never, anyhow; so I send to-day five shillings for a pair of new shoes to Mary, or anything else you may please to invest it in, and some lace for Margaret to put on a cap.

Two of the roses you sent me are in a promising way, and also the polyanthuses, but the third rose is clean dead, and the sweet-briar too, I fear, is past hope; it did well at first—too well, I suppose—for it hurried itself to put out leaves when it should have been quietly taking root—a procedure not confined to sweet-briars; one sees many human beings go off in the same fashion.

There has been a dreadful racket here this season, —worse, I think, than in any London season I ever lived through—it has seemed to me sometimes as if the town must burst into spontaneous combustion. All the people of my acquaintance who come to London occasionally, have come this year at one time, spoiling the pleasure I should have had in seeing them individually by presenting themselves all in a rush—in fact, our house, for two months back, has been like an inn, only 'no money taken,' and I feel like a landlady after an election week. And the balls and parties all round one, to certain of which I have had to go, for the sake of what is called 'keeping up one's acquaintance,' have been enough to churn one into a sort of human 'trifle.' Peel's death came like a black cloud over this scene of so-called 'gaieties,' for a few days—but only for a few days. Nothing leaves a long impression here. People dare not let themselves think or feel in this centre of frivolity and folly; they would go mad if they did, and universally commit suicide; for to 'take a thocht and mend' is far from their intention.

I don't know what is to be done next, now that the town is emptying, and my husband in the act of finishing his last pamphlet. I suppose he will go away somewhere, but where or when will not be known till the day before he does it. My old Helen (now gone to the dogs) used to beg pathetically

that she might be 'told in time to wash all his shirts,' but he couldn't tell what he didn't know himself till the eleventh hour. Probably he will be in Annandale wherever else; for myself, I have an ardent and wholesome desire to get my house cleaned, under my own eyes this year, for doesn't it need it! Besides, I had such a fagging about last year that I feel no need of stirring at all, and London is always pleasantest to me when it is what is called 'empty.' For my health, it is rather better than last year—not much, but I make it do.

All good be with you and yours, dear Mrs. Russell.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 127.

'Latter-Day Pamphlets' finished and safe behind me, I go for Wales, to Redwood, 'last day of July' it would seem, on which evening, till near noon of next day, I was Walter Savage Landor's guest, much taken with the gigantesque, explosive, but essentially chivalrous and almost heroic old man. In his poor lodging, 3 Rivers Street, Bath, and his reception and treatment of me there, I found something which I could call 'ducal' or higher than if he had been a duke, and still palatial. To Bristol, to Cardiff, to good solitary Redwood's country cottage next day. There for perhaps a month—solitary and silent.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Cowbridge.

Sunday night, Aug. 4, 1850.

'Oh dear me!' It looks already a month since you went away, counting by the number of things I have pulled to pieces, and the weary hours I have lain awake, and the lonely thoughts that have persecuted me. But to lie awake at nights, and to have lonely thoughts by night and by day is surely nothing new or strange for me, that I should think it worth recording at this date! And for the work, it will not be irksome, but 'a good joy,' such good joy as I am still susceptible of—when it gets into the stage of restoring to order. The house has, in fact, been rushing down towards chaos during the last year; a certain smoothing of the surface kept up; and underneath, dirt and confusion really too bad. But it is in the way of getting itself rehabilitated now; and I shall try in time coming to be a better housewife at least; that career being always open to talent. I remember, when I was very ill of a sore throat at Craigenputtock, thinking that, if I died, all my drawers would be found in the most perfect order; and there was more satisfaction in the thought than you (a man) can conceive. Curious to think how all would have gone, if I had died then! But you will like better some news than 'bottomless speculations of that sort.'

Well, till Thursday night I had no speech with any mortal; then, about eight o'clock, walked in Mrs. N——,[1] of all undesired people! My first feeling was that I was intruded upon by 'an improper female;' but as the interview proceeded, her calm self-approving manner, and radiant face—radiant as with conscious virtue (!) really—quite subjugated me, and I began to fancy it must be 'all right' for her, though looking so very shocking to me. N—— came to take her home; in tearing spirits. He theatrically kissed the tips of my fingers when I shook hands with him, and then kissed Mrs. N—— on the mouth! and said, 'Well, darling! how did you get here?' A more comfortable well-doing-like pair one could not wish to see!

On Friday night Count Reichenbach came, a shade less silent and woebegone. Then Masson. I am going to take Count Reichenbach to Mrs. Austin's with me, if she permit—will write to-morrow to propose the thing for Wednesday or Thursday (to give myself a day's recreation from my earthquakery). I am sorry for the man, he looks so lost.

To-day (being Sunday) I told Elizabeth to take herself off for the whole day if she chose, that I might have no proposals to 'go out' during the week, when I intend that she shall work. Most

[1] G—— N.'s wife. Once a very pretty little woman, but now getting stranded on a most miserable shore! Thanks to ——, &c., &c. Faugh! —T. C.

likely no one would come, I thought; and if anyone did, I would simply not open the door. I was standing with hands all over whiting, having just made a brilliant job of the curtain rods, when there came a rap and ring—no reply; I held Nero's nose that he might not bark; again a rap, very loud; then, after a long pause, both together as loud as could be. Decidedly the individual would get in. I kept quite still; 'surely it is over now,' I was just saying when the knocking and ringing recommenced, and went on at intervals for, I am sure, ten minutes! I could hardly help screaming, it made me so nervous. At last all was quiet; and, some quarter of an hour after the uproar, I went to look in the letter-box if the horrid visitor had left a card. When I looked in, I met, oh mercy, a pair of fox-eyes peering at me through the slit. I threw the door open in a rage (my hands had been washed by this time); and a coarse-featured red-haired squat woman exclaimed: 'She will com now, please no to shut; Mees S—— com.' 'What is it?' I asked sharply. 'Oh she sit in so small house at corner! I run! keep open! no shoot!' And off she went; and in three minutes brought back Miss J—— S——.[1] I felt ready to strangle her in the first moment; but she looked so

[1] A hoarse-voiced, restless, invalid Scotch lady, of some rank, mostly wandering about on the Continent, entertaining lions, and Piano Chopin, &c., &c., but always swooping down upon London and us now and then.

pale and grave, like the widow of Chopin, and was so friendly, and unconscious, to all appearance, of my dislike to her, that I behaved quite amiably after all. She had asked at Chalmers' door if we were all gone; and the manservant said you were gone, that Elizabeth had told him you were to go first to Bath, then to Scotland, then to the Black Sea!! And at the stick-shop at the corner the woman assured her 'I always came home at five to my dinner' (it was then half after four); so she had meant to wait, and sent her maid to keep watch!

A letter for you, from Chorley,[1] not read by me for the world! And an invitation from that bare-necked hooing gawk Stewart ——. I might have sent word you were away; but he deserves to be left speculating, for his impudence—sitting in Sloane Street, and summoning you to him to be presented to his grand-lady wife, as he thinks her; a 'rum' lady that could marry the like of him!

For me a note from Emily Baring, an invitation, very kind; but necessarily answered in the negative. It is too long and expensive a journey for a few days; and in my present complication I could not be absent longer than two or three days. Besides, Geraldine is still hanging in the wind.

Miss W—— likes 'Jesuitism' best of all the pamphlets; so does Masson—'such an admirable

[1] Come back from Spain, I suppose.

summing up ;' just what I said. Your mother's copy was sent on Thursday.

Took morphine last night, and slept some. A letter this morning from Mrs. Macready, two little sheets all crossed ! inviting me to Lyme Regis. Nero desires his respectful regards.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE.

LETTER 128.

To T. Carlyle, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire.

Chelsea: Thursday night, Aug. 22, 1850.

Now, dear ! I have done a fair day's work (of sewing chiefly), and can sit down with a certain leisure to write you a peaceable little letter. Yes, yes; I have 'composed myself,' am 'quiet.' You shall have no more wail or splutter from me on this occasion. If I had been an able-bodied woman instead of a thoroughly broken-down one, I should surely have had sense and reticence enough not to fret you, in your seclusion, with details of my household 'worry.' But that dreadful Elizabeth[1] 'murdered sleep;' I 'lost my *happetite*,' and became so weak and excited that I was really no more responsible for what I wrote than a person in a brain fever would have been. For the last three nights I have been getting into sleep again without morphia, which

[1] A servant who had given trouble.

had become worse than useless; and for the last three days I have eaten some dinner 'to speak of,' and now I begin to feel sane again, and, as John says, 'to see my way.'

Geraldine left me last night, very unwillingly. A little pressing would have made her throw over Letty[1] altogether, and remain here for an indefinite time. It was not my wish, however, that she should protract her stay longer than she had already done; the pleasure of having her to talk with, and to rub my feet, was not—at least would not have continued to be—a sufficient compensation for the additional trouble of a visitor in the house, with no servant but a little girl who had 'never been out before,' who could not cook a morsel of food or make a bed, or do any civilised thing, without having me at her heels. One does not like, if one can stand on one's legs at all, to see one's visitor doing servant's work; and besides poor Geraldine can't cook or make a bed any more than the girl who has 'never been out;' and at the same time she is nothing like so indifferent as I am to eating, and 'all that sort of thing.' And then to get on with 'the rowans,' and her here, was impossible. When I was not cooking in the kitchen, or in some way providing for the present moment, I must 'lie down' and have my feet rubbed.

[1] Letty ——, an intrusive, stupid, ugly, fat Berlin Jewess, coursing about on the strength of sending windy gossip to the newspapers then.

By myself I get on quite nicely with the little maid, who, now that I have got her to tidy herself, and that she is no longer frightened, has developed a curious likeness to your sister Jane, which makes me feel quite friendly towards her. Not being to keep her, I put off no time in training her, but use her up to the best advantage. To-day, for example, she has been cleaning out the kitchen, closets, and presses, where many an abomination came to light, showing new cause why the 'no-interference' principle should never more get 'carried out' in this house, or any house of which I am the mistress. To-morrow, or next day, I shall probably hear from Miss Darby something final as to the Essex girl she had in view for me. I feel it very kind of you to offer to take me away, but I am perfectly clear that I should be here rather than anywhere else just now. In the first place, locking up the house would be foolish risk to run; there are more loose people about here now than when we did so formerly, and we are known now to be better worth robbing than we were formerly thought to be; and even then it was 'a tempting of Providence' only to be repeated on necessity. I should like very ill to have the house robbed; there are so many odds and ends in it that no money could replace. Secondly, not foreseeing (how could I?) that I was to be left sole agent of my own will and pleasure, I commenced in the first week of your absence a series of opera-

tions, which I feel my housewife honour concerned in bringing, without help or with such help as I can get, to a more or less satisfactory close; what I have tumbled up and pulled down must be restored to at least the habitable state I found it in, and no Brownie, I guess, would do that for me if I put the house-key in my pocket and went away. Thirdly (a woman has always three reasons), flying from the present inconvenience would be only postponing it; a servant must be found and set a-going in 'the right way' some time; and when better than now, when you are out of the road of being bothered by the initiatory process? Would it be preferable to arrive at home, hungry and travel-wearied, with our door-key, to usher ourselves into a dark, cold, foodless house, and go out the first thing next day to hunt up a servant? If Craik's woman could have been engaged for any particular time, that would have met the last objection. But my belief is that they will take her to Ireland and keep her there as long as she will stay. At all events, I can elicit no particle of certainty about her; and, indeed, feel it indelicate to press them on the subject. So now, 'compose yourself,' and trouble your heart no further with my 'difficulties.' When I am not too ill for stirring about, as I have not been to-day, and do not mean to be for some time to come, and when you are not there to be put about by them, I make as light of material

difficulties as any woman I know; find them, in fact, rather inspiriting; it was entirely the moral disturbance from Elizabeth that agitated me so absurdly at the commencement of the present mess.

Friday morning.—So far I had written last night when the clock struck twelve, and Nero, with his usual good sense, insisted on my going to bed; he had gone half an hour before by himself, and established himself under the bedclothes; but he returned at twelve and jumped till I rose and followed him.

I have hardly anything to tell you of the outer world. Mazzini is back from Paris, was here on Tuesday. The revolution in Paris is postponed for the moment. It was anticipated that the President's reception 'would have been, through—what shall I say?—bribery and so on, more enthusiastic;' then the President would have been emboldened to venture his great *coup*, and the Communist party would then have tried conclusions with him. As it is, these 'have nothing to fight against,' which is surely very sad. Another concert[1] had come off the night before, in which, at the hour of commencement, not a performer had arrived, nor for half an hour after. Then all the gas went suddenly out; then 'a very fat —what shall I say?—drunk woman fell on Mazzini's neck and almost stifled him, upon my honour.' Then the principal singer did not come at all, and had to

[1] In aid of some Mazzini fund, no doubt.

be brought *par vive force* 'in a state of horrible drunkenness,' and was only sobered by Mazzini's taking his hand and 'appealing to his patriotism.' Then Mario and Grisi arrived for the last act without their music. My late difficulties dwindled into insignificance beside those of Mazzini with that tremendous concert—'but there will be much money.'

Anthony Sterling came up on Wednesday, and took Geraldine to the railway at night, I not feeling at all up to taking her myself. Next morning he was to start for Devonshire to have a week's yachting with Mr. Trelawny.

Count Reichenbach started for Belgium the end of last week, as mournful-looking as he came. I have seen no one else lately except Mrs. and Miss Farrar, who called on Tuesday, I think; the old lady in a state for having her patriotism appealed to (it struck me), and the young one very pale, 'needing some outing,' she said, and was to start on a yachting expedition this day. I never thanked you, I verily believe, for the heather, or the peacock's feather, but they were carefully preserved nevertheless.

I think they must have an empty room at Maryland Street just now, Helen being still in Scotland.

Affectionately yours,

J. C.

I am sure the *Nation*[1] miscarried through no fault

[1] Newspaper (Irish).

of mine. After the fate of the former week's *Leader*, I was very careful to put up the paper firmly, and it was posted in Chelsea on Monday.

LETTER 129.

To T. Carlyle, Cowbridge, S. Wales.

Chelsea: Friday, Aug. 23, 1850.

My dear, my dear, my dear!—I sent a long letter off yesterday, knowing that for the next few days I should have something like the sack of Troy on my hands. The sweeps are here, and the whitewashers, and the carpet-beaters! and myself is at this moment all over bread-crumbs, from cleaning the parlour paper, and—and—and—. Even Nero has the consideration to leave off jumping for things, and has retired into 'a place by himself.'[1]

And now 'comes to pass,'[2] a poor son of Adam[3] in want of a bathing-cap 'by return of post,' and none nearer than Albemarle Street will please him! Well, I will go after the cap, his hair being so long; but for writing, it cannot be asked of me under the present distracting circumstances. Only a word of thanks for your long letter. Don't mind length, at least only write longly about yourself. The cocks that awake you; everything of that sort is very interesting. I hasten over the cleverest descriptions

[1] Misanthropic joiner in Dumfries, whom we had heard of.
[2] Mazzini's sweep! (*supra*).
[3] Carlyle himself.—J. A. F.

of extraneous people and things, to find something 'all about' yourself 'all to myself.' But I must not dawdle.

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 130.

Left Wales, intending Gloucester, Liverpool, Scotsbrig. Never saw the good Redwood again. He died within a year. I still remember him with grateful affection—the thoroughly honest soul. First station (poor Redwood's and railway's blame) had to waste four hours in reading, on the grass. Chepstow; Gloucester streets on a Saturday night. George Johnston (Ecclefechan schoolmaster), unsuccessful visit rather. Break off for Birmingham—Sunday night. To Liverpool next day—Ohe!—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row: Friday, Aug. 30, 1850.

My poor dear!—That was the worst journey, 'but one,' I ever read of. You can perhaps guess the exception. One good thing will come of it, I hope; and that is a certain sympathy with Quashee! You will be more disposed henceforth to grant to your black brother the compensation of unlimited pumpkins! Such is indeed the only benefit that I, 'as one solitary individual,' ever get from being made excessively miserable in any particular way; it develops a new sympathy in me for another class of human sufferers. In all other respects, I should say

that being made excessively miserable is not for one's soul's good at all, but the reverse. Natures strong and good to begin with (that is, the exceptional natures), may be 'made perfect through suffering.' When one can digest it, I daresay it goes to fibre; but where the moral digestion is unhappily weak, the more miserable one is, the more one grows—'what shall I say?—bad, upon my honour!'

But you would rather be told, is the new maid come? Yes. She arrived yesterday unexpectedly early. Eliza, the young person, who has been 'doing for me,' intended to have her kitchen seductively clean for the stranger, and had just tumbled everything up, and swashed the floor with fresh water, when her successor came to hand, with plenty of nice trunks; and we had to shut her up in the spare room with some sewing (one of her accomplishments is 'needlework'), until she could find a dry place below for the sole of her foot! 'With the best intentions,' &c.! I will venture no opinion of her on such short observation, further than that she looks, though rather youthful, perfectly 'respectable,' and that her manners are distinguished! so self-possessed, and soft-voiced, and calm, as only English people can be!

The second volume of Dr. Chalmers is come, very bulky, this one weighs an ounce over the two pounds, or I would have sent it at once by post

to your mother, who, I think, got the first volume. There is also come a novel, called 'Alton Locke,' which I flung aside in my worry, as not readable; but now I hear from Geraldine, whom the 'Athenæum' has invited to review it, that it is the novel of young Kingsley; and, though 'too like Carlyle,' a production of astounding merit; so I shall fall on it some evening.

For the rest, I have nothing to tell, except 'goot look' has not returned to me yet from 'the Orient;' I surely never had such a run of provoking things 'since I kent the worl!' but it will 'come all to the same ultimately,' one does hope.

From the Wednesday night, when Geraldine went off with Anthony Sterling, I had no speech with any one till Sunday, that I made a call at Miss Wynne's; no one had been here; and for me, I *cerco nessuno*. Then, again, I was silent till Tuesday evening; when Craik came, and insisted on playing at chess with me. I beat him three games in no time, and he went away heavy and displeased. The only person since was Anthony Sterling, yesterday, rather bored by his yachting expedition. His wife was to return to Knightsbridge last night, and he intended to take her to Headley; where Mrs. Prior is coming or come, on a visit of indefinite duration. The Irish business is going on towards a law-suit, perhaps the best for Anthony that could come of it. The possession of

more money will only add to his troubles; but going to law for his rights will be an excitement for him, as good as any other.

Kindest regards to them all at Scotsbrig.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 131.

'For virtue ever is its own reward.' So had a young tragic poet written, but his critical friend objected, argued, &c.; upon which the poor poet undertook to make the line—'For virtue,' &c., 'unless something very particular occur to prevent it.'—John Mill's story.

'And he buried her *beautiful*, ma'am,' said a certain housemaid to her once. 'Cockney idea of a future state.'—Allan Cunningham.

'If so obscure a person,' &c.—Lady Waldegrave, of herself.—T. C.

To Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Monday night, Sept. 2, 1850.

Yes indeed, dear, a letter from you on Saturday night would have been more to my purpose than the lot of newspapers, which I never look at except for 'a bird's-eye' glance at the leader, just to see how the creatures 'get through it,' and more to my purpose than even the new 'Copperfield,' which came at the same rush, and which to this hour remains uncut; the former one having given me no

feeling but remorse for wasting mortal time on such arrant nonsense. But on Saturday night there came no letter: both your letters arrived together this morning, puzzling me extremely which of them to open first. It is much to be wished that one had a post that knew what it was doing again; and law-makers that knew what they were doing. If I were the Government, I should feel rather ashamed of making regulations one month and unmaking them the next; but 'folk maun do something for the bits of bairns' (as Adam Bogue[1] said when reproached with ruining himself in racehorses).

Before you receive this I hope your mother will have got the volume of 'Chalmers.' I found on inquiring of the postmaster in Piccadilly, when I posted my last letter, on my way to the library, that books of any weight could be sent by post, at the rate of sixpence to the pound; so I despatched the bulky concern to-day, with nine blue stamps, and all the newspapers at the same time, deferring the writing of my own letters to the evening, partly because I thought you had literature enough by one post, and partly because 'I felt it my duty' to go and ride all the forenoon in an omnibus, instead of aggravating the sickness I was feeling by writing or indoors work.

On my return I learnt from Emma that 'a gentle-

[1] A Haddington farmer.

man in a carriage with two servants' had been here —names are a thing she does not at all meddle with— but a 'Pendennis' on the table told me that Darwin had returned, the first of the Romans! Yesterday I had Elizabeth Pepoli for three hours. I wondered at the length of her visit, and wondered at the softness of her manner; to-day the whole thing is explained; it was our last meeting! I asked her, 'When are you going?' and she answered, 'Soon, but don't let us speak of that.' 'Well,' I said at parting, 'I shall go to you on Tuesday or Wednesday.' To-night is come a note saying, 'Don't come here, dear Jane, for you will not find me!' Alas! what a way to part! a saving of emotion certainly to both; but should we never meet again, as is most likely, some farewell words would have been a comfort for the survivor to recall.

Pepoli is in depths of tribulation at present, through 'something very particular' having occurred to prevent his virtue (in the case of old Manfredi) being 'its own reward.' (Is it not always through the virtue on which one piques oneself that one gets over the fingers in this life?) He would take a painter into his house, 'regardless of expense,' and of the comfort of his wife; and having played out that freak of princely generosity without justice, and old Manfredi being 'eventually' dead, and 'buried beautiful,' the Manfredi relations in Bologna ('if

so obscure a person can be said to have relations') institute a prosecution against Pepoli, for having dishonestly appropriated, and made away with, immensely valuable pictures belonging to the old man he pretended to protect! ('The female Satyrs suckling their young' was the best of these pictures, Elizabeth says, and was sold for ten shillings to keep Manfredi in brown sugar which he licked.) The idea of figuring as a swindler in his native town has taken possession of Pepoli's whole soul, and caused the cholera; but the worst result is, that it has decided him to return to Bologna instead of settling in Ancona, where Elizabeth anticipated fewer disgusts. John Fergus is 'better, but far from well yet.'

What a dismal story is that of the Curries! Poor old man! he will surely die soon; the best that could be wished for him!

Passing along Paradise Row the other day, I found two mutes standing with their horrid black bags at Maynard's, the butcher's, door. There was a hearse too, with plenty of plumes, and many black coaches, and all the people of the street seemed turned out to look. 'Is old Mrs. Maynard dead?' I asked the omnibus conductor, surprised; for I had seen the long son at our door in the morning as usual, and had heard of no death in the family. 'Oh, no, not the old lady, it is the son George!' the

handsome young man that has latterly come for orders with the cart. On the Thursday he had come and I shook my head at the window, and he touched his hat and drove on. That same day he had 'three fits,' which left him delirious; on Sunday he died, and there, on the day week that I had seen him, was he getting himself buried! His brother tells me that although he 'would work to the last,' it was 'a happy release;' that for years he had been suffering horrors from disease of the liver, but he wouldn't give in, for he was as fine a lad as ever breathed,' the tall butcher said, with a quivering mouth. Just think! going round asking all the people what they wanted for dinner, and return home to die!

I think the new servant will do; she looks *douce*, intelligent, well-conditioned. Very like Lancaster Jane (if you remember her), with a dash of Ann and of Phœbie Baillie! She is not what is called 'a thorough servant,' but that will be no objection to signify, as I am not 'a thorough lady,' which Grace Macdonald defined to be one 'who had not entered her own kitchen for seven years.' I must say, however, that, so far as I have seen her yet, I have not discovered wherein she falls short of the servants who give themselves out for 'thorough.' Yet she is only twenty, and for the last two and a half years has been acting as nursemaid! However she may turn out, I am certainly under great obligations to Geral-

dine's old Miss Darby, for having hunted up this girl and taken much trouble to 'suit me,' in a situation that was really very desolate, my state of weakness at the time considered. But all is going on decently now again.

And so, good night, for it is time I were in bed. Love to your mother and the rest.

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Pray do not go ahead in milk diet too impetuously. 'In every inordinate cup the ingredient is a devil'—even in an inordinate cup of innocent milk.

LETTER 132.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1850.

[1] 'If the buttons be here on Wednesday they will be in abundant time.' I should think they would! and 'don't you wish you may get them?' Why, how on earth could I have them there on Wednesday, unless, indeed, I had immediately last night, after reading your letter and swallowing my tea, dashed off in an omnibus to Regent Street, by dark; and then, having bought perhaps yellow buttons for drab ones, posted them before my return to Chelsea? One is capable of such acts of devotion to save 'a man's

[1] So Carlyle had written from Scotsbrig.—J. A. F.

life, or even his watch!' But merely to expedite his buttons? hardly!

I shall go now, however, when I have written a bit; for I am able to go out again without risk. The town seemed to come momentarily alive yesterday, like a blue-bottle on an unseasonable winter's day. I was just finishing the nailing down of the library carpet—'Still that to do,' you think, 'after nearly two months of earthquaking?' Yes; and it could not have been got done sooner, under the circumstances, by the exemplary Martha Tidy herself!

Ah, that is the mystery
Of this wonderful history.
And you wish that you could tell.

I have a fine misadventure about the library also to reveal to you; but that and my other various misadventures shall form a Chelsean night's entertainment, when sufficiently remote to be laughed over. So I decided some weeks ago, when I saw the part your ungrateful 'Destinies' had taken against me, that it would be better to keep my squalid difficulties to myself till I could 'take a bird's-eye view'[1] of them in the past tense, and work them up, at my ease, into a conversational 'work of art.' But I was going to say that just as I was finishing the above-mentioned job, I was surprised by the rare sound of a knock and ring, and a brisk little voice asking,

[1] Phrase of old McDiarmid's, of Dumfries.

'Is your mistress within?' Emma came up with much awe in her face, and said, 'It is the Bishop of something, I don't know what.' Actually * * * * again! He had been brought up, not at his own expense, to bear witness that he had married a couple who want to be divorced, and deny having been properly married ever. 'It was a love runaway sort of match.' After an hour and half, he went his way and I returned to my carpet. In five minutes I was called down again to 'two gentlemen and a lady.' 'Don't you know their names?' 'No; but there is a coachman and a footman, and the lady is very stout.' Bunsen, Madame Bunsen, and a young German doctor. The lady was formal as usual; but Bunsen was really charming. He praised much the pamphlets; 'already saw them doing much good;' especially he delighted in "Jesuitism"!' 'Oh! his definition of Jesuitism is capital, so good, so good!' By the by, nobody that I have ever asked about it understands Bunsen recalled.

After these came my cousin John to early tea, his second visit since he was settled at Kew, three weeks ago. And, lateish, Craik, who improves in sententiousness and that universal forgiveness which springs from universal understanding. A luck I didn't wait for his maid. He now 'thinks of keeping her three months;' and she thinks of 'a little shop after.'

If I don't be off I shall be belated. Nero bids me give his kind regards, and wishes you had seen him this morning when he came to breakfast, with hair on his face all died bright crimson! I thought he must have done it himself to improve his looks; till I recollected that he was sent down last night to have his face washed; he had been rubbing it dry, I suppose, after his fashion, on a piece of red cloth that was lying under the table; but the effect was startling.

Love to your mother and all.

Your affectionate

J. C.

LETTER 133.

Carlyle was about to return from Scotland. Mrs. Carlyle was going on a visit to the Grange.—J. A. F.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row: Monday, Sept. 23, 1850.

Alas, dear! I am very sorry for you. You, as well as I, are 'too vivid;' to you, as well as to me, has a skin been given much too thin for the rough purposes of human life. They could not make ball-gloves of our skins, dear, never to dream of breeches.[1] But it is to be hoped you will feel some benefit from all this knocking about when it is over and you are settled at home, such as it is. It does not help to raise my spirits, for my own adventure, that you are

[1] *French Revolution*, Tannery of Meudon.

likely to arrive here in my absence. You may be better without me, so far as my company goes. I make myself no illusion on that head ; my company, I know, is generally worse than none ; and you cannot suffer more from the fact than I do from the consciousness of it. God knows how gladly I would be sweet-tempered and cheerful-hearted, and all that sort of thing for your single sake, if my temper were not soured and my heart saddened beyond my own power to mend them.

But you would certainly be the better for me to stand between you and this new servant, who has as little idea of going on without 'interference' as Elizabeth of going on with it. She is very willing, however, and 'not without sense;' only you must give your orders in simple unfigurative speech, and one after another. If you were to tell her, in the same breath, three things to be done, she would fly at them all at one time, and spin round on her heel simply. For living, you must confine yourself to broiled chops, or fowl quartered, one quarter boiled in soup, another broiled. Mutton broth is beyond her ; and in roasting, she is far from strong. We are getting very plausible potatoes, and she boils these pretty well.

I did not find Miss Wynne on Saturday. She had been 'poorly' at Dropmore, and was not expected till Thursday ; so I shall not see her at all.

I was too late for Miss Farrar after; so I went to her yesterday. Miss Farrar could not go on Wednesday after all; 'her brother was coming to town on Thursday, and she would not for the whole world go away without having seen him.' The old mother had just told John and me, before Miss —— came into the room, that she was 'detained on account of the means not being procurable before Friday!' I intended to go on Wednesday all the same before getting the inclosed this morning from Lady A.[1]

I have 'the means,' thank God, though Mrs. Farrar and her daughter did ask Mrs. White if we didn't live dreadfully poorly!' I have had no money from Chapman, however. He has not come nor sent, and my house-money is utterly done, and no mistake. But then I flatter myself I have a good many things to show for it. All my little accounts are settled, except one, which I leave for you, as beyond the limits of my savings; and if you do not approve the outlay, I have a heart above slavery, and will pay it myself out of my next twelvemonth's income. But though the house-money is done, my own allowance is not. I have still five pounds—might have had more if I had not chosen to lay out what you repaid me for my ball dress on my own bedroom; a much more satisfactory investment, to my ideas! If I find

[1] Insisting on the old day. Note still extant. 'Lady William Russell and her two sons,' &c., &c.

myself in danger of *bankraiping* I will tell you. So do not plague yourself by sending any money for the present. I have been interrupted in this note by MacDiarmid and Colonel Burns. Oh, such a withered up *skite* poor Mac is become.

I am going to be very vexed at having to leave Nero.

Ever your

J. C.

LETTER 134.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

The Grange: Thursday, Oct. 3, 1850.

I have put a lucifer to my bedroom fire, dear, and sat down to write, but I feel more disposed to lay my head on the table and cry. By this time I suppose you are at home; returned after a two months' absence, arrived off a long journey—and I not there! nobody there but a stranger servant, who will need to be told everything you want of her, and a mercy if she can do it even then. The comfort which offers itself under this last innovation in our life together (for it is the first time in all the twenty years I have lived beside you that you ever arrived at home and I away) is the greatest part of the grievance for my irrational mind. I am not consoled, but 'aggravated' by reflecting that in point of fact you will prefer finding 'perfect solitude' in your own house,

and that if I were to do as nature prompts me to do, and start off home by the next train, I should take more from your comfort on one side than I should add to it on another, besides being considered here as beyond measure ridiculous. Certainly, this is the best school that the like of me was ever put to for getting cured of every particle of 'the finer sensibilities.'

Mrs. —— was in London yesterday and saw my maid on business of her own, and brought back word from her that you were coming last night; and the shouts of laughter, and cutting 'wits,' with which my startled look and exclamation, 'Oh, gracious!' were visited when the news was told me as we sat down to dinner, were enough to terrify one from 'showing feeling' for twelve months to come. Mrs. —— shan't snub me, however. I am quite as clever as she any day of the year, and am bound to her by no ties, human or divine. And so I showed her so plainly that I was displeased with her impertinent jesting at my expense that she made me an apology in the course of the evening.

And now what is to be done next? You say, stay where I am, as if you were not—easily said, but not at all easily done. It is quite out of the question my remaining here till the 20th, the day Lady A. has appointed for the term of my visit, doing nothing, and thinking of you at home with that inexperienced girl. Who cares one doit for me here, that I should

stay here, when you, who still care a little for me, more anyhow than any other person living does, are again at home? And what good can 'ornament and grandeur,' and 'wits,' and 'the honour of the thing,' do to my health when 'my heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here?' Oh dear! certainly not; I shall keep to my original programme, and come home after a fortnight—that will be next Wednesday, when you will have had plenty of time to subside from your jumbling, and will have exhausted all Emma's powers of cooking: unless you are savage enough to wish not to see my face till the 20th, and honest enough to tell me so; or, unless you prefer to accept the invitation, which Lady A. is again writing to you, to come here after you are rested. You would be bored here just at present with ——'s solemn fatherhood, and the much talk and bother about the children. But the ——s depart, sucking-baby and all, on the eighth, and after that I hear of no one coming but Thackeray and Brookfield and Lady Montague. George Bunsen and Colonel Rawlinson are coming, but only for a day or two. Do, dear, 'consult your authentic wish,' whether you will join me here, or have me back there; whichever way of it you like best, I shall like best, upon my honour. The only very good reason for my staying till the twentieth, viz. to be 'another woman in the house,' as Lady A. said, while men visitors are here in Lord A.'s absence, is done

away with by the fact of Lady Montague's coming, and Miss Farrar's being to stay till the nineteenth. In going next Wednesday, I shall not put Lady A. about then the least in the world. At the same time you might be better here, perhaps till the twentieth, than in London, as Lady A. says you should have this bedroom, which is quiet enough—at least, will be—when the —— children have ceased to 'run horses' overhead; and shall have your dinner by yourself at what hour you please.

And so I will now go and try to walk off the headache I have got by—by what do you think?—crying actually. Prosaic as this letter looks, I have not, somehow, been able to 'dry myself up' while writing it. I suppose it is the 'compress' put on me in the drawing-room that makes me bubble up at no allowance when I am alone.

Ever your

J. C.

October 5, 1850.

Thackeray is here—arrived yesterday, greatly to the discomfort of —— evidently, who had 'had the gang all to himself' so long. First he (Thackeray) wrote he was coming. Then Lady A. put him off on account of some Punch-offence to the ——s; then Thackeray wrote an apology to ——! then Lady A. wrote he was to come after all, and went to Winchester to meet him, and ——

sulked all yesterday evening, and to-day is solemn to death. In fact he has been making a sort of superior *agapemone* here, in which he was the Mr. Prince, the Spirit of Love; and no wonder he dislikes the turn that has been given to things by the arrival of the Spirit of Punch. Col. Rawlinson comes to-morrow, Kinglake with Brookfield on the 15th, and a great clerical dinner to the Bishop of Winchester comes off on Tuesday, so that you will happily escape. Poor dear little Nero! I am so glad he knew you, and showed himself 'capable of a profound sentiment of affection,' in spite of your disbelief.

LETTER 135.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Dec. 31, 1850.

Don't the years get to gallop so fast, dear Mrs. Russell, that it seems no longer worth while to take note of them? Since last New Year to this one, I seem to have hardly had time enough for one good long sleep! To those, however, whom the winter finds with no money in their pockets to buy fire and food, the new winter may not look so short; I wonder if to old Mary, for example, time seems to fly in this way, with ever-increasing velocity? Do you think she has any satisfaction in her life? If so, what shame to some of us! Poor old soul! as long as the life is in her, I fancy she will like a bit of

finery, especially if sent from London; and so the scarlet scarf (!) I send her, however preposterous a present you may think it, won't have been so ill-judged. I wish I were nearer her; I could give her plenty of old warm things, that poor people here hardly thank me for, and pawn generally for drink; but the carriage of such things costs more than they are all worth, and such trifles as can be easily sent by post are not adapted to the wants of a poor old woman. Yet I am sure she likes something coming from myself better than she would like the money to buy a New Year's trifle to herself. So tell her, with my kind regards, to twist this scarf several times round her old throat, and to be sure and not strangle herself with it. There is a ribbon for Margaret—the ugliest, I must say, that I ever set my eyes on; but I sent my maid to buy it, having got a little cold to-day, and this was her notion of the becoming! I must put in a cap border with it to carry it off. The sovereign please to distribute for me according to your discretion.

Things are going on well enough with us for the present. There has been no winter hitherto to give me a chance at getting myself laid up (for my cold to-day is nothing to speak of), and my headaches have neither been so frequent nor so severe latterly. But I met with a horrid accident some weeks ago—banged my right breast against the end of the sofa,

and for three weeks the pain continued, and so, not being able to get the thing forgotten, I was frightened out of my wits for the possible consequences, especially as my brother-in-law wrote from Scotsbrig that I was not to go to any doctor with it, 'London doctors being so unsafe for making a case out of everything, and any meddling with such a thing as this being, in his opinion, positively injurious.' There! what does Dr. Russell say to such views of the medical profession? The pain is quite gone now, however, and I try to think no more about it; but it may be excused to me, all things recollected, that I have suffered a good deal of apprehension from this accident. I have also been bothered to death with servants this autumn—have had three in quick succession. The first new one roasted fowls with the crop and bowels in them! and that mode of cookery was not to our taste. The second, a really clever servant and good girl, came to me with a serious disease upon her, and had to be soon sent to the hospital, where she is still, after two months; the third and last, thank Heaven, suits capitally—but I had best not praise her too much, it is 'a tempting of Providence' to 'cry before one is out of the wood.'

Kindest regards to your father and husband. Tell me about your health, and 'the smallest news will be gratefully received.'

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 136.

To John Welsh, Esq., Liverpool.

Chelsea: Jan. 2, 1851.

'John! Sole uncle of my house and heart!' I have just one word to say to you to-day, viz. that I'll be hanged if I ever give you anything another time, if you are to go on the William Gibson tack and instantly set about making 'a suitable return.' I thank you heartily for your New Year's gift; but, only, don't do the like of that again, uncle of me! I hope the summer will plump out my poor scraggy arms into a state adapted for such transparent elegancies. And now I must simply promise you a long letter; for to-day is most unfavourable for writing one.

There arrived on us yesterday a young heroine of romance, with a quantity of trunks and a lady's-maid, who is for the moment keeping this poor house and my poor self in a state of utter disgust. I had invited her to dine one day, and, if it suited her better, to stay over the night. And she has so arranged her affairs that, if she leave here to-day, it must be to live till next week in an hotel (at nineteen). What can one do, then, but let her remain—with protest against the lady's maid. She is Mrs. ——'s adopted daughter, whom you may have heard of, and has just been playing the Sultana in India for a

year and——Oh dear, here is her lover come to see her, and in a quarter of an hour a prison inspector is coming to take Mr. C. and me through Pentonville Prison. I am bothered to death, my blessed uncle; so adieu. I will write again next week.

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 137.

To John Welsh, Esq., Liverpool.

Chelsea: Jan. 7, 1851.

Dear, estimable uncle of me,—Have you been reading Thackeray's 'Pendennis'? If so, you have made acquaintance with Blanche Amory; and when I tell you that my young lady of last week is the original of that portrait, you will give me joy that she, lady's-maid, and infinite baggage, are all gone! Not that the poor little —— is quite such a little devil as Thackeray, who has detested her from a child, has here represented; but the looks, the manners, the wiles, the *larmes*, 'and all that sort of thing,' are a perfect likeness. The blame, however, is chiefly on those who placed her in a position so false that it required extraordinary virtue not to become false along with it. She was the only legitimate child of a beautiful young 'improper female,' who was for a number of years ——'s mistress (she had had a husband, a swindler). His mother took

the freak of patronising this mistress, saw the child, and behold it was very pretty and clever. Poor Mrs. —— had tired of parties, of politics, of most things in heaven and earth; 'a sudden thought struck her,' she would adopt this child; give herself the excitement of making a scandal and braving public opinion, and of educating a flesh and blood girl into the heroine of the three-volume novel, which she had for years been trying to write, but wanted perseverance to elaborate. The child was made the idol of the whole house; her showy education was fitting her more for her own mother's profession than for any honest one; and when she was seventeen, and the novel was just rising into the interest of love affairs, a rich young man having been refused, or rather jilted, by her, Mrs. —— died, her husband and son being already dead; and poor —— was left without any earthly stay, and with only 250*l.* a year to support her in the extravagantly luxurious habits she had been brought up in.

She has a splendid voice, and wished to get trained for the opera. Mrs. ——'s fine lady friends screamed at the idea, but offered her nothing instead, not even their countenance. Her two male guardians, to wash their hands of her, resolved to send her to India, and to India she had to go, vowing that if their object was to marry her off, she would disappoint them, and return 'to prosecute the artist life.' She produced

the most extraordinary *furore* at Calcutta ; had offers every week ; refused them point-blank ; terrified Sir —— by her extravagance ; tormented Lady —— by her caprices ; 'fell into consumption' for the nonce ; was ordered by the doctors back to England ! and, to the dismay of her two cowardly guardians, arrived here six months ago *with her health perfectly restored !* But her Indian reputation had preceded her, and the fine ladies who turned their backs on her in her extreme need now invite a girl who has refused Sudar Judges by the dozen. She has been going about from one house to another, while no home could be found for her. The guardians had a brilliant idea—'would we take her?' 'Not for her weight in gold,' I said ; but I asked her to spend a day with me, that I might see what she was grown to, and whether I could do anything in placing her with some proper person. The result of this invitation was that alarming arrival, bag and baggage, on New Year's Day !

She has saved us all further speculation about her, however, by engaging herself to someone (from ——shire) who came home in the ship with her, and seems a most devoted lover. She told me she 'had been hesitating some time betwixt accepting him, or going on the stage, or drowning herself.' I told her her decision was good, as marrying did not preclude either 'going on the stage' at a subsequent period, or 'drowning herself;' whereas had she decided

on the drowning, there could have been no more of it.

I have my own notion that she will throw him over yet; meanwhile it was a blessed calm after the fly rolled her away from here on Saturday. 'Oh, my dear!' Mr. Carlyle said, 'we cannot be sufficiently thankful!' Indeed you can have no notion how the whole routine of this quiet house was tumbled heels over head. It had been for these three days and three nights not Jonah in the whale's belly, but the whale in Jonah's belly; that little creature seemed to have absorbed this whole establishment into herself.

There is a long story for you, which perhaps you can't take any interest in; I am sure, however, you would be amused with an account of our visit, the other day, to Pentonville Prison, if I had left myself time and breath to tell it. 'Oh, my!' (as old Helen used to say) 'how expensive!' prisoners costing 50*l.* a year each! You may fancy their accommodations are somewhat remarkable. In each cell I saw a pretty little corner cupboard, on one shelf of which was the dressing apparatus—a comb and brush, and small tooth comb!—laid on a neatly folded-up towel; a shaving jug with metal top on one side, an artistic soap-box on the other! In one cell I remarked a blue tassel, with a bit of steel chain attached to it, hung from a brass nail. 'What is the use of that tassel?'

I asked the inspector. 'That tassel, ma'm? why that tassel is—a fancy of the prisoner's own; we allow them to have their little fancies!' They all wear masks when in each other's presence, that, should they afterwards meet in society, their feelings may be spared. They have such charming bath-rooms! Each man has a good-sized court all to himself to run about in for an hour at a time; and while we were there they all 'went to school,' with books and slates under their arm, masked! If any man wishes to have the comforts of life, and be taught, and, 'have his fancies,' let him rush out and commit a felony!

We went to hear their religious teaching in the chapel. An under-chaplain stood on the altar with a Bible in one hand and a red book (like a butcher's) in the other; he read a passage from the Bible, then looked in the red book for the numbers (they have no names), whose turn it was to be examined. For instance, he read about the young man who came to Jesus, and asked what he should do to be saved? Then after consulting the red book he called out, 'Numbers thirty-two and seventy-eight: What shall I do to enter into eternal life?' Thirty-two and seventy-eight answered, the one in a growl, the other in a squeal, 'Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor.'

Now, my blessed uncle, did you ever hear such nonsense? If a grain of logic was in the heads

of thirty-two and seventy-eight, mustn't they have thought, 'Well, what the devil are we taken up, and imprisoned, and called criminals for, but just because we take this injunction seriously, and help you to carry it out, by relieving you of your watches and other sundries.' I should tell you too that each prisoner has a bell in his cell! One man said to some visitor, 'and if I ring my bell a fool answers it.'

Uncle dear, good-night. If you and I were the Government, wouldn't we sweep such confounded humbug out of creation!

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

Love to the children.

LETTER 138.

End of July or beginning of August, 1851, we went to Malvern to the water cure, which was then, and perhaps is still, a prevalent delusion among chronic invalids. Dr. Gully, a distinguished professor of the new art, by far the most distinguished then, had pressingly again and again invited us. 'Oh, come, lodge in my house; only come and I will cure you!' Me especially, I suppose, which indeed would have suited well two ways had he succeeded (*vide* Lytton Bulwer's flaming pamphlet, and other nonsenses). My own faith in water cure was nearly zero, and has not since risen higher. But I reflected with myself, 'You will have to try it some day (as you had to try that rubbing with hair gloves humbug, though with damage). No humbug can prevail among your acquaintances, but they will force

you to get the means of saying, "Oh, I have tried all that and found it naught!"' So lying open for a summer jaunt, and judging humanly well of Gully, we decided to go; stayed with him, as per bargain, a month: most humanly and hospitably entertained; drank a good deal of excellent water there, and for some time after tried compressors, sitting baths, packings, &c. Admired the fine air and country; found by degrees water, taken as a medicine, to be the most destructive drug I had ever tried—and thus paid my tax to contemporary stupor, and had done with water cure.

I remember vividly enough our rolling off for Worcester; and except (more indistinctly) our parting somewhere, and my arrival at Scotsbrig, almost nothing more. My Jeannie (as this letter rekindles into light in my memory) had gone for Manchester; I for Scotsbrig, full of gloom and heaviness, and totally out of health, bodily and spiritual. Prussian Friedrich, and the Pelion laid on Ossa of Prussian Dryas-dust, lay crushing me with the continual question, 'Dare I try it? dare I not?'

The portmanteau I do recollect. It had been flung off at Kendal junction by mistake, and next afternoon arrived safe at Scotsbrig.

Mrs. Gaskell is the novelist, since deceased. Dr. Smith (Angus Smith), a chemist of merit and man of much *naïveté* and simplicity, is he who, now in Government pay, goes about investigating foul atmospheres (mines, factories, cities, slums), and says, 'How foul!'—T. C.

To Thomas Carlyle, Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

2 Birchfield Place, Higher Ardwick, Manchester:
Friday, Sept. 5, 1851.

Well, really! *you* don't 'beat us all for a deep thought.' If you had lost my address, why not send

a letter for me to the care of F. Jewsbury, Fire Insurance Office, Manchester? or to the care of Mr. Ireland, or any of the many people in Manchester you are in correspondence with, if you could not risk writing to the care of Miss Jewsbury, Manchester, which is address enough for practical purposes. Round by Chelsea, at second-hand, was a very 'slow' proceeding—'upon my honour!' Besides, the sight of a letter addressed to Geraldine, in John's handwriting, was calculated to give me a serious fright. When we came in late last night from Bowden, where we had passed the day, and I saw on the table only that letter for her, instead of the one I made sure of for myself, my heart jumped into my mouth, I assure you; and I tore it open without asking her leave, and was downright thankful to learn that 'my brother had merely found his portmanteau missing.' I hope you have recovered it by this time; it can't be that it is permanently lost? If it be irrecoverable, however, you must just try to think how much worse it would have been to have lost a manuscript or me? that (so far as I am aware) it is but, after all, a question of shirts and woollen clothes, which may all be replaced with a small expenditure of money and patience. I shall be very happy, however, to hear that the old portmanteau is safe at Scotsbrig, for 'you are the last man in England' that should, in the course of a kind Provi-

dence, be visited with such untoward accidents. As I have by this time quite forgiven you for coming to go through the form of kissing at parting with a lighted cigar in your mouth (!), I am sadly vexed at the idea of all this new botheration for you at the end of your journey ; and vexed, too, for your mother and the rest, whose pleasure in your arrival would be spoiled for them by your arriving in a state of worry.

For myself, it seems almost Grahamish, under the circumstances, to tell you that I performed my journey in the most prosperous manner—even to the successful smuggling of Nero. At the Manchester station a porter held out his hands for the basket in which I had him, that I might descend more conveniently ; but I said with wonderful calm, 'Thank you—I have something here that I require to be careful of, I will keep it myself,' and the man bowed, and went for my other luggage.

I found Geraldine in a much nicer house—with large high rooms prettily furnished, really as beautiful a house as one could wish to live in ; and she is the same kind little hostess as ever. With her old Peggy and a new young girl, she manages to surround me with 'all things most pleasant in life ;' and I don't know where I could be better off for the moment. The first night Dilberoglue and Dr. Smith came to tea ; the next, Mrs. Gaskell and her husband,

and Ireland, and young Bernays. All yesterday we spent at Bowden, with a Miss Hamilton (who has a history), and to-night we are to drink tea at Dilberoglue's, with the Greek mother and the beautiful daughter Calliope. For the rest, I keep up as much as possible the forms of Malvern life, splash in cold water, and walk before breakfast; though the Manchester atmosphere is so thick that one feels to put it aside with one's nose—oh, so thick, and damp, and dirty! Still the walk does me good. We dine at two, and I resolutely abstain from pills—continuing to wear my compressor. I went in search of one to send on to you, but unsuccessfully as yet; and I have not had leisure to make one, though I am sure I can, if none be procurable at the shops.

I wrote to Miss Gully since I came here, but there has not been time to get an answer. The more I think of these people the more I admire their politeness and kindness to us. I don't remember ever in my life before to have stayed a whole month in anybody's house without ever once wishing to be away: Geraldine says, 'My dear, it is a fact that speaks volumes.'

I am writing under your image—Geraldine has got your large print, in a pretty gilt frame over the chimney-piece in my bedroom, facing Neukomm; and a little lower between you is—a similar sized print of Jesus Christ.

But what will you be caring for all this that I write if—the portmanteau be still in infinite space. Pray write the state of the case; long letters are a bore to write when one is in retreat, and I don't want you to take any bore on my account; but a short note concerning the portmanteau and your health I cannot dispense with.

Nero sends his dear little love, and bids me say that since you went his digestion has been much neglected, everybody stuffing him with dainties, out of kindness, and no exercise to speak of. He is afraid of ending like the king and queen of the Sandwich Islands.

My kind regards to all at Scotsbrig.

Ever yours faithfully,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 139.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

The Grange, Hants: Monday, Dec. 1851.

My dear Mrs. Russell,—I must appeal to your well-known kindness to help me out of a little puzzle. I left home on a visit to Lord Ashburton's some four or five weeks ago, intending to go back on the day after Christmas; but some people were to be here this week, strangers to Lady A., and known to me, and I was requested to remain another week to make these young people's visit more agreeable to

them. Thus New Year's Day finds me unprepared with any little presents for those whom I wish to remind of me at this season. There is a town (Winchester) eight miles off; but I cannot drive there to procure any things, having caught a bad cold in the first week of my visit, which confined me to the house the first three weeks as a measure of necessity, and I have gone on limiting my exercise since to a walk in the conservatory, and corridors, as a measure of precaution. Cold is so easily retaken, and it is so miserable to be ill in other people's houses. What I must ask of you then is, to be so good as to advance the usual sovereign for me, which I will repay with a Post-Office order immediately on my return, and then you must buy for Margaret and Mary a pair of warm stockings each, or some such thing—half-a-crown each you may lay out for them, and don't say but that I sent the stockings, or whatever it may be, from London. I am sure you will do this for me, without grudging time and trouble.

I hear very often from Liverpool since that serious illness of my uncle's. At present he is pretty well, but his life seems to hang by a mere thread now. Every little agitation, such as 'listening for the guns of the American steamer, bringing a letter from Johnnie!' produces threatenings of the same sort of attack, and another attack will probably be

fatal. I wish very much to go and see him once more, and must try to manage it early in the spring. Perhaps I may be in Scotland again next year, and surely you will come and see me somewhere, if I should not be able to find courage to go to Thornhill. A young friend of mine married the Earl of Airlie last autumn, and asks me to visit her at Cortachy Castle; and there is an old gentleman, called 'the Bear' in London society, who has a beautiful place twenty miles beyond Fort Augustus, who has also invited us. And there I should really like to go, to see again the places where I went with my mother, about thirty years ago.

We have had a deal of company here since I came, Macaulay amongst the rest, whom I had never before seen at any length. I used to think my husband the most copious talker, when he liked, that was anywhere to be fallen in with; but Macaulay beats him hollow! in quantity.

You need not take the trouble of writing till after I have returned and sent the money; but then you must write me all about yourself, and about dear old Thornhill.

Kindest regards to your father and husband.

Ever yours, dear Mrs. Russell, affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 140.

This was the year (only first year, alas!) of repairing our house; 'architect' (Helps's) was 'Mr. Morgan,' a very honest man, and with workmen honest though inexpert; he himself had no talent for managing the chaos he created here, and indeed he at length fell sick, and left it to end by collapse. My own little heroine was manager, eye, inventress, commandress, guiding head and soul of everything; and made (witness this drawing-room, and compare it with the original, *i.e.* with every other in the street) a real triumph of what without her would have been a puddle of wasteful failure. She feared no toil howsoever unfit for her, had a marked 'talent in architecture,' too—in fact, the universal talent of applying intellect, veracity, and courage to things gone awry for want of those qualities. My noble darling! few women have had such an outfit of talent, far fewer such a loving nobleness and truth of heart to urge it into action and guide it there. Meanwhile, to escape those horrors of heat and dust, I fled (or indeed was dismissed) to Linlathen, to my excellent T. Erskine's, where I morbidly and painfully stayed three weeks, gentlest and best of hospitality able to do little for me. I remember trying to bathe in the summer mornings—bad bathing coast. Most of my leisure went in translating what is now the Appendix to *Friedrich*, vol. vii. of 2nd edition.—T. C.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: July 13, 1852.

Dearest Mrs. Russell,—I might be excused for forgetting my own birthday this time, and even my own name and address, and everything about me, except the one terrific fact that I am in a house

under what is called 'thorough repair.' Having never had to do with London workmen, you cannot form any adequate idea of the thing. Workmen who spend three-fourths of their time in consulting how the work should be done, and in going out and in after 'beer,' were not, at least in my day, known in Scotland; and then a thorough repair complicated by the altering of chimneys and partitions, and by heat at 82° in the shade, was a wild piece of work with any sort of workmen. The builder promised to have all done in six weeks, painting included; if he get done in six months it is as much as I hope. Meanwhile I run about in the great heat, carrying my furniture in my arms from one room to another, and sleep, or rather lie about, like a dog, just where I see a cleared space. I am needed here to keep the workmen from falling into continual mistakes; but why Mr. Carlyle, who is anything rather than needed, stays on I can't imagine. Nor do I know when I shall get away, nor where I shall go. We were to have gone to Germany, but that is all knocked on the head—at least for the present. If you saw me sitting in the midst of falling bricks and clouds of lime dust, and a noise as of battering-rams, you wouldn't wonder that I should make my letter brief.

The poor little sweetbriar grew through all the east winds, and was flourishing beautifully, when heavy rains came and killed it. I am vexed, and can't

help feeling the sweetbriar's unwillingness to grow with me a bad omen somehow. I wonder if you will be good-natured and unwearied enough to send me another slip to try when the right time comes?

And now to the business: will you lay out five shillings for old Mary in some judicious way for me, and will you give my little packet to Margaret, and tell them I still think of them both kindly?

I had a great hope, very vague, but quite probable, that I should have gone to Scotland this summer and seen you somewhere. Now everything is unsettled with the talk about Germany, and the fact of this house-altering.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 141.

T. Carlyle, Linlathen, Dundee.

5 Cheyne Row: Friday night, July 24, 1852.

Oh, my! I wonder if I shall hear to-morrow morning, and what I shall hear! Perhaps that somebody drove you wild with snoring, and that you killed him and threw him in the sea! Had the boatmen upset the boat on the way back, and drowned little Nero and me, on purpose, I could hardly have taken it ill of them, seeing they 'were but men, of like passions with yourself.' But on the

contrary, they behaved most civilly to us, offered to land us at any pier we liked, and said not a word to me about the sixpence, so I gave it to them as a free gift. We came straight home in the steamer, where Nero went immediately to sleep, and I to work.

Miss Wilson called in the afternoon, extremely agreeable; and after tea Ballantyne came, and soon after Kingsley. Ballantyne gave me the ten pounds,[1] and Kingsley told me about his wife—that she was 'the adorablest wife man ever had!' Neither of these men stayed long. I went to bed at eleven, fell asleep at three, and rose at six. The two plumbers were rushing about the kitchen with boiling lead; an additional carpenter was waiting for my directions about 'the cupboard' at the bottom of the kitchen stair. The two usual carpenters were hammering at the floor and windows of the drawing-room. The bricklayer rushed in, in plain clothes, measured the windows for stone sills (?), rushed out again, and came no more that day. After breakfast I fell to clearing out the front bedroom for the bricklayers, removing everything into your room. When I had just finished, a wild-looking stranger, with a paper cap, rushed up the stairs, three steps at a time, and told me he was 'sent by Mr. Morgan to get on with the painting of Mr. Carlyle's bedroom during his absence!' I was so taken by surprise

[1] Borrowed, doubtless.

that I did not feel at first to have any choice in the matter, and told him he must wait two hours till all that furniture was taken—somewhere.

Then I came in mind that the window and doors had to be repaired, and a little later that the floor was to be taken up! Being desirous, however, not to refuse the good the gods had provided me, I told the man he might begin to paint in my bedroom; but there also some woodwork was unfinished.

The carpenters thought they could get it ready by next morning. So I next cleared myself a road into your bedroom, and fell to moving all the things of mine up there also. Certainly no lady in London did such a hard day's work. Not a soul came to interrupt me till night, when —— stalked in for half-an-hour, uncommonly dull. 'It must have taken a great deal to make a man so dull as that!' I never went out till ten at night, when I took a turn or two on Battersea Bridge, without having my throat cut.

My attempts at sleeping last night were even more futile than the preceding one. A dog howled repeatedly, near hand, in that awful manner which is understood to prognosticate death, which, together with being 'in a new position,' kept me awake till five. And after six it was impossible to lie, for the plumbers were in the garret, and the bricklayers in the front bedroom! Mr. Morgan came after break-

fast, and settled to take up the floor in your bedroom at once. So to-day all the things have had to be moved out again down to my bedroom, and the painter put off; and to-night I am to 'pursue sleep under difficulties'[1] in my own bed again. They got on fast enough with the destructive part. The chimney is down and your floor half off!

After tea I 'cleaned myself,' and walked up to see Miss Farrar. She and her sister were picnicking at Hampton Court; but the old mother was very glad of me, walked half-way back with me, and gave me ice at Gunter's in passing. I am to have a dinner-tea with them next Wednesday. And to-morrow I am to give the last sitting for my picture,[2] and take tea at Mrs. Sketchley's. And now I must go to bed again—more's the pity.

I shall leave this open, in case of a letter from you in the morning.

Saturday.

Thanks God too for some four hours of sleep last night. I don't mind the uproar a bit now that you are out of it.

Love to Mr. Erskine; tell him to write to me.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

[1] *Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties*, &c. (a poor book of that time).

[2] By Miss Sketchley (an amateur trying to become artist).

LETTER 142.

'Dalwig,' grandson of the famed cavalry general of Friedrich the Great, was himself a Prussian officer of horse; from Silesia, where his rank and possessions were ample; as fine, handsome, intelligent, brilliant, and modest a young fellow of his kind as I ever saw. 'Reichenbach' (once Graf von Reichenbach and his neighbour and friend) brought him to us here; where he met Kate Sterling, our late John's second daughter, and one of the brightest of young women. Dalwig, much struck with her, was evidently deliberating great things; and did, before long, apply formally to Captain Anthony Sterling, uncle and guardian, for the 'great honour and pleasure of making some acquaintance' with Kate. To both of us, who knew him, it seemed precisely the offer that might suit beyond all, both for the noble Kate and for her friends, especially her sisters; who were in no society here for making fit matches, but who there, in Silesia, having portions of solid amount, and being all pretty and amiable, need not fail of marrying well if they cared to marry, &c., &c.: to all which we wished cordially well, but kept, and had kept, strictly silent except to one another. Abrupt Captain Anthony, now growing elderly, and very abrupt and perverse, was not slow in answering, as if to 'a beggarly foreigner,' his emphatic No! To which Dalwig, like a man of honour, at once bowed. Bright Kate testified all along a maidenly indifference, maidenly nescience, but was not thought to have an averse feeling.

Poor, ardent, enthusiastic, high-minded Kate! she used to ride with me sometimes in those years; she was to the last passionately the friend and adorer of my Jane; perhaps there hardly was in England a brighter young creature;

and her fate was cruel—this of Dalwig, the turning-point, I rather think! Being forbidden our house (abrupt Captain Anthony being in some tiff of his own here), she frequented 'uncle Maurice's,' where no foreigners frequented, but only young 'unsound' divines much did. One of these . . . . she did, on her own footing—'over twenty-one now!'—give her hand to: . . . . was at length declared to be consumptive, and in four or five years died . . . . She was very beautiful, very high and heroic; father and mother both beautifully noticeable in her, and as if changed into a still finer *tertium quid* both of person and, still more, of mind.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Linlathen, Dundee.

Chelsea: Tuesday, July 27, 1852.

Now you are not here to paint out the horrors of every kind so eloquently, I don't care, the least in the world, about the noise, or the dust, or the tumble heels over head, of the whole house. All I am concerned about is, to get it rapidly on; which, as builders and builders' men are at present constituted, seems pretty much of an impossibility. Yesterday I wrote to Mr. Morgan to take back the third carpenter, and bestow him on somebody with more patience and a less correct eye than myself. But it's worse than useless plaguing you, in your cold, clean retirement there, with the worries from which you have just fled away. Best you should forget the sound of our hammering altogether; so I will hence-

forth fight my own battle with the house, without saying a word about it.

Better news for you is, that Lord Ashburton is 'greatly better, quite well since the last attack, and gone on to the place in Switzerland.' Such was the answer to a message of inquiry which I sent to Bath House on Sunday. 'His lordship had written himself' to the large housemaid. So all is right in that direction.

Poor Dalwig is gone away. He came on Saturday with Reichenbach to bid me farewell. I gave him the copy of the 'Life of Sterling' I extorted from you for Mrs. Newton, who never got it; not in memory of Kate I told him, but of myself; and he blushed and kissed my hand, and went away rather sad, but with as manly and dashing a bearing as if Kate had been ever so kind. I don't believe the girl will ever have such another chance in her whole life.

There was also here one day a Rev. Llewelyn Davies, Lincoln. Do you know such a person? He asked for me, on hearing you were absent; shook hands with me, sat talking half-an-hour with me as if we were friends; and did all this so coolly and naturally, that he left me persuaded I had known him some time. Did I ever know him?[1] Clough, too, was here last night; and Miss Wilson again, to

[1] Never; nor I.

offer me her carriage 'to do any business I might have.'

She promised to drink tea with me on my return from Sherborne;[1] where I still mean to go on Friday, and stay till Monday. It is a long way to go for so short a time. But I should repent it afterwards if I did not gratify that poor dear woman's wish to see me once more.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 143.

T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Thursday, Aug. 5, 1852.

You recollect, dear, that Macready told me of two routes, recommending that by Frome as the quickest and least fatiguing; so I rendered myself at the Paddington station on Friday morning, with my night-things in a bag on one arm and my 'blessed'[2] in a basket on the other. He gave me no trouble, kept himself hidden and motionless till the train started, and then looked out cautiously, as much as to say, 'Are we safe?' The journey to Frome was quite a rest after that morning's work (carrying down all the books from the top landing-place into the back parlour), and I descended from the train quite fresh for the thirty miles by coach.

[1] Going thither to visit good Mrs. Macready, who was now ill, and, indeed, dying.

[2] Dog Nero.

But when I inquired about the coach to Sherborne, I was told there was none. 'A coach passing through Sherborne passed through Frome without coming to the station at eleven in the morning,' three hours before the time we were at; 'no other since many months back.' My first thought was, 'What a mercy you were not with me!' my next, that the Macreadys could not blame me for keeping them waiting; and then I 'considered,' like the piper's cow, and resolved not to stay all day and night at Frome, but to take a Yeovil coach, which started at five, and which could take me, I was told, to a wayside inn within eight miles of Sherborne, and there I hoped to find a fly 'or something.' Meanwhile I would proceed to the town of Frome, a mile from the station, and get something to eat, and even to drink, 'feeling it my duty' to keep my heart up by all needful appliances. I left my little bag at the station, where the coach came, and set my dog quite free, and we pursued our way as calmly and naturally as if we had known where we were going.

Frome is a dull, dirty-looking place, full of plumbers; one could fancy the Bennett controversy[1] must have been a godsend to it. I saw several inns, and chose 'The George' for its name's sake. I walked in and asked to have some cold meat and a pint bottle

[1] Something in the newspaper.

of Guinness's porter. They showed me to an ill-aired parlour, and brought me some cold lamb that the flies had been buzzing round for a week—even Nero disdained to touch it. I ate bread, however, and drank all the porter; and 'the *cha-arge*'[1] for that feeble refection was 2*s.* 6*d.*! Already I had paid one pound eight and sixpence for the train. It was going to be a most unexpectedly costly journey to me. But for that reflection I could almost have laughed at my forlorn position there.

The inn and town were 'so disagreeable' that I went presently back to the station, preferring to wait there. One of the men who had informed me about the coach came to me, as I was sitting on a bench, and remarked on the beauty of the scene, especially of some scarlet beans that were growing in his own piece of garden. 'Ah,' he said, 'I have lived in London, and I have lived abroad; I have been here and there, backwards and forwards, while I was in service with them as never could rest; but I am satisfied now that the only contentment for man is in growing his own VEGETABLE! Look at them beans,'

[1] In my first voyage to London (1824, by Leith smack), a certain very rustic-looking, but polite and quiet, old baronet, called Sir David Milne, slept in the same cabin with me; and there and on deck was an amusing human study. Courteous, solemn, yet awkward, dull; chewing away the *r* when he spoke, which indeed was seldom, and then mainly in the way of economic inquiry to passengers who knew London—what you could do there, see, eat, &c.; and to every item, the farther question: 'And what is the cha-arge (charge)?'

he said again. 'Well! to-morrow they'll be ready, and I'll be pulling them, and boiling them, and eating them—and such a taste! No agriculture like that in Piccadilly!' Then he looked sympathisingly at me and said, 'I'm going to get you something you'll like, and that's a glass of cool, fresh, clear water;' and he went away with a jug to his garden and fetched some water from a little spring well and a great handful of mignionette. 'There! there's something sweet for you, and here's splendid water, that you won't find the like of in Piccadilly!' I asked him how it was going with Mr. Bennett? 'Huh! I hear no complaints, but I goes to neither one nor other of them, and follows my own notions. I finds agriculture the thing!' He would have been worth a hundred pounds to Dickens, that man.

I had the coach all to myself for awhile; then a young gentleman got in, who did exactly the right thing by me, neither spoke to me nor looked at me till we stopped at Castle Carey (Yeovil is pronounced Youghal, Carey Carry? I grew quite frightened that I had been somehow transported into Ireland). There the young gentleman went into the inn, and said to me first, 'Excuse the liberty I take in asking, but would you take anything—a little wine and water?' I thought that very polite; but I was to meet with 'something more exquisite still' before I got to Sherborne. At the 'Sparkford Inn,' eight miles from

Sherborne, I got out and asked, had they a fly? 'Yes, but one of its wheels was broken, and it was gone to be mended!' 'Had they any other conveyance that was whole—a gig or cart?' 'Yes, they had a nice little gig, and I should have the loan of a cloak to keep me warm' (the evening was rather chill). So I went in, and sat down in a parlour; where an old gentleman was finishing off with bread-and-cheese. He soon made himself master of my case, and regretted he was not going back to Sherborne that night, as then he would have taken me in his carriage; and presently he offered something else more practical, viz., to try to recover my parasol (my mother's, the one she bought with the sovereign you gave her,[1] and which I had got new covered), left stupidly on the roof of the coach, and never recollected till the coach, with its four horses, had thundered past the window! If the landlady would tell the coachman about it next day, and get it there, he, the old gentleman, would bring it to Sherborne House. I went into the lobby to tell the landlady, some five or eight minutes after the coach had started, and told her, in presence of a gentleman, who was preparing to start in a barouchette with two horses. He looked hard at me, but said nothing; and a minute or two after I saw him also drive past

[1] A sovereign to each of them, on returning home with a pocketful from my 'first lecture.' Ah, me!

the window. Some twenty minutes after, I started myself, in a little gig, with a brisk little horse, and silent driver. Nothing could be more pleasant than so pirring through quiet roads, in the dusk, with the moon coming out. I felt as if I were reading about myself in a Miss Austen novel. But it got beyond Miss Austen when, at the end of some three miles, before a sort of carrier's inn, the gentleman of the barouchette stept into the middle of the road, making a sort of military signal to my driver, which he repeated with impatience when the man did not at once draw up! I sat confounded, expecting what he would do next. We had halted; the gentleman came to my side, and said, exactly as in a book: 'Madam, I have the happiness of informing you that I have reclaimed your parasol; and it lies here in my carriage ready to be restored!' 'But how on earth?' I asked. 'Madam, I judged that it would be more pleasing for you to take the parasol along with yourself than to trust to its being brought by the other gentleman; so I just galloped my horses, overtook the coach as it was leaving this court, reclaimed the parasol, and have waited here, knowing you could take no other road to Sherborne, for the happiness of presenting it to you!'—To an ostler—'Bring the parasol!' It was brought, and handed to me. And then I found myself making a speech in the same style, caught by the infection of the

thing. I said: 'Sir, this day has been full of mischances for me, but I regard the recovery of my parasol so unexpectedly as a good omen, and have a confidence that I shall now reach my destination in safety. Accept my thanks, though it is impossible to give any adequate expression to my sense of your courtesy!' I never certainly made so long and formal a speech in my life. And how I came to make anything like it I can't imagine, unless it were under mesmerism! We bowed to each other like first cousins of Sir Charles Grandison, and I pirred on. 'Do you know that gentleman?' I asked my driver. 'Never saw him before.'

I found Sherborne House without difficulty; and a stately, beautiful house it was, and a kind welcome it had for me. The mistake had been discovered in the morning, and great anxiety felt all day as to my fate. I was wonderfully little tired, and able to make them all (her too) laugh with my adventures. But I must positively interrupt this penny-a-lining, and go to bed. It is true to the letter, all I have told.

My two days at Sherborne House were as happy as could possibly be with that fearfully emaciated, dying woman before my eyes. They were all doing their best to be cheerful—herself as cheerful as the others. She never spoke of her death, except in taking leave of me; when she took my head in her

hand, and kissed it, and gave me her solemn blessing, and asked me to come again with you, to see William and the children, when she should be gone. That was a dreadful trial of my composure. I am so glad I went, it pleased her and all of them so much!

The journey back by Dorchester went all right, and was less expensive, for I came by the second-class, and so saved the nine shillings my gig had cost me. It was a weary long way, however, from a quarter before nine till half after seven flying along in one shape or other, with only ten minutes' delay (at Southampton). My only adventure on the road back was falling in with a young unfortunate female in the Chelsea boat, the strangest compound of angel and devil that I ever set eyes on, and whom, had I been a great, rich lady, I should decidedly have—brought home to tea with me and tried 'to *save*!' The helpless thought that I had nothing to offer her instead alone prevented me. I could not leave her, however, without speaking to her, and my words were so moving, through my own emotion, that she rushed from me in tears to the other side of the vessel. You may feel a certain curiosity to know what I said. I only recollect something about 'her mother, alive or dead, and her evident superiority to the life she was leading.' She said, 'Do you think so, ma'm?' with a look of bitter wretchedness, and

forced gaiety that I shall never forget. She was trying to smile defiantly, when she burst into tears and ran away.

I made a frantic appeal to the workmen the other day, since when we have been getting on a little more briskly. The spokesman of them, a dashing young man, whom you have not seen, answered me: 'My dear (!) madam, you must have patience, indeed you must; it will be all done—some day!' The weather is most lovely. *Monsieur le Thermomètre* pretty generally at 70°.

My health continues wonderfully good. To-day I dine at the Brookfields', for what poor Helen used to call 'a fine change.'

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 144.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Tuesday night, Aug. 10, 1852.

Oh, my dear, what a comfortless letter! In your last from Linlathen you said you were 'decidedly better,' and now again you seem to be again 'all nohow.' I hope it has only been the fag of the journey. Don't fret about the house; it is getting on pretty fast now, and will be satisfactory when finished. For my part, I am got quite used to the

disturbance, and begin to like the—what shall I say? —excitement of it. To see something going on, and to help its going on, fulfils a great want of my nature. I have prevented so many mistakes being made, and afforded so many capital suggestions, that I begin to feel rather proud of myself, and to suspect I must have been a builder in some previous state of existence. The painter is my chief delight; he does his work so thoroughly. He is only in your bedroom as yet, but he has rubbed it all down with pumice-stone, till it looks as smooth as paper. And I have never been inconvenienced by any smell! Perhaps the house may be habitable a week or two sooner than I guessed, though I hardly think the workmen will be fairly out of it sooner. I shall 'see my way' better next week. The weather is capital for drying both paint and plaster, that is one blessing! My half of the low room is kept always tidy; the bedding, and tables with their legs in the air, as if in convulsions, which show themselves above the screen, often make me laugh. When the noise is very great I practise on the piano! I do quite well, in short; and don't see how I can be spared till things are done to my mind, and the chaotic heaps of furniture restored to their proper places. Decidedly nobody but myself can do that.

I found your letter to-day on my return from Tavistock House, where I had gone to see Forster.

He is staying there for a change, in the absence of the Dickenses. I had promised the Macreadys to go, and tell him about her, and found no time till to-day. I went by the boat to Paul's Wharf, like a goose, and found myself so far off my destination! Besides, a violent thunder-shower fell just as I set my foot on land, and having on a pair of those cheap boots I bought a stock of (chiefly paper, Mr. Carlyle!), my feet were wet through in two minutes. I went into a shop and bought a pair of stockings, then on till I found a good-looking shoe-shop, and bought a pair of real boots; left my dripping stockings and paper boots with the shoemaker, requesting that when they were dry, and not till then, he would pack them up and send them to the care of Forster; and so proceeded on my long walk dry-shod. Cleverly managed, don't you think? and 'regardless of expense.' Forster was very glad to see me. He is a little less helpless, but still on fish diet. I got into a Holborn omnibus after, which left me at the top of Regent Street; and then I went to Verey's, and had—a beautiful little mutton chop and a glass of bitter ale! That is the sort of thing I do! It was my second dinner at Verey's. Meat dinners at home are as nearly impossible as can be, and one sleeps ill on tea-dinners. The charge at Verey's is very moderate, and the cooking perfect. For my dinner and ale to-day I paid one-and-fivepence. The day I went to the Foundry I

dined at a clean-looking shop in the Strand, where I had half a roast chicken (warm; very small indeed), a large slice of warm ham, and three new potatoes, for one shilling! It amuses me, all that, besides keeping me in health; and for the outrage to 'delicate femaleism,' I am beyond all such considerations at present. However, I see single women besides myself at Verey's—not improper—governesses, and the like. And now good-night; I am off to bed.

Wednesday.—Ah! it is a tempting of Providence always to congratulate oneself on the weather! To-day it 'is pouring hale water' (as Helen used to say), and has so poured all night. If it weren't for the paint and plaster's sake I should have no objection. I called at the London Library yesterday on my way home to get Madame de Staël's 'Mémoires' for Count Reichenbach. Mr. Donne[1] never comes out of that end room seemingly. Mr. Jones was 'absent three days for a little pleasuring.' The tall young man was on the eve of his departure; had 'found on trial of six years that the place didn't suit him.' He was going to embark in a silk manufactory at Derby—'a very good opening indeed.' Mrs. H—— M—— (did I tell you?) left your books and a card for me just before leaving town. Dilberoglue might surely call that 'glorious prudence!' Nevertheless she might have safely relied on her own powers of boring me,

[1] Now librarian; excellent old Cochrane dead.

and on my general indisposition to intrude! God help us! I don't know of any fine people remaining except the Farrars, who can't get away for fear of their house being robbed. Mazzini was here on Sunday morning, and made my hair stand on end with his projects. If he is not shot, or in an Austrian fortress within the month, it will be more by good luck than good guiding. I rely on the promise, 'God is kind to women, fools, and drunk people.'

Kind love to your mother and all of them. After going all that way to Sherborne for two days, who knows whether I shan't run to Scotsbrig for two days and see her when she is not thinking of me?

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

If you won't go to Germany alone, and don't much like the notion, is there no little lodging to be got by the sea-side, within reach of Scotsbrig's butter and eggs, for two or three weeks,—for yourself, I mean?

LETTER 145.

T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Saturday, Aug. 14, 1852.

'With the best intentions always unfortunate.' I was putting together my packet yesterday, when

Dr. Weber came, and stayed long enough to belate the whole affair. He seemed bent on coming up to the immense expectations I must have formed of him. And that excessive desire to please was just what I disliked him for. But he is clever and gentlemanly, and thoroughgoing, to appearance at least, when looked at in front; for the back of his head and neck, and all down, has a different character, much less bred, and less intellectual; 'the human curve'[2] not so well defined. He reminds me of a statue that had been perfectly polished in front, and left rough-hewn behind, to stand with its back to a wall. He gave me the most flourishing accounts of Lord and Lady A. And we parted after 'swearing everlasting friendship' to a certain very limited extent.

Your letter came after; and also, alas! came news, through Mr. Piper,[3] of the death of Mazzini's mother. The accounts had been written to Mrs. Hawkes in two letters. She found them on her return from town, where she had been all day, and, opening first the letter which told only of a stroke of apoplexy, she rushed off to Mazzini with the news. Having returned to her own house, she opened the second letter, which, in her agitation, she had not looked at, and found it an announcement of death,

[1] Late travelling doctor to the Ashburtons, who are at Salzburg, &c.
[2] Mazzini's phrase. Plattnauer, for fat, was 'losing the human curve.'
[3] Mazzini lodging with Piper.

and so had again to go to Mazzini. He is dreadfully struck down, the Pipers say. I have not seen him. I wrote him a few lines last night, and took them up myself, but would not go to him, though Mrs. Piper thought it might be good for him to see me. I am sure there are too many bothering him with kindness.

Kind regards to all.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 146.

Under way for Germany at last. My first visit. I remember too well the base miseries, and even horrors (physical, chiefly), which had now begun for me, and did not cease till the voyage did. At midnight (August 29 it must have been) I embarked at Leith on a small Rotterdam steamer (laden to the lip with iron I found, and the uneasiest of kicking little wretches); never sailed in such a craft before, or since; rested little, slept worse (except on a bench in the Rhine steamboat) till I got to Bonn. Neuberg waiting on the beach for me--Neuberg—but not any sleep there either. *Pfui!*

Hon. Byng, called Poodle Byng all his days, the Eton name he had.

'Engrush' for 'ingratiate' (a very old expression of ours).

Car il était très aimable, &c.: Robespierre—A Parisian myth which G. Lewes used to give us with first-rate mimicry, &c.

Fanny is 'Irish Fanny,' whom I recollect well; she was

by nature a very good girl (and got full generously treated here, even to the saving of her life, I might say), and she did well for a year or more; but after that sank to the common level or below it, and had to disappear like the others.

'Beautiful enthusiasm.'—Foolish, inflated English lady, of the elderly governess kind, who once came to us at Craigenputtock (where we had little need of her), spoke much to *her* of a 'Ba-ing I could love,' 'Brush the down from the cheek of,' &c.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Bonn.

Chelsea: Tuesday night, Sept. 1852.

When I returned from Addiscombe yesterday forenoon, I saw a letter on the table, and cut short poor Nero's vehement leaping to take it; and, lo! it was my own letter from Rotterdam, addressed to the London Library, St. James' Square! a fact which puzzled me extremely. 'An old man' had brought it from there, and said 'a shilling had been paid for it,' the second shilling the unlucky *dud* had cost. By-and-by I noticed that the envelope had the London Library mark on it, and then the small mystery was solved. I had written the letter at the London Library, after some hours of wild galloping in a street cab to ascertain about the passport: indeed that passport affair was as pretty a version of 'Simon Brodie's Cow' as any I have lately had on hand. To-day I have to thank you for a letter more agreeable to receive than that one. As

you have not got 'stolen or strayed' hitherto, one may now feel a moderate assurance that you will be safely landed at the far end of this journey to—what shall I say?—Flaetz![1] Neuberg being not likely either to lose sight of you, or to lose patience with you.

The Addiscombe programme was only once changed. We went on the Saturday instead of the Friday, separately of course; I by steamboat and railway. The G——s, baby and all, came about an hour after me; and an hour after them the Poodle. Mrs. G. was as sweet as syrup, and dreadfully tiresome, her husband *engrushing* himself, *très aimable dans la société*, and the baby a 'bit of fascination' seemingly for everyone but me. The visit went off harmoniously, but I got no better sleep in my entirely curtainless bed there than among the bugs at number two.[2] On Monday forenoon the G——s and I came back together by the railway. Lady A. was to come too, and sleep at Bath House, and go to the Grange this morning. Mr. G—— invited me to dine with them the same evening; but I preferred a chop and silence at home. He seems to be very fond of me, has a perception, I think, that I don't adore his wife, and is grateful to me for that. I was engaged to tea at the Farrars to-night; but a note came from Annie to say

[1] Flätz (Jean Paul's *Schmeltz*).

[2] In Cheyne Row, where she had slept once during the repairs in Carlyle's own house.—J. A. F.

that her mother was lying ill with a blister on her back, and her sister brought home from a visit she had been making with her *nose* broken, and otherwise all *smashed* by a dreadful fall. Poor girl! I saw her the day before I went to Addiscombe looking so pretty.

Thursday morning.—At this point I stopped on Tuesday night, the thunder and rain becoming too loud 'for anything.' It was still raining violently when I went to bed (in your room—the bed up; for the rest, carpetless and full of lumber), so I left only one of the windows open; and what with the paint smell, and the fatigue of having nailed up all the hangings myself, and the want of sleep at number two and at Addiscombe, I took quite ill in the middle of the night—colic, and such headache! In the morning I crawled down to the sofa in the parlour, and lay there all day, till eleven at night, in desperate agony, with a noise going on around me like the crack of doom.[1] If it had not been for Fanny's kindness, who, when all else that she could do failed, fairly took to crying and sobbing over me, I think I must have died of the very horror and desolation of the thing; for the plasterers came back yesterday to finish the cornice in the new room, and the bricklayers were tramping out and in repairing the backyard; and the painter was making a rare smell of

[1] Oh, heavens! How can I endure all that?

new paint in my old bedroom; besides the two carpenters, into whose head the devil put it to saw the whole day, at God knows what, without a moment's intermission, except to hammer. I have passed a good many bad days in this world, but certainly never one so utterly wretched from mere physical and material causes as yesterday. It is over now, however, that bout, and I should be thankful to have held out so long.

In the evening came a note, which I was not up to looking at till some hours after, when lo! it was a few hurry-scurry lines from John, to say that he and 'the Ba-ing' were actually engaged; they were all well, I was to tell you, and had got your letter. No newspaper reached me except the *Athenæum*, which I supposed had been overlooked at Scotsbrig. I hope poor John is 'making a good thing of it;' the 'parties' having known each other for fifteen years, it is possible they mayn't be marrying on a basis of fiction. Reflecting with a half-tragical, half-comical feeling that John was just my own age, I turned to another letter still lying unopened, and found what might have been a proposal of marriage to—myself! had you not been alive at Bonn. A man who, having wished to marry me at fifteen, and 'with the best intentions proved unfortunate,' and whom I had seen but once these twenty years, now 'thought himself sufficiently master of his emotions to dare to

tell me that for nearly forty years (!) he had loved me with the same worshipful love—me, the only human soul who ever possessed the key to his locked heart!' And they say man is an inconstant animal! Poor fellow! I am afraid he must be going to die, or to go mad, or he would have continued to pursue the silent system, which use must have rendered easy to him. The practical inference from all this, and a good deal more I could instance, is that the laws of nature in the matter of love seem decidedly to be getting themselves new made; 'the bloom' not to be so 'speedily swept from the cheek of that beautiful enthusiasm.'

You may calculate on having your bedroom quite ready, and the new room in a cleaned-out state, not papered; but really that is easily to be borne after what has been to bear. The door in the parlour has been left as it was, partly because I dreaded to let the wretches begin any new mess, and partly because I find the room can be made so warm for winter by having the door opened into the passage, and the folding-door space completely filled by the screen. Now that I see a probable end to the carpenters and bricklayers, I may tell you, without putting you quite wild, that Mr. Morgan has been here just twice since you left home, and neither time have I seen him. The first time I was out at 'the balloon,' and the second time was yesterday,

when I was on my back in an agony, and could not have stood up for anyone. The botheration of hounding on the men of such a careless master, and the responsibility of directing them, you may partly figure. Fanny is the best comfort I have had, so willing to fly over the moon for me, and always making light of her discomforts. And now I must write a word of congratulation to John.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 147.

John Clerk (Lord Eldin ultimately), of the Scotch 'Court of Session,' a man of great faculty and singular, rather cynical, ways, and much famed in Edinburgh, was a *dilettante* in art withal, and an expensive collector of pictures. After his long-delayed advancement to the bench his faculties began to decline, and many stories of his outbreaks were current; *e.g.*, *Visitor* one day (to Lord Eldin): 'What a bit of painting you have done there, my lord! Admirable! exquisite! Why, it reminds one of Titian!' *Eldin*: 'Titian (Tishon)? Tishon never did the like o't.' Jeffrey's story to us (twenty years before).

At Craigenputtock, foolish man-servant of ours, reporting his procedures on an errand to Edinburgh: 'Called for Mr. Inglis, ma'm, Messrs. Donald (Doandle) and Inglis, m'm.' 'Told me Inglis was not in, but Mr. Doandle yes, who was all the same as Mr. Inglis.'

To T. Carlyle, Poste Restante, Dresden.

Chelsea: Sunday, Sept. 13, 1852.

As there was already a letter gone to you, dear, and as next day was Sunday, when there would be some human quiet, I did not answer yesterday by return of post, but went instead to the city, where I had business. Indeed, it was well to get out into space yesterday, for the plasterers were rushing about like demons, finishing off, and clearing away their scaffoldings, &c., and the plumbers were once more boiling lead in the kitchen, to repair some spout on the roof, and a note I had written to Mr. Morgan, that your brother Alick 'never did the like o',' in point of sarcasm, had produced an influx of things perfectly bewildering. And the two carpenters, who have been too long together, fell to quarrelling so loud, that I had to send the painter to express my sentiments. In fact, it was a patent hell here yesterday for any 'lover of quiet things.'[1]

In the evening I had a tea-party to wind up with. Had madly invited some people to meet a man, who, after all, couldn't come, but will come next Tuesday instead. The man was Herzen,[2] whom you have had some correspondence with. He is in London for a

[1] Basil Montague's account of himself.
[2] Big Russian exile and propagandist.

short time, and was very bent on seeing *you*; and Saffi, who is much with him, asked leave to bring him to *me*, not as being 'all the same as Mr. Doandle,' but as the Hades through which these people pass to you—or hope to. So I said he might bring him last night, and asked Darwin, and the Reichenbachs, and Brookfield to meet him—all in this end of a room. There were six of us, and we spoke four languages, and it is all to be done over again on Tuesday. Herzen is not a German as you fancied him, but a Russian; and he is rich, which is indicated by his having given Mazzini two hundred pounds for his objects.

Chapman has told Saffi to write him three articles, one on Italian religion, two more on Italian literature; and Saffi is very thankful to you. The other Chapman, when I was in his shop the other day to get a note from him to Griffiths,[1] made me again the offer of 'very advantageous terms' for a novel of my own; so I have something to 'retire upon'[2] in prospect, not inferior to 'an old washerwoman.'

But meanwhile what a pity it is that you can't get any good sleep; all the rest would be made smooth for you were that one condition granted. It is not only German beds, however, that one can't get sleep in. Three nights ago in desperation I

[1] Don't know.

[2] Darwin's valet: 'My father, he has now retired, sir, upon,' &c.

took a great dose of morphia for the same state of things, and was thankful to get four hours of something like forgetfulness by that 'questionable' means. I am not otherwise ill, however; that one horrid headache I told you of has been my only real illness since you left.

I had a long, very nice letter from John two days ago. His marriage is not to come off till November or December. He talks about it with an innocent faith that is quite touching, and already seems to be 'seeing his way' more clearly than I ever knew him to do. Thomas Erskine, too, wrote to me that 'he loved me much,' and wished he could see what God intended me for. I answered his letter, begging him to tell me 'what God intended me for,' since he knew and I didn't. It would be a satisfaction even to know it. It is surely a kind of impiety to speak of God as if He, too, were 'with the best intentions always unfortunate.' Either I am just what God intended me for, or God cannot 'carry out' His intentions, it would seem. And in that case I, for 'one solitary individual,' can't worship Him the least in the world.

I had a visit the other morning from Cooper, the Chartist; come, not to pay the five pounds he borrowed, but to 'ask for more!' You had desired him, he said, to apply to you again, if he were again in difficulty!! I told him that I 'had none to give

him,' and he took the refusal like a man used to it, quite 'light and airy.'

Fanny is really a nice servant; a dash of Irish 'rough and ready' in her, but a good cleaner, and a good cook, and a perfect incarnation of 'The Willing Mind!' Very tidy too in her own person, under all circumstances. An awful complication revealed itself two or three days after she came, which she stood by me under with a jolliness that was quite admirable. When the new-painted kitchen was capable of being slept in, she fell to taking the bed in pieces to give it 'a good washing.' Anne, who would never be at the trouble to look to her bed, pretended, when she did finally take it down by my express order, before she went away, to have found 'nothing worth mentioning;' 'just four bugs,' and these 'very small ones,' like the girl's illegitimate child. Well! I was sitting writing here, when Fanny came and said, 'Do step down, ma'am, and see what I have kept to show you;' and when I had gone down, not knowing what she had been at, there lay her bed all in pieces, and beside it a large basin of water, containing the drowned bodies of some-thing like two hundred bugs!! The bed perfectly swarmed with these 'small beings;' was in fact im-pregnated with them beyond even my cleansing powers. We gathered it all up, and carried it out into the garden to be sold to a broker, who is coming

for certain rubbish of things; and I went the same day and bought a little iron bedstead for the kitchen, for one pound two-and-sixpence. The horror of these bugs quite maddened me for many days; and I would not tell you of them at the time, that you might not feel them prospectively biting you; but now I think we are 'quite shut[1] of them.' The painter's consolation, that he 'knew fine houses in Belgrave Square where they were crawling about the drawing-room floors!' did not help me at all.

The poor white cat no longer gives offence to Nero; I suppose she 'couldn't stand the muddle,' like that girl who went away into infinite space two weeks ago. Darwin says, if I can put up with 'a cat with a bad heart,' I may have his. 'That minds me' (as Helen used to say) of an Italian, living with Mazzini at present, who is beating Saffi hollow in 'the pursuit of English under difficulties;' sitting down by some Englishman the other day, he said 'fluently,' 'Now let we have a nice *cat* together!' (chat).

How disappointed poor Bölte will be that I am not along with you! I will write to her one day.

Mr. Kenyon and Browning left their cards for me yesterday. I heard at Addiscombe that Macaulay was ill of some mortal disease, but the information seemed vague. Thiers is expected at the Grange the

[1] Manchester phrase; should be 'shot,' as in Annandale.

first of November, 'to stay till they come to London, and live on at Bath House after.' And now, a Jew, a Jew! for I have still some writing to do before I go out: a letter to Geraldine in the Isle of Man, and one to John. My love to Neuberg, and bid him 'be strong.'

Affectionately yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 148.

To T. Carlyle, Poste Restante, Berlin.

20 Hemus Terrace, Chelsea: Sept. 25, 1852.

By this time, dear, you will have got my letter to Dresden. I wrote there according to your first instructions. Since then I have been rather pleased that uncertainty about your whereabout afforded me a fair excuse for observing silence. In all my life I was never in a state more unfavourable to letter-writing; so 'entangled in the details,'[1] and so continually out of temper. I have often said that I couldn't be at the trouble to hate anyone; but now decidedly I hate one man—Mr. ——! His conduct has been perfectly shameful; not a promise kept, and not even an apology made for breaking them. I have ceased to write to him, or send any messages to him. I merely pray God to 'very particularly damn him.'[2]

[1] John's phrase.

[2] Old McTurk, on paying his reapers at evening (who had taken to 'kemp,' and spoiled him much stuff), said to each, with the 2*s.* 6*d.*,

The carpenters, bricklayers, and plasterers are all gone out of the house; there are still some odds and ends for the carpenter to do, and the bricklayer will be outside; but the only work doing for the last week has been painting. And though Mr. —— promised that two more painters should be sent to help the one already here, that promise has gone *ad plures*. Neither will he send back the paper-hangers to finish in the staircase. With this one painter it was impossible to do all that was needed before your return. So I have had to give up the painting of the lower rooms—too thankful to get them thoroughly cleaned once more, and refurnished. Fanny and Mrs. Heywood were two days washing the old paint, while I cleaned the paper; and two days more it took us to bring the furniture to its old condition. The new room is cleaned out, and has the old furniture in it; and, though sufficiently bare-looking, will not be uninhabitable during the winter, and when it is papered and furnished prettily, it will be a very fine room indeed. Chalmers [1] said, with a look of envy, that we couldn't have got a house with such a room in it under a hundred and fifty pounds a year.

The new bedroom upstairs is still representing 'the belly of Chaos,' all things thrown out of their old

'God damn you!' and to one old woman (originator of the thing), 'And God particularly —— *you*, ye b——!'

[1] Rich man of next door; an endless builder, renovator, and decorator of No. 4.

places finding refuge there, but my old bedroom will be 'better than I deserve'[1] till the other is ready. The bed is up there, without curtains, but the work of rehabilitation is going on in it; so that it will be ready for sleeping in, when one can safely sleep in the house at all; which is not the case at present, the new paint in the staircases poisoning the whole house. And your bedroom! Ah! that has been the cruelest cut of all. I had it painted the first thing, that it might be well aired for you; and the presses you wished for, which they would not make on the spot, but must have made at the workshop, were ordered, and promised to be all painted there to save us the smell; and, behold! after keeping me up with this delusion for six weeks, they bring them home in raw wood—declaring they could not be painted till they were fixed up. And so that room, where I had been sleeping for a week, had to be again abandoned. I could not try the sofa in the parlour again, for the passage was all in wet paint, and I felt myself growing quite ill; got up every morning with a sick headache, and had got back my old sickness through the day, which I had hoped was gone for good. So there was no sense in staying on till I took a nervous fever, or some such thing. I went off then on a new hunt for lodgings; and found a decent little apartment next door to Mrs. Thorburn, whose house was

[1] Coleridge.

fully let. I have the ground floor, and my bed is quite free of 'small beings,' an unspeakable mercy! Indeed, it is a very comfortable little bedroom, though feebly furnished; and the people very decent, quiet people. I go home to breakfast every morning, and work there very hard till dinner-time—two o'clock, and for an hour after, or as long as I can bear the smell; and then I come back here to early tea, and spend the evening in pure air. The quantity of work it takes to restore order at Cheyne Row, and repair the ruin of that general upturn, is perfectly incredible. Three flittings, they say, is equal to a fire; but a 'thorough repair' is equal to three fires.

Oh, dear, in case I forget Masson! Masson is quite frantic at having received no testimonial[1] from you. The election takes place on the fifth; so pray try to write to him in time. I promised to tell you his ardent wish as soon as I knew where to hit you with a letter.

I see hardly anybody;—going nowhere. Dr. H—— has called *four* times (!) without finding me; two of the times I was in the house—*au secret.* Darwin is into his new house, and now off to Shrewsbury for a little while. The Farrars are gone to Malvern. Poor Mrs. Macready is gone; died at Plymouth on the eighteenth. Miss Macready wrote me a long, most kind letter, telling me that till her

[1] London professorship; I sent him one from Berlin.

last hour she 'loved me much.' Her life had become too suffering, it is best that it is over.

I should like to have seen Göthe's and Schiller's house with you. In fact your travels, though you make them out rather disagreeable than otherwise, look to me quite tempting.

I have given you a good dose of the house this time; and, besides that, I have really no news worth telling. A. Sterling came one day; returned from Scotland, and on the road to Cowes—a dreadfully corpulent black *Werter*. A letter from John would be lying for you at Dresden with mine, so I need not tell his plans. I hope I shall like this new sister-in-law. He seems to think I have as much share in marrying her as himself has.

John Welsh has been made much of at Belfast, and complimented in public by Colonel Sykes. He sent me a Belfast newspaper. Oh! I had nearly forgotten—Lady Stanley has been in town, and sent to ask when she could find me, or if I would come to her. Drank tea with her—went and came in omnibus, but having Mrs. Heywood with me by way of lady's-maid. And now, good-night. I am very tired; and the tireder I am, the less I sleep.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 149.

To T. Carlyle, British Hotel, Unter den Linden, Berlin.

Chelsea: Oct. 5, 1852.

I write, dear, since you bid me write again; but upon my honour it were better to leave me silent; all the thoughts of my heart just now are curses on Mr. ——. I have not a word of comfort to give; I am wearied and sad and cross; feel as if death had been dissolved into a liquid, and I had drunk of it till I was full! Good gracious! that wet paint should have the power of poisoning one's soul as well as one's body! But it is not the wet paint simply; it is the provocation of having an abominable process spun out so interminably, and the prospect of your finding your house hardly habitable after such long absence and weary travel. Never in all my life has my temper been so tried. So anxious I have been to get on, and the workmen only sent here, seemingly, when they have nowhere else to go, and Mr. —— dwindled away into a myth! Not once have I seen his face! I will have your bedroom at least in order for you, and if the smell of the staircase is too bad, you must just stay the shorter time here. Lady A. wrote to invite us to the Grange on the fifteenth, for 'a long visit,' and I have engaged to go—myself for a week or ten days; but if you, I said, could stay longer it would be the better for

you. We shall see how it smells when you come, and need not make long programmes.

For myself I have been sleeping about at home, again, have done so since Monday. I had to give up my snug little lodging suddenly and remain here, for 'reasons which it may be interesting not to state.' As the painter (only one can I get) paints me out of one floor, I move to another; but I have slept oftenest in the back parlour, on the sofa, which stands there in permanency, and which, with four chairs and a quantity of pillows, I have made into an excellent bed. But surely it were more agreeable to write of something else.

Dr. H—— then! What Doctor H—— means I am at a loss to conjecture, but that he comes here oftener than natural is a positive fact. After the five ineffectual visits he made a sixth, which was successful. I was at home, and he stayed an hour and half!—looking so lovingly into my eyes that I felt more puzzled than ever. Is it to hear of Lady A. he comes? I thought, and started that topic, but he let it drop without any appearance of particular interest. 'He is an Austrian,' I thought again, and all Austrians are born spies, Reichenbach said; he may know I am the friend of Mazzini, and be wanting to find out things of him; so then I brought in the name of Mazzini, but that was also *no go*. When he was going away he said, 'In a few days I will do

myself the honour of calling again!' I did not want him to be taking up my time in the mornings, so I said, 'It was the merest chance finding me at present in the mornings.' 'At what time then may I hope to find you?' 'In the evenings,' I said, 'but it is too far for you to come then.' 'Oh, not at all.' Better fix an evening I thought, and have somebody to meet him. So I asked him for Wednesday, and had Saffi and Reichenbach here, and both were charmed with him, as well they might be, for he took such pains to please us; actually at my first request sang to us without any accompaniment. To-day he has been here again with his wife, a pretty, ladylike, rather silly young woman, whom Lady A. has taken into favour. Mrs. G—— called yesterday—of the same genus. The Captain[1] is come to town and is on his good behaviour for the moment. He says he was keeping a journal of his travels in Scotland, but when he found no letter from me at Oban, where he had begged me to write, he dropt his journal—'never wrote another word.'

I have had no accounts from John very lately—entangled in the details no doubt; indeed, I get almost no letters, not having composure or time to write any.

Geraldine has been some weeks in the Isle of Man, making love to some cousin (a doctor) she has there, and even she has fallen mute.

[1] A. Sterling.

Last Sunday I thought I had got a letter! Oh, worth all the letters that this earth could have given me! I was tumbling two boxfuls of my papers into one large box, when the desire took me to look into my father's day-book, which I had never opened since it came to me, wrapt in newspaper, and sealed, from Templand. I removed the cover and opened it; and fancy my feelings on seeing a large letter lying inside, addressed 'Mrs. Carlyle,' in my mother's handwriting, with three unbroken seals of her ring! I sat with it in my hands, staring at it, with my heart beating and my head quite dizzy. Here was at last the letter I had hoped would be found at Templand after her death—now, after so many years, after so much sorrow! I am sure I sat ten minutes before I could open it, and when I did open it I could not see to read anything. Alas! it was not that wished-for letter of farewell; still it was something. The deed was there, making over my property to her, and written inside the envelope were a few words: 'When this comes into your possession, my dearest child, do not forget my sister.—G. W., Templand, May 1827.'

Beside the deed lay my letter, which accompanied it, and a long, long letter, also mine, most sad to read, about my marriage, some copies of letters also in my father's writing, and a black profile of him. On the whole I felt to have found a treasure, though I was

dreadfully disappointed too, and could do nothing all the day after but cry.

Wednesday, 6th.—Last night I took to crying again at this point; besides, it was more than time to go to bed (figuratively speaking); and now I have my *all work* to attend to. Fanny continues the best-tempered of creatures, and her health keeps pretty good through all the mess; so that decidedly one may hope she will be equal to our needs in the normal state of things.

Do you know I think I have found out, though Erskine has never written to tell me, 'what God intended me for'—a detective policeman! I should have gone far in that career had it been open to my talent![1] You may remember an ornament I have been wearing for some years on my neck, or rather you certainly remember nothing about it. It was a large topaz, set richly in gold, forming a clasp to a bit of black velvet ribbon. Well, this disappeared while I was at my last lodging, and I was very sorry, as it was the first jewel I ever possessed, and was given me by my father. As I had perfect faith in the honesty of the simple people of the lodgings, I would not fancy it stolen there, and as little was it possible for me to believe anyone here had stolen it; it was gone anyhow, and for the first time in my life I let a thing I valued go, helplessly and hope-

[1] That is truth, too.

lessly, without one effort to recover it, beyond searching thoroughly the two places. One day, about a week after, it came into my head in the King's Road, 'Does it not look like a decay of my faculties to so part with my clasp? How many things have I not recovered by trying the impossible?' And then I said to myself, 'It is not too late for the impossible even now;' and set myself to 'consider'—thus: 'I am certain it is not mislaid, either at the lodging or at home; I have searched too thoroughly. I am equally certain that in neither house would any of the people have stolen it. *Ergo*, it must have been lost off my neck, or out of my pocket, out of doors. Off my neck? No; I had a blue ribbon on my neck when it was lost. Out of my pocket then? Now it couldn't have leapt out of my pocket; it must have been pulled out with my handkerchief, or my purse. With my handkerchief? No, I never use one, unless I am crying, or have a cold in my head; and I don't cry on the streets, and have had no colds this twelvemonth. With my purse, then, it must have been pulled out—*ergo* in some shop. I could not be pulling out my purse, except to pay for something. Now what shops was I in last week? I could easily count them: the Post Office, Warne's, Smith's, Todd's. I asked at the Post Office, at Smith's—no result; at Todd's—the same careless answer—but suddenly a gleam of intelligence came over Mrs. Todd's face, and she exclaimed to her girl, '*That* couldn't be *gold* surely,

that thing the children were playing with!' And it was my clasp, found by Mrs. Todd under a chair in her shop, and taken for 'a thing of no value,' and given to her little boys to play with; and so well had they played with it that only the setting could be found, and that after two days' search; the topaz had been 'lost in the Green Park!' But I was so glad to have the frame at least, and am getting some hair put in it, instead of the stone. But just fancy recovering such a thing out of space in London, after a week! I wonder if my letter will be over-weight. Such weather—rain, rain, and the paint—*ecco la combinazione!* Kind regards to Neuberg, who will certainly go to Heaven without any lingering in Purgatory.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 150.

To Dr. Carlyle.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, Oct. 18, 1852.

My dear John,—The last letter you got from me lay here two days before it got posted. I was put in what Anthony Sterling calls 'a state of mind,' and forgot it in my pocket. It was written at Hemus Terrace, that letter, late at night, and after writing it I went to bed, and I awoke with a bad headache, and when I got up at my usual hour (six o'clock), I reeled about like 'a drunk' (as Mazzini would say). But as no coffee or attentions were

there, I would go home to breakfast as usual, and, after splashing my head with cold water, succeeded in getting my clothes on. When I opened the front door it was a deluge of rain, and I had only thin silk shoes, with holes in them, and no umbrella. A beautiful outlook, with a sick headache! I rang the bell, and implored the landlady's daughter to lend me a pair of clogs and an umbrella, and these being vouchsafed me, I dragged home, thinking resolutely of the hot coffee that Fanny would have all ready for me, to be taken at the kitchen fire, and the kind sympathy that she would accompany it with. On reaching my own door I could hardly stand, and leant on the rails till it was opened. Fanny did not open it, but a Mrs. Heywood, who had been assisting in the cleaning for some days—a decent, disagreeable young woman. 'Oh,' she said, the first thing, 'we are so glad you are come! Fanny is in such a way! The house has been broken into during the night! the police are now in the kitchen!' Here was a cure for a sick headache! and it did cure it. 'Have they taken much?' I asked. 'Oh, all Fanny's best things, and a silver table-spoon, and a table-cloth besides!' A mercy it was no worse! In the kitchen stood two police-sergeants, writing down in a book the stolen items from Fanny's dictation; she, poor thing, looking deathly. There was no coffee, of course—no fire even—everything had gone to

distraction. The thieves had come in at the larder window, which Mr. Morgan had kept without a frame (!) for three weeks; the bolts on the outside of the back-kitchen door had saved the whole house from being robbed, for Fanny slept sound and never heard them. They had taken her nice new large trunk out of the back kitchen into the larder, broken off the lock, and tumbled all the contents on the floor, carrying away two shawls, two new dresses, and a variety of articles, along with the spoon, which had unluckily been left, after creaming the milk for my tea, and a table-cloth (good), which had been drying Nero; they had also drunk the milk for my breakfast, and eaten a sweet cake baked for me by Mrs. Piper; but they had not taken the half of Fanny's clothes, which are all excellent; nor three sovereigns, which she had lying wrapped in a bit of brown paper at the bottom of her box; nor a good many things of mine that were lying open in a basket for the laundress, and which they had also tumbled on the floor; nor many little things lying about in the back kitchen, which would have been useful to them, whence I infer that they had been frightened away. Fanny, though not conscious of having heard them, said that about midnight 'something awoke her,' and she stretched out her hand for her handkerchief which lay on a table at her bedside, and in so doing knocked over a brass candlestick,

which 'made a devil of a row'—doubtless that had disturbed them, or we should have lost more. As it was, Fanny's loss amounted to four sovereigns, I computed, which, of course, I gave her, though she was not expecting, poor thing, to be compensated, and kept declaring she was thankful it was her, and not the mistress, that had lost most. There were dirty prints of naked feet all over the larder shelf, on which they stepped from the window; a piece of the new shelf burnt with a candle that had been stuck to it. A mercy the fine new house was not set on fire! Policemen, four of them, kept coming in plain clothes, and in uniform, for the next three days, talking the most confounded nonsense, and then died away *re infecta*, not a trace of any of the *corpus delicti* found. Mr. Chalmers had a pair of heavy steps carried over his wall, and applied to a window of number one the same night, and a pair of bad worsted stockings left in his conservatory; the carrying away of the steps proved there had been more than one thief, as they were too heavy for one to take over a high wall. The window at number one was got up a little way, but stuck there. Almost every night since some house in the immediate neighbourhood has been entered or attempted, and still the police go about 'with their fingers in their mouths.' Of course I no longer went out to sleep, but occupied the sofa below, where the paint was least noxious.

Fanny was thrown into such a nervous state that I was sure she would take a nervous fever if she were not relieved from all sense of responsibility, which could only be through my own presence in the house. So I declined Mr. Piper's offer to come and sleep here instead of me. Besides, as they had seen our open condition—ladders of all lengths lying in the garden, and all the windows to the back, except the parlour ones, absolutely without fastenings (!)—I had considerable apprehension that they would return in greater force, and Mr. Piper, his wife confessed to me, 'would be useless against thieves, as he slept like a stone.' I sleep lightly enough for such emergency, and if I had to wait several days before the carpenter would return to put on the fastenings, I could at least furnish myself with a pair of loaded pistols. Capital good ones lie at my bedside every night, the identical pistols with which old Walter of the *Times* was to have fought his duel, which did not come off. Bars of iron I got put in the larder window next day, independently of Mr. Morgan. In a day or two more these bothering ladders will be taken away, and then, when I go to the Grange on Friday, Mr. Piper can come for the consolation of Fanny's imagination, and sleep as sound as he likes. I took care to let all the workmen, and extraneous people about, know of my loaded pistols. The painter came and examined them one day when I

was out, and said to Fanny: 'I shouldn't like to be a thief within twenty feet of your mistress, with one of these pistols in her hand. I shouldn't give much for my life; she has such a devil of a straight eye!' The workmen have all had to suffer a good deal from my 'eye,' which has often proved their foot rules and leads in error.

In writing to Isabella to-night I said nothing of all this, in case of frightening your mother, nor have I told Mr. Carlyle, in case he should take it in his head to be uneasy, which is not likely, but just possible.

And now good-night, and kind regards to the Ba-ing.[1]

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 151.

Returning (middle of October, 1852), 'half dead,' out of those German horrors of indigestion, insomnia, and continual chaotic wretchedness, I fly upstairs to my poor Heroic Helper; am met by her dear warning, 'Take care of the paint!' and find that she too is still fighting—has not conquered—that beast of a task, undertaken voluntarily for love of one unworthy. Alas, alas! it pains me to the heart, as it may well do, to think of all that. Was ever any noble, delicate, and tender woman plunged into such an abyss of base miseries by her own nobleness of heart and of talent, and the black stupidities of others? She was engaged out to dinner, and, as it was already night, constrained me to go with her. Hans Place. Senior, Frederick Elliot, &c.—not a charming thing in the circumstances.

[1] Note, p. 181.

We hereupon took refuge for a week or ten days (it seems) at the Grange—nothing recollected by me there—and by November were at last settled in our own clean house. Frederick had been upon my mind since 1851, and much reading and considering going on; but even yet, after my German investments of toil and pain, I felt uncertain, disinclined; and in the end engaged in it merely on the principle *Tantus labor non sit cassus* (as the 'Dies Iræ' has it). My heart was not in it: other such shoreless and bottomless chaos, with traces of a hero imprisoned there, I did never behold, nor will another soon in this world. *Stupiditas stupiditatum, omnia stupiditas.*

Beginning of March 1853 I must have been again at the Grange for about a month. Portuguese Ambassador and other lofty insignificances I can vaguely recollect, but their date not at all. *She* from some wise choice of her own, wise and kind it was sure to be, had remained at home.—T. C.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row: Friday, Dec. 31, 1852.

My dear Mrs. Russell,—Here is another year; God help us all! I hope it finds you better than when I last heard of you from my friends at Auchtertool. I have often been meaning to write to you without waiting for a New Year's Day; but in all my life I never have been so driven off all letter-writing as since the repairs began in this house. There were four months of that confusion, which ended quite romantically, in my having to sleep with loaded pistols at my bedside! the smell of paint making it as much as

my life was worth to sleep with closed windows, and the thieves having become aware of the state of the premises. Once they got in and stole some six pounds' worth of things, before they were frightened away by a candlestick falling and making what my Irish maid called 'a devil of a row;' it was rather to be called 'an angel of a row,' as it saved further depredation. Another time they climbed up to the drawing-room windows, and found them fastened, for a wonder! Another night I was alarmed by a sound as of a pane of glass cut, and leapt out of bed, and struck a light, and listened, and heard the same sound repeated, and then a great bang, like breaking in some panel. I took one of my loaded pistols, and went downstairs, and then another bang which I perceived was at the front door. 'What do you want?' I asked; 'who are you?' 'It's the policeman, if you please; do you know that your parlour windows are both open?' It was true! I had forgotten to close them, and the policeman had first tried the bell, which made the shivering sound, the wire being detached from the bell, and when he found he could not ring it he had beaten on the door with his stick, the knocker also being off while it was getting painted. I could not help laughing at what the man's feelings would have been had he known of the cocked pistol within a few inches of him. All that sort of thing, and much else more disagreeable, and less amusing,

quite took away all my spirit for writing; then, when Mr. C—— returned from Germany, we went to the Grange for some weeks; then when I came home, and the workmen were actually out of the house, there was everything to look for, and be put in its place, and really things are hardly in their places up to this hour. Heaven defend me from ever again having any house I live in 'made habitable!'

What beautiful weather! I was walking in the garden by moonlight last night without bonnet or shawl! A difference from being shut up for four months, as I used to be in the winter.

All is quiet in London now that we have got that weary Duke's funeral over; for a while it made our neighbourhood perfectly intolerable. I never saw streets so jammed with human beings in all my life. I saw the lying-in-state, at the cost of being crushed for four hours, and it was much like scenes I have seen in the Lyceum Theatre, only not so well got up as Vestris would have had it. I also saw the procession from Bath House, and that too displeased me; however, when the funeral car happened to stop exactly opposite to the window I was sitting at for some eight minutes, and I saw Lord Ashburton, and several others of the Duke's personal friends standing on the terrace underneath, with their hats off, looking on the ground very sorrowful, and remembered that the last time I had seen the old Duke alive was in that very

room, I could not help feeling as if he were pausing there to take eternal leave of us all, and fell to crying, and couldn't stop till it was all over. I send you some pictures of the thing which are quite accurate. It may amuse you to see what you must have read so much of in the newspapers.

And now will you give Mary and Margaret some tea or something, with my blessing, and dispose of the rest of the sovereign as you see fit?

With kindest regards to your husband and father, believe me

Ever, dear Mrs. Russell,

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 152.

Sir James Stephen used to frequent us on an evening now and then—a volunteer, and much welcome always. Son is the now notable James Fitzjames. Fat Boy is Senior the younger; had been at Malvern with us for the reason below, 'too much 'ealth,' according to the Gullies.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at the Grange.

Chelsea: Thursday, March 31, 1853.

Several letters for you; but nothing to tell, except that we have had a—what shall I say?—second fright with the cat! He or she (whichever be its honourworthy sex) disappeared this time for a whole day and night together, and having gone away over the garden wall, returned by the front area. A clever

cat this one, evidently, but of an unsettled turn of mind. The weather is beautiful now; the wind in the east, I fancy, from the roughness of my general skin; but the sun cannot be shining more brightly even at the Grange.

Sir James Stephen and his inseparable long son left a card yesterday. I saw them from the top of the street, and slackened my steps, till they were clear off. 'The Fat Boy' also made an ineffectual call one day, surely in a moment of 'too much *'elth*!' I was in the house, but 'engaged,' reading the last pages of 'Jeanne de Vaudreuil,' which, if Lady A. felt down to reading a pretty religious book, you may safely recommend to her; it is worth a dozen 'Preciosas.'

When I was paying a bill at Wain's on Monday, he asked, with an attempted solemnity, 'had I heard the news?' 'No, I had heard nothing; what was it?' 'The Queen!' 'Well?' 'Premature labour.' 'Well! what of that?' 'But—accompanied with death!' 'The child you mean?' 'No, the Queen!—very distressing isn't it, ma'am—so young a woman? Is there anything I can have the pleasure of sending you to-day?' I hardly believed the thing, and by going a little further satisfied myself it was 'a false report.' But was not that way of looking at it, 'so young a woman,' noteworthy? Mr. Wain being a model of respectable shopkeepers. What a difference since the time of the Princess Charlotte!

Tell Lady A. that I think there is no great harm in oranges in the forenoon; the rubbish at dessert is what you need to be withheld from.

I should be glad if you would ask for a bouquet for me when you are coming away.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 153.

'Moffat House,' where brother John was now established with his wife, is the Raehills' (Hope Johnstone) town house; a big, old-fashioned, red ashlar edifice, stands gaunt and high in the central part of Moffat; which the Hope Johnstones now never use, and which, some time ago, brother John had rented as a dwelling-place, handy for Scotsbrig, &c., being one of various advantages. 'Beattock' (ancient Roman, it is thought) is now the railway station about a mile from Moffat.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Moffat House: Friday, July 8, 1853.

And my letter must be in the Post Office before one o'clock! 'Very absurd!'[1] And I have had to go to Beattock in the omnibus with my cousin Helen to see her off for Glasgow, and am so tired! Don't wonder then if you get a 'John's letter'[2] from me also.

The most important thing I have to tell you is,

[1] 'Very absurd' is a phrase of John's. [2] Too brief generally.

that you could not know me here, as I sit, from a Red-Indian! That I was kept awake the first night after my arrival by a—hyæna! (Yes, upon my honour; and you complain of a simple cock!) And that yesterday I was as near as possible to giving occasion for the most romantic paragraph, of the 'melancholy accident' nature, that has appeared in any newspaper for some years!

But, first, of the hyæna. On my arrival I found an immense caravan of wild beasts, pitched exactly in front of this house; and they went on their way during the night, and the animal in question made a devil of a row. I thought it was the lion roaring; but John said 'No, it was only the hyæna!' I rather enjoyed the oddness of having fled into the country for 'quiet,' and being kept awake by wild beasts!

Well, having got no sleep the first night, owing to these beasts, and my faceache, I felt very bothered all Wednesday, and gladly accepted John's offer to tell you of my safe arrival, meaning to write myself yesterday. But it was settled that we should go yesterday to see St. Mary's Loch, and the Grey-Mare's Tail.[1] We started at nine of the morning in an open carriage, 'the Doctor,' and Phœbe—a tall, red-haired young woman, with a hoarse voice, who is here on a visit ('the bridesmaid' she was); my

[1] Lofty cataract in the green wilderness left altogether to itself—the most impressive I ever looked on. (See Sir Walter Scott, &c.)

cousin Helen, one little boy, and myself: the other two boys preceding us on horseback. It was the loveliest of days; and beautifuller scenery I never beheld. Besides that, it was full of tender interest for me as the birthplace of my mother. No pursuit of the picturesque had ever gone better with me till on the way back, when we stopped to take a nearer inspection of the Tail. The boys had been left fishing in the Loch of the Lows. John and Miss Hutchison had gone over the hills by another road to look at Loch Skene, and were to meet us at the Tail; so there were only Phœbe, Helen, and I as we went up to the Tail from underneath.

We went on together to the customary point of view, and then I scrambled on by myself (that is, with Nero), from my habitual tendency to go a little further always than the rest. Nero grew quite frightened, and pressed against my legs; and when we came close in front of the waterfall, he stretched his neck out at it from under my petticoats, and then barked furiously. Just then, I saw John waving his hat to me from the top of the hill; and, excited by the grandeur of the scene, I quite forgot how old I was, how out of the practice of 'speeling rocks;' and quite forgot, too, that John had made me take the night before a double dose of morphia, which was still in my head, making it very light; and I began to climb up the precipice! For a little way I

got on well enough; but when I discovered that I was climbing up a ridge (!), that the precipice was not only behind but on both sides of me, I grew, for the first time in my life that I remember of, frightened, physically frightened; I was not only afraid of falling down, but of losing my head to the extent of throwing myself down. To go back on my hands and knees as I had come up was impossible; my only chance was to look at the grass under my face, and toil on till John should see me. I tried to call to him, but my tongue stuck fast and dry to the roof of my mouth; Nero barking with terror, and keeping close to my head, still further confused me. John had meanwhile been descending the hill; and, holding by the grass, we reached one another. He said, 'Hold on; don't give way to panic! I will stand between you and everything short of death.' We had now got off the ridge, on to the slope of the hill; but it was so steep that, in the panic I had taken, my danger was extreme for the next quarter of an hour. The bed of a torrent, visible up there, had been for a long time the object of my desire; I thought I should stick faster there, than on the grassy slope with the precipice at the bottom of it: but John called to me that 'if I got among those stones I should roll to perdition.' He was very kind, encouraging me all he could, but no other assistance was possible. In my life I was never

so thankful as when I found myself at the bottom of that hill with a glass of water to drink. None of them knew the horrors I had suffered, for I made no screaming or crying; but my face, they said, was purple all over, with a large black spot under each eye. And to-day I still retain something of the same complexion, and I am all of a tremble, as if I had been on the rack.[1]

It is a lovely place this, and a charming old-fashioned house, with 'grounds' at the back. It is comfortably but plainly and old-fashionedly furnished, looks as if it had been stripped of all its ornamental details, and just the necessaries left. There is a cook, housemaid, and lady's-maid, and everything goes on very nicely. The three boys are as clever, well-behaved boys as I ever saw, and seem excessively fond of 'the Doctor.' John is as kind as kind can be, and seems to have an excellent gift of making his guests comfortable. Phœbe's manner is so different from mine, so formal and cold, that I don't feel at ease with her yet. She looks to me like a woman who had been all her life made the first person with those she lived beside, and to feel herself in a false position when she doubts her superiority being recognised. She seems very content with John, however, and to suit him entirely.

[1] Terrible to me was the first reading of this, with memory of the horror and peril of the actual locality.

My hand shakes so, you must excuse illegibility. I don't know yet when I am to go to Scotsbrig.

[No room to sign.]

LETTER 154.

Mrs. Braid is the excellent, much loving, and much loved old servant Betty. Her husband Braid, an honest enough East-Lothian man, is by trade and employment a journeyman mason in Edinburgh, his wife keeping a little shop in Adam Street there by way of supplement. They have one child, 'George,' an innocent, good lad, who has learned the watchmaking business, and promises modestly in all ways to do well; but had, about this time, fallen into a kind of languid illness, from which, growing ever worse, and gradually deepening into utter paralysis, he never could recover, but was for eight or nine years the one continual care of poor Betty till he died.

Mrs. Braid, Adam Street, Edinburgh.

Moffat House, Moffat: July 13, 1853.

My dearest Betty,—I am afraid almost to tell you that I am here, without being able to say positively that I am coming to see you. When I left London, to see you was one of the chief pleasures I expected from my travels. I intended to be in Scotland some six weeks at least, and to go to Haddington and Fife. But now it seems likely I shall have to return to London, almost immediately, without having seen anyone but my husband's relations in Dumfriesshire. Mr. Carlyle remained behind at Chelsea, having never

recovered (he says) from the knocking about he had last year in Scotland and Germany, while the house was repairing. He is very melancholy and helpless left alone at the best of times; and now I am afraid he is going to have a great sorrow in the death of his old mother. She has been in a frail way for years back; but within the last few days her weakness has increased so much that Dr. Carlyle thinks it probable enough she may not rally again, in which case I shall go home at once, to be some help to Mr. Carlyle. I am staying now with Dr. Carlyle's wife, while he himself is gone to see his mother; and his report to-night will decide me what to do. So in case I do not see you, dear Betty—and I fear I shall not see you—here is a ribbon, in remembrance of my birthday, with a kiss and my blessing.

Mr. Erskine writes that he saw you, and liked you very much. I am sure you would like him too.

The little view at the top of this sheet is where I live in London.

Bishop Terrot told me George was poorly when he saw you last. I hope he is recovered. If I do not write within a week, address to me, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 155.

Her visit to my mother I perfectly remember, and how my dear old mother insisted to rise from bed to be dressed, and go downstairs to receive her daughter-in-law out of doors, and punctually did so. I suppose the last time she was in holiday clothes in this world! It touched me much. My Jane she had always honoured as queen of us all. Never was a more perfect politeness of heart, beautifully shining through its naïve bits of embarrassments and simple peasant forms. A pious mother, if there ever was one: pious to God the Maker and to all He had made. Intellect, humour, softest pity, love, and, before all, perfect veracity in thought, in word, mind, and action; these were her characteristics, and had been now for above eighty-three years, in a humbly diligent, beneficent, and often toilsome and suffering life, which right surely had not been in vain for herself or others. The end was now evidently nigh, nor could we even wish, on those terms, much longer. Her state of utter feebleness and totally ruined health last year (1852) had been tragically plain to me on leaving for Germany. For the first time even my presence could give no pleasure, her head now so heavy.

These by my Jeannie are the last clear views I had of this nobly human mother. It is pity any such letters should be lost.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Scotsbrig: July 20, 1853.

I daresay you have thought me very neglectful, dear, in not writing yesterday, to give you news of your mother; but there was nothing comfortable, or even positive, to be said yesterday; and to torture

you at a distance with miserable uncertainties seemed a cruel attention. Through Saturday and Sunday your mother continued much the same as I found her on my last coming. Too weak and frail to be out of bed, but without pain or sickness; for the rest, perfectly clear in her mind, and liking us to be in the room talking to her. During the Sunday night she became very restless, and about seven on Monday morning she fell into a state which was considered by all here, the minister included, to be the beginning of the end. There was no pain, no struggle. She lay without sense or motion, cold and deathlike, hardly breathing at all. The minister prayed without her hearing him. John and Mary were sent for, with scarce a hope that they could arrive in time, and all of us sat in solemn silence awaiting the end. Had it come thus, you would have had no cause to lament, dear; a more merciful termination there could not have been to a good life. But after lying in this state from seven in the morning till a quarter after two in the day, she rallied as by miracle. Jane was wiping her lips with a wet sponge, when she (your mother) suddenly took the sponge out of Jane's hand and sponged her face all over with her own hand; then she opened her eyes, and spoke quite collectedly, as if nothing had happened; nor has she ever shown the least consciousness of having come through that fearful crisis.

When John and Mary arrived together, at a quarter after four, not expecting to find her alive, they found her a little weaker perhaps, but not otherwise worse than when they left her. She talked a good deal to me during the afternoon; said you had been as good a son to her as ever woman had; 'but indeed they had been all good bairns; and Isabella, puir bodie, was gaiy [1] distressed hersell, and it was just to say that Isabella had been often kind to her, extraordinar kind, and was ay kindest when they were alane thegither, and she had none else to depend on.' That I can well believe; and very glad I was to have those kind words to carry to Jamie and Isabella. Isabella had been crying all morning, for since Jane came your mother had hardly spoken to her. When I left your mother that night, she said in a clear, loud voice, 'I thank ye most kindly for all your attentions.' 'Oh, if I could but do you any good!' I said. 'Ye have done me good, mony a time,' she answered. I went to bed to lie awake all night, listening for noises. John slept in the mid-room. But the light of a new day found your mother better, rather than worse. It was more the recollection of the state in which she had been than her actual state that kept us in agitation all yesterday. One thing that leads me to believe her life will be prolonged is, that she recovered out of that crisis

[1] Gaiy, pretty much.

by the natural strength that was still in her; she must have been much stronger than anyone thought to have rallied after so many hours of such deathlike prostration, entirely of herself.

She had been in the habit of getting what seems to me perfectly extraordinary quantities of wine, whisky, and porter, exciting a false strength, not to be depended on for an hour. Of late days this system has been discontinued, and she takes now only little drops of wine and water, two or three times a day, and about the third of a tumbler of Guinness' porter at night. The day that John was sent for last week, he told me himself she had 'a bottle of wine (strong Greek wine), a quarter of a bottle of whisky (25 over proof), besides a tumbler of porter.' A life kept up in that way was neither to be depended on, nor I should say to be desired. Now she is living on her own strength, such as it is; and you may conceive what irritation is removed. I don't know whether it is to be considered lucky or unlucky that I came at this time. Of course I give as little trouble as possible, and make myself as useful as possible, and I feel sure that Jamie and Isabella like me to be here, even under these sad circumstances, and that the sight of me coming and going in her room does your mother good rather than harm; and then I shall be able to answer all your questions about her when I come back, better than the others could do by letter. As

for Mary, she is the same kindly soul as I knew her at Craigenputtock. Jamie was to have driven me over to the Gill on Monday, and instead the empty gig was sent to bring Mary here. She ran out of the house to meet me, and was told her mother was at the point of death. She is still here—but goes home to-morrow, I believe; and John goes back to Moffat to-day. He will probably be down again to-morrow. It is a comfort to himself to come, but he can do nothing; no doctor can do anything against old age, which is your mother's whole disease.

I shall be home one of these days. Any little spirits for visiting and travelling that I had left are completely worn out by what I have found here. I only wait till things are re-established in a state in which I can leave with comfort.

I have just been to see if your mother had awoke; she has slept two hours. I asked her if she had any message for you, and she said, 'None, I am afraid, that he will like to hear, for he'll be sorry that I'm so frail.' She has had some chicken broth. I will write again to-morrow, and I beseech you not to be fancying her ill off in any way. She has no pain, no anxiety of mind, is more comfortable, really, lying in bed there 'so frail,' than we have often seen her going about after her work. She is attended to every moment of the day, gets everything she is able to take. No one can predict as to the length of her

life, after what we saw on Monday; but there is nothing in her actual state or appearance to make it impossible, or even improbable, that she should live a long time yet. I would much rather not have written to-day, but I judged that my silence might alarm you even more than the truth told you. I like few things worse than writing ill news.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. W. Carlyle.

I had a very kind letter from Jeannie Chrystal,[1] pressing me to go there for a week or two; but, as I have said, I am quite out of heart. I have had no sleep the last two nights, and shall get none now, probably, till I am in my own bed at Chelsea. It is quite affecting, James's devoted attention to me. If I am but out half an hour for a walk, he will follow me to my bedroom, no matter how early in the day, carrying (very awkwardly, you may be sure) a little tray with a decanter of wine (not the Greek wine, but wine bought for me by himself) and a plateful of shortbread. Nor can anybody be more heartily and politely kind than Isabella has been to me.

My remembrances to Fanny.

[1] Cousin Jeannie, of Liverpool, now wedded in Glasgow.

LETTER 156.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Scotsbrig: Thursday, July 21, 1853.

It is a pleasure to write to-day, dear; your mother is so well. She went to sleep last night about eight o'clock, and slept a fine natural '*pluffing*' sleep till one in the morning, when she awoke and asked for some porridge, which having taken, she went to sleep again, and slept till six in the morning. Then she opened her eyes and said, 'write a line to the doctor' by the train to tell him 'no to come back the-day; for 'atwell[1] she wasna needing him.' Then off to sleep again till half after nine. I was sitting at her bedside when she woke up then quite fresh, and her first word was, 'Did they send a bit line to the doctor to bid him no come?' Her going on hitherto is all confirmatory of my first impression, that it could not be for nothing that she had come out of that death-like trance through her own unassisted strength; but that she was going to have a new lease of life with better health than before. I have not seen her so well as she is to-day since I came to the country; and Jane says she has not seen her so well since Candlemas; and Mr. Tait[2] told me an hour ago he had not seen her so well for eight weeks. And she has not had a drop of wine or whisky, or any of those horrible

[1] That well; very certainly.

[2] The clergyman.

stimulants to-day, so that one is sure the wellness is real.

It was put in my power, 'quite promiscuously,' to give her a little pleasure this morning. I 'do all the walking of the family' at present; carry all the letters backwards and forwards, like a regular post-woman, of my own free will of course, for Jamie would send to Middlebie or Ecclefechan at any time for me; but I can be best spared to go, and I like it. Since I came here, I 'have been known' to walk to Ecclefechan and back again twice in one day! And most times I get an old man for company; different old men attach themselves to me, like lovers; and I find their innocent talk very refreshing.

This morning I went to Middlebie as usual on the chance of a letter from you, and the post, as usual, not being come (I always go far too soon), I walked on, as usual, and met the postman halfway to Ecclefechan. Coming back, reading your notes, I met three or four women, one of whom stopped me to inquire for your mother. Then she left her companions and turned back with me, telling me about her mother, how ill she had been last week, and that she would 'like weel to ken what I thocht o' her looks compared wi' Mrs. Cairl's.'[1] And when we arrived at a farmhouse on the Ecclefechan side of the mill she

[1] Low Annandale for 'Carlyle's.'

begged me, as a great favour, 'just to step in and take a look o' her mother, and say what I thocht.' I did not refuse, of course; but went in, and sat awhile beside a good patient-looking old woman in the bed, who asked many questions about your mother, and told me much about herself. When I came in and described where I had been, it turned out I had brought your mother the very information she had been asking of all the rest yesterday with no result; and she had left off, saying, 'naebody cared for auld-folks nowadays, or some o' them would hae gaen an' asket for puir Mrs. Corrie.' And there had I come home with the most particular intelligence of Mrs. Corrie.

I must write to Thomas Erskine to-day; and to Liverpool to tell them they may look for me any day. With John hovering about 'not like one crow, but a whole flight of crows,' and Jane rubbing everything up the wrong way of the hair, my position is not so tenable as it would have been alone with your mother and Jamie and Isabella. But I could not have gone with comfort to myself, while your mother was in so critical a state. I shall probably go to Liverpool to-morrow or next day; at all events, you had best write there.

I am decidedly of opinion that one should make oneself independent of Ronca[1] and all contingencies

[1] Ronca, inhabitant of the then dilapidated No. 6 next door, who nearly

by building the 'sound-proof' room, since so much money has already been spent on that house.

Yours ever affectionately,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 157.

A letter, perhaps two letters, seem to be lost here, which contained painful and yet beautiful and honestly pathetic details of her quitting Scotsbrig before the time looked for, and on grounds which had not appeared to her, nor to anybody except my brother John, to be really necessary in such a fashion. It is certain all the rest at Scotsbrig (Jamie and Isabella especially, her hosts there) were vexed to the heart, as she could herself notice; and her own feeling of the matter was sorrowful and painful, and continued so in a degree, ever after, when it rose to memory. My dear little heavy-laden, tender-hearted, 'worn and weary,' fellow pilgrim, feet bleeding by the way over the thorns of this bewildered earth. Of this weeping all the way to Carlisle, on quitting one's fatherland, I surely remember another letter to have said (in the words of a foolish song then current)—

> And I left my youth behind
> For somebody else to find.

which gave the last sad touch to the picture. In one of killed us with poultry and other noises! The 'sound-proof room' was a flattering delusion of an ingenious needy builder, for which we afterwards paid dear. Being now fairly in for 'Frederick,' and the poultry, parrots, Cochin China, and vermin like to drive one mad, I at last gave in to the seducer, set him to work on the top of the house story as floor, and got a room, large, well ventilated, but by far the noisiest in the house, and in point of bad building, scamping, and enormity of new expense and of unexpected bad behaviour in hand and heart by his man and him, a kind of infernal 'miracle' to me then and ever since; my first view of the Satan's invisible world that prevails in that department as in others.

her letters to me it indubitably was. 'Sophy,' an orphan half-cousin, to whom and to her mother Uncle John's munificence had been fatherly and princely, was now, and still continues, Alick Welsh's good and amiable wife.

T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Liverpool: Monday, July 25, 1853.

Sophy's letter yesterday would be better than nothing, would at least satisfy you I had come to hand, though in *assez mauvais état.* I got your last letter, addressed to Scotsbrig, at Middlebie on my way to the station; and it cheered me up a little for 'taking the road.' God knows I needed some cheering. In spite of your letter I cried all the way to Carlisle pretty well; I felt to love my poor old country so much in leaving it that morning, privately minded never to return. After an hour-and-half of waiting at Carlisle I was whirled to Liverpool so fast, oh so fast! My brains somehow couldn't subside after. The warmest welcome awaited me at Maryland Street. My uncle looked especially pleased; Nero ran up to him alone in the drawing-room, as if to tell we were come; and when I went in, it was standing at his knees, my uncle's hand on his head, as if receiving his blessing.

But the front door and windows were being painted at Maryland Street; and they were afraid of the smell annoying me, and had settled I was to sleep

at Alick's. Alick and Sophy were there to take me home with them. I was better pleased to sleep here; it is a much larger, better-aired house. A more comfortable, quieter bedroom never was slept in; but I couldn't close my eyes; took two morphia pills at three in the morning, and they produced that horrible sickness which morphia produces in some people.

All yesterday I was in bed alternating between retching and fainting. Sophy 'came out very strong' as a nurse, and even as a doctor; reminding me so much of her mother. I wish you would write two lines of answer to her note; she was really uncommonly kind to me. To-day I am recovered, having slept pretty well last night, only 'too weak for anything.' I shall probably be home on Thursday, hardly sooner I think; but I will write again before I come. I told Sophy to tell you that your mother had slept twelve hours the night before I came away. She does not read herself at present, but Jane was reading the books you sent aloud to her. And Margaret Austin read aloud some of Chalmers's letters.

As Jamie and I were driving to the station on Saturday, we met Jessie Austin going to Scotsbrig to stay a little while in room of Margaret, who had gone home when Jean came.

I thought Jessie a remarkably nice-looking young

woman, sweet-tempered, intelligent, and affectionate-looking, and well-bred withal. I only spoke with her five minutes in passing, but she made the most decided impression on me.

'No more at present.'

Affectionately yours,

J. W. C.

Your letter to Maryland Street was brought up in the morning; but I could not read it till after noon. Thanks for never neglecting.

[Contains inclosure from Kate Sterling (dated 'Petersburg'!); do. from sister Mary, last part of letter is written on that.]

LETTER 158.

'Uncle John,' at Liverpool, died shortly after Mrs. Carlyle returned to London. 'Helen,' to whom this letter is written, died a few weeks after.

To Miss Helen Welsh, Auchtertool Manse.

Chelsea: Wednesday, Oct. 12, 1853.

Dearest Helen,—I know not what I am going to say. I am quite stupefied. I had somehow never taken alarm at my uncle's last illness. I had fixed my apprehensions on the journey home, and was kept from present anxiety by that far off one. My beloved uncle, all that remained to me of my mother. A braver, more upright, more generous-hearted man

never lived. When I took leave of him in Liverpool, and he said 'God bless you, dear' (he had never called me dear before), I felt it was the last time we should be together, felt that distinctly for a few hours; and then the impression wore off, and I thought I would go back soon, would go by the cheapest train (God help me), since it gave him pleasure to see me. That we have him no longer is all the grief! It was well he should die thus, gently and beautifully, with all his loving kindness fresh as a young man's; his enjoyment of life not wearied out; all our love for him as warm as ever; and well he should die in his own dear Scotland, amid quiet kindly things. We cannot, ought not to wish it had been otherwise, to wish he had lived on till his loss should have been less felt.

But what a change for you all, and for me too, little as I saw of him. To know that kind, good uncle was in the world for me, to care about me, however long absent, as nobody but one of one's own blood can, was a sweetness in my lonely life, which can be ill-spared.

Poor dear little Maggie, I know how she will grieve about these two days, and think of them more than of all the years of patient, loving nursing, which should be now her best comfort. Kiss her for me. God support you all. Write to me when you can what you are going to do. Alas! that I should be

so far away from your councils. I need to know precisely about your future in an economical sense; through all the dull grief that is weighing on me, comes a sharp anxiety lest you should be less independent than heretofore; to be relieved of that will be the best comfort you could give me at present. I never knew what money you had to live on, nor thought about it; now, it is the first question I ask. I am dreary and stupid, and can write no more just now.

Your affectionate

J. C.

When I saw your handwriting again last night, my only thought was 'how good of her to write another letter soon.' I was long before I could understand it.

LETTER 159.

After her return, 'Friedrich' still going on in continual painful underground condition, the 'sound-proof' operation was set about, poor Charley zealously but ineffectually presiding; Irish labourers fetching and carrying, tearing and rending, our house once more a mere dust-cloud, and chaos come again. One Irish artist, I remember, had been ignorant that lath and plaster was not a floor; he, from above, accordingly came plunging down into my bedroom, catching himself by the arm-pits, fast swinging, astonished in the vortex of old laths, lime, and dust! Perhaps it was with him that Irish Fanny, some time after, ran away into matrimony of a kind. Run or walk away she did, in the course of these dismal tumults, she too having gradually forgotten old things; and was never more heard of here.

We decided for Addiscombe, beautifullest cottage in the world; the noble owners glad we would occupy a room or two of it in their absence. I liked it much, and kept busy reading, writing, riding; she not so much, having none of these resources, no society at all, and except to put *me* right, no interest at all. I remember her coming and going; nay, I myself came and went. Off and on we stayed there for several weeks till the hurly-burly here was over or become tolerable. Miserable hurly-burly; the result of it, zero, and 'Satan's Invisible World Displayed' (in the building trade, as never dreamt of before!).

For the Christmas month, we were at the Grange, company brilliant, &c., &c.; but sad both of us, I by the evident sinking of my mother (though the accounts affected always to show the hopeful side); she, among other griefs, by the eminently practical one of Ronca's 'Demon Fowls,' as we now named them, and the totally futile issue of that 'sound-proof room.' 'My dear,' said she, one day to me, 'let us do as you have sometimes been saying, fairly rent that Ronca's house, turn Ronca with his vermin out of it, and let it stand empty—empty and noiseless. What is 40*l.* or 45*l.* a year, to saving one's life and sanity? Neighbour Chalmers will help me; the owner people are willing; say you "yes," and I will go at once and have the whole bedlam swept away against your return!' I looked at her with admiration; with grateful assent, 'Yes, if you can' (which I could only half believe). She is off accordingly, my saving champion (beautiful *Dea ex machinâ*), and on the day following, writes to me [T. C.]:—

To T. Carlyle, Esq., The Grange.

Chelsea: Monday, Dec. 19, 1853.

I cannot write till to-morrow, but just a line that you may not be fancying horrors about me. I did

get home, and did do what was to be done, but now I must go to bed. It is nothing whatever but a nervous headache, which was sure to have come after so many nights without sleep; and perhaps it was as easy to transact it on the railway as in a bed in a strange house. I shall be better to-morrow, and will then tell you how the business proceeds.

Greetings to Lady B——.[1]

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 160.

No. 6 Cheyne Row was, if I recollect, the joint property of two brothers, 'Martin' their name, one of whom had fallen imbecile, and could, or at least did give no authority for outlay on the house, which had in consequence fallen quite into disrepair, and been let to this Ronca with his washing tubs, poultries, and mechanic sons-in-law, and become intolerable as a neighbourhood. Poor Ronca was not a bad man, though a misguided ('Irish Fanny,' a Catholic like the rest of them, was thought to have done mischief in the matter); but clear it was, at any rate that on him (alone of all London specimens), soft treatment, never so skilful, so graceful, or gentle, could produce no effect whatever. But now wise appliance of the hard, soon brought him to new insight; and he had to knuckle and comply in all points. In a few days, my guardian genius saw herself completely victorious; the Ronca annoyances, Ronca himself in three months, &c., &c. Neighbour Chalmers, great in parochialities, did his best. The very house-agent was touched to the heart by such words (one Owlton, whom I never saw, but have ever since thanked), and this tragic

[1] Dowager Lady Bath, perhaps.

canaillerie too had an end. As all here has—all—but not the meaning and first of all! Thou blessed one, no. Farther letters on this tragic contemptibility I find none; indeed, perhaps hardly any came till my own sad re-appearance in Chelsea, as will be seen.—T. C.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday night, Dec. 31, 1853.

My dear Mrs. Russell,—Ever since I received your note by Mrs. Pringle, I have been meaning to write to you, yet always waited for a more cheerful season, and now here is New Year's day at hand, and my regular letter due, and the season is not more cheerful; and besides I am full of business, owing to the sudden movements of the last two weeks, and Mr. C——'s absence, leaving me his affairs to look after, as well as my own. We went to the Grange, (Lord Ashburton's) in the beginning of December to stay till after Christmas. I was very glad to get into the country for a while, and had nothing to do but dress dolls for a Christmas-tree. For the last months had quite worn me out; I had had nothing but building and painting for so long, varied with Mr. C——'s outbursts against the 'infernal cocks' next door, which made our last addition of a 'silent apartment' necessary. Alas! and the silent apartment had turned out the noisiest apartment in the house, and the cocks still crowed, and the macaw still shrieked, and Mr. C—— still stormed. At the Grange I should

at least escape all that for the time being, I thought. The first two days I felt in Paradise, and so well ; the third day I smashed my head against a marble slab, raised a bump the size of a hen's egg on it, and gave a shock to my nerves that quite unfitted me for company. But I struggled on amidst the eighteen other visitors, better or worse, till at the end of a fortnight I was recovered, except for a slight lump still visible, when Mr. C—— came to me one morning, all of a sudden, and told me I must go up to London myself, and take charge of some business—nothing less than trying to take the adjoining house ourselves, on the chance of letting it, and get our disobliging neighbours turned out ; and, there being but six days till Christmas (the time for giving them notice to quit), of course despatch was required, especially as the owner of the house lived away in Devonshire. I thought it a most wild-goose enterprise I was sent on, and when Lady Ashburton, and the others asked him why he sent poor me instead of going himself, and when he coolly answered, 'Oh I should only spoil the thing, she is sure to manage it;' it provoked me the more, I was so sure I could not manage it. But he was quite right—before the week was out I had done better than take a house we did not need, for I had got the people bound down legally 'under a penalty of ten pounds, and of immediate notice to quit, never to keep, or allow to be kept,

fowls, or macaw, or other nuisance on their premises,' in consideration of five pounds given to them by Mr. Carlyle. I had the lease of the house, and the notice to quit lying at my disposal; but the threat having served the end, I had no wish to turn the people out. You may fancy what I had suffered, through the effects of these nuisances on Mr. C.——, when I tell you that, on having this agreement put in my hand by their house-agent, I burst into tears, and should have kissed the man, if he had not been so ugly. Independently of the success of my diplomacy about the cocks, I was very thankful I happened to be sent home just then, otherwise I should have got the news of my cousin Helen's death in a houseful of company. It was shock enough to get it here. I had received a long letter from herself a day or two before leaving the Grange, in which she told me she was unusually well; and the night after my return I had sat till after midnight answering it. Two hours after it had gone to the post-office came Mary's letter, announcing her death. And the same day came Mr. C——, who had suddenly taken the resolution to go to Scotsbrig, and see his mother once more, John's letter indicating that she was dying fast. I hurried him off all I could, for I was terrified he would arrive to find her dead, and he was just in time. He writes he will probably be home to-morrow night. It has been a continuous miracle for me,

Mrs. C——'s living till now, after the state I saw her in last July. But poor Helen Welsh! One has to think hard, that she had a deadly disease with much suffering before her, painful operations before her, had she lived, to reconcile oneself to losing her so suddenly.

Tell me, when you write, if poor Mary got her comforter. Mrs. Aitken forgot it for a long time; but on my telling her you had not received it, she sent it, she said, at once. I send the money order for the usual purposes—Mary, Margaret, who else you like.

I hope Dr. Russell is quite strong now. Kind regards to him and your father. Tell Mrs. Pringle,[1] when you see her, that I regretted being from home when she called, and that I really think my own full second cousin might have come to see me without a recommendation, and at first, instead of at last. As she left word she was going next door, there was nothing to be said or done.

If you should not receive the usual donation from my cousins for old Mary, be sure to tell me; she must not be worse off at this advanced age. But I dare say Maggie will be very desirous to continue her father's good deeds. Poor little Maggie, I am like to cry whenever I think of her, kind, patient, active,

[1] A cousin of the Welsh family—one of the Hunters.

little nurse, and now transplanted to another country, her occupation gone.

Your affectionate

J. W. Carlyle.

I send for New Year's luck a book, which I hope you have not read already.

LETTER 161.

From the Grange I must have followed in three days. The Scotsbrig letters on my mother's situation were becoming more and more questionable, indistinct too (for they tried to flatter me); evident it was the end must be drawing nigh, and it would be better for me to go at once. Mournful leave given me by the Lady Ashburton; mournful encouragement to be speedy, not dilatory. After not many hours here I was on the road. Friday morning, December 23, 1853, got to the Kirtlebridge Station; a grey dreary element, cold, dim, and sorrowful to eye and to soul. Earth spotted with frozen snow on the thaw as I walked solitary the two miles to Scotsbrig; my own thought and question, will the departing still be there? Vivid are my recollections there; painful still and mournful exceedingly; but I need not record them. My poor old mother still knew me (or at times only half knew me); had no disease, but much misery; was sunk in weakness, weariness, and pain. She resembled her old self, thought I, as the last departing moon-sickle does the moon itself, about to vanish in the dark waters. Sad, infinitely sad, if also sublime. Sister Jean was there. Mary and she had faithfully alternated there for long months. It was now, as we all saw, ending; and Jean's look unforgettably sad and grand. Saturday night breath was nearly impossible; teaspoons of weak whisky punch alone giving some relief.

Intellect intrinsically still clear as the sun, or as the stars, though pain occasionally overclouded it. About 10 P.M. she evidently did not know me till I explained. At midnight were her last words to me, tone almost kinder than usual, and, as if to make amends, 'Good night, and thank ye!' John had given her some drops of laudanum. In about an hour after she fell asleep, and spoke or awoke no more. All Sunday she lay sleeping, strongly breathing, face grand and statue-like; about 4 P.M. the breath, without a struggle, scarcely with abatement for some seconds, fled away whence it had come. Sunday, Christmas Day, 1853. My age 58; hers 83.

T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Tuesday, Dec. 27, 1853.

Oh, my dear! never does one feel oneself so utterly helpless as in trying to speak comfort for great bereavement. I will not try it. Time is the only comforter for the loss of a mother. One does not believe in time while the grief is quite new. One feels as if it could never, never be less. And yet all griefs, when there is no bitterness in them, are soothed down by time. And your grief for your mother must be altogether sweet and soft. You must feel that you have always been a good son to her; that you have always appreciated her as she deserved, and that she knew this, and loved you to the last moment. How thankful you may be that you went when you did, in time to have the assurance of her love surviving all bodily weakness, made doubly sure to you by her

last look and words. Oh! what I would have given for last words, to keep in my innermost heart all the rest of my life; but the words that awaited me were, 'Your mother is dead!' And I deserved it should so end. I was not the dutiful child to my mother that you have been to yours. Strange that I should have passed that Sunday in such utter seclusion here as if in sympathy with what was going on there.

It is a great mercy you have had some sleep. It will surely be a comfortable reflection for you in coming home this time, that you will look out over a perfectly empty hen-court; part of it even already pulled down, as all the rest, I daresay, soon will be. There are cocks enough in all directions, as poor Shuttleworth remarked; but none will plague you like those, which had become a fixed idea, and a question, Shall I, a man of genius, or you, 'a sooty washerwoman,' be master here? If you would like to know the ultimate fate of the poultry, it was sold away to a postman, who has 'a hobby for fowls,' in Milman's Row. I let them make what profit they could of their fowls, for we had no right to deprive them of them, only the right of humanity to have the people forced to do us a favour voluntarily for a suitable compensation. I am on terms of good neighbourhood now with all the Roncas, except the old laundress herself, who 'took to her bed nearly mad,' the married daughter told me, 'at lying under

a penalty.' 'She must leave the place,' she said, her husband would sooner have died than broken his word, when he had passed it—and to be bound under a penalty!' I felt quite sorry for the people as soon as I had got them in my power, and have done what I could to soothe them down.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 162.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: July 13, 1854.

Isn't it frightful, dear Mrs. Russell, what a rate the years fly at? Another birthday come round to me! and it looks but a week or two ago since I was writing to you from Moffat![1] The days look often long and weary enough in passing, but when all 'bunched up' (as my maid expresses it) into a year, it is no time at all to look back on.

We are still in London with no present thought of leaving it. The Ashburtons have again offered us Addiscombe to rusticate at, while they are in the Highlands. But, in spite of the beauty and magnificence of that place, and all its belongings, I hate being there in the family's absence—am always afraid of my dog's making foot-marks on the sofas or carpet; of asking the fine housemaid to do something

[1] Letter lost.

'not in her work,' &c., &c.; and so would, for my part, much rather stay in my own house all the year round. When Mr. C—— gets ill with the heat, however—if this year there is to be any—he may choose to go there for a few weeks, and will need me to order his dinners.

I am hoping for a considerable acquisition before long: Miss Jewsbury, the authoress of 'The Half Sisters,' &c., the most intimate friend I have in the world, and who has lived generally at Manchester since we first knew each other, has decided to come and live near me for good. Her brother married eighteen months ago, and has realised a baby, and a wife's mother in the house besides. So Geraldine felt it getting too hot for her there. It will be a real gain to have a woman I like, so near as the street in which I have decided on an apartment for her. All my acquaintances live so far off, that it is mechanically impossible to be intimate with them.

You would be sorry to hear of poor Elizabeth Welsh's[1] accident. Ann has written me two nice long letters since, and added as few printed documents[2] as could be expected from her. From my cousins I hear very little now. Jeannie in Glasgow never was a good correspondent; I mean, always wrote remarkably bad letters, considering her faculty

[1] Her eldest aunt; fell and dislocated the thigh-bone; lame ever since. Youngest aunt, Grace, is now dead (since 1867).

[2] Given to inclose tracts, &c. Poor, good Ann!

in some other directions. Now there is a little tone of married woman, and much made of married woman, added to the dulness and long-windedness, that irritates me into—silence. As for the others, they all seem to think I have nothing to do at my age, but send them two or three letters for one! When my dear uncle was alive, my anxiety to hear of him overcame all other considerations; and I humoured this negligence more than was reasonable. Besides, Helen wrote pretty often, poor dear, and good letters, telling me something. Now, as they are all healthy, and 'at ease in Zion,' I mean to bear in mind, more than heretofore, that I am not healthy, and have many demands on my time and thought, and am besides, sufficiently their elder to have my letters answered.

I began to make a cap for old Mary; but it is impossible to get on with sewing at this season; so you must give her a pound of tea from me instead. Do you know I am not sure to this moment that she ever got the woollen thing I sent her through Mrs. Aitken. Mrs. Aitken forgot it, I know, and it was long after she said she had sent it to you by the carrier.

God bless you, dear Mrs. Russell. I am in a great hurry, visitors having kept me up all the forenoon. Love to your father and husband.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

I inclose a cheque (!) for five shillings.

Extracts.

To Mrs. Russell.

November 7, 1854.—Oh, aren't you miserable about this war?[1] I am haunted day and night with the thought of all the women of England, Scotland, and Ireland, who must be in agonies of suspense about their nearest and dearest. Thank God I have no husband, or father, or son, in that horrible war. I have some few acquaintances, however, and one intimate friend—Colonel Sterling; and I read the list of killed and wounded always with a sick dread of finding his name.

To the same.

December 30.—I have been shut up in the house almost entirely for six weeks with one of my long colds; but for that I should have been now at the Grange, where I had engaged myself to go on the 19th. The month of country, of pure air and green fields, might have done me good; but I felt quite cowardly before the prospect of so much dressing for dinner and talking for effect, especially as I was to have gone this time on my own basis, Mr. C—— being too busy with his book to waste a month at present, besides having a sacred horror of two several

[1] Thrice stupid, hideous blotch of a 'Crimean War,' so called.

lots of children who were to be there, and the bother about whom drove him out of all patience last year.

For me no letter in 1854. We did not shift at all from home that year, but were constantly together. Addiscombe at Easter was intended (at least for her) but it misgave. Ditto the Grange with me through December with a day or two of January—not executable either when the time came. She was in poor fluctuating health; I in dismal continual wrestle with 'Friedrich,' the *unexecutable* book, the second of my twelve years' 'wrestle' in that element! My days were black and spiritually muddy; hers, too, very weak and dreamy, though *un*complaining; never did complain once of *her un*chosen sufferings and miserable eclipse under the writing of that sad book.

One day last year (November 8, 1854) I had run out to Windsor (introduced by Lady Ashburton and her high people) in quest of Prussian prints and portraits—saw some—saw Prince Albert, my one interview, for about an hour, till Majesty summoned him out to walk. The Prince was very good and human. Next autumn (1855) I was persuaded out to a Suffolk week, under Edward Fitzgerald's keeping, who had been a familiar of mine ever since the old battle of Naseby inquiries. Father, a blundering Irishman, once proprietor of vast estates there and in Suffolk, &c. Foolish Naseby monument, his. Edward still lives in Woodbridge, or oftenest in his coasting boat, a solitary, shy, kindhearted man. Farlingay was a rough, roomy farm and house, which had once been papa's, and where Edward still had a rough and kind home when he chose. I did not fare intolerably there at all; kind people, rather interesting to me. Snatch of country welcome on

the terms. The good Fitz gave me a long day's driving, and, indeed, several others shorter, which are partly in my recollection, too. I had seen Aldborough, had bathed there, and thought as a *quasi*-deserted, but not the least dilapidated, place it might suit us for a lodging.

Ugly home voyage in Ipswich steamer, &c., stuffy railway having grown so horrible to me. At Addiscombe some time after, I had three weeks, mostly of utter solitude, strange and sombre. She only going and coming as need was.—T. C.

LETTER 163.

T. Carlyle, Farlingay Hall.[1]

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Aug. 14, 1855.

No, dear, I don't take your sea-bathing place, because I have a place of my own in view! Positively I fancy I have found the coming cottage.[2] I am just going off to consult Tait about it. And at all events you must go and look at it with me next Monday, before we incur any lodging expenses, which would be best laid out on a place 'all to oneself.'

I took such an amount of air and exercise yesterday as would have done for most nineteenth century 'females.' Started at eight by the boat,[3] with a good tide, and was at the station a quarter before nine. Was quite well situated in my open carriage, and

[1] On visit there to Mr. Fitzgerald.

[2] A poor old vacant hut at Rottingdean, which was to be furnished, to be sure! Dear soul, what trouble she took, what hopes she had, about that! *Sunt lachrymæ rerum.*

[3] Chelsea steamboat, for London Bridge.

reached Brighton without the least fatigue. Bathed, the first thing; and then walked along the shore to a little inn I had been told of by Neuberg and Ballantyne, as a charming, quiet place 'for even Mrs. Carlyle' to stop at;—found it, of course, noisy, dirty, not to be even dined at by Mrs. Carlyle, and walked on still further along the cliffs to a village I had seen on the map, and was sure must be very retired. The name of it is Rottingdean. It is four miles at least from the Brighton Station. I walked there and back again! and in the last two miles along the cliffs I met just one man! in a white smock! Thus you perceive the travelling expenses to one of the quietest sea villages in England is just, per boat and third class train, 3*s.* 10*d.*!—a convenient locality for one's cottage at all rates. The place itself is an old sleepy-looking little village close on the sea, with simple poor inhabitants; not a trace of a lady or gentleman bather to be seen! In fact, except at the inn, there were no lodgings visible. I asked the maid at the inn, 'was it always as quiet as this?' 'Always,' she said in a half whisper, with a half sigh, 'a'most too quiet!' Near the inn, and so near the sea you could throw a stone into it, are three houses in a row; the centre one old, quaint, and empty, small rooms, but enough of them; and capable of being made very liveable in, at small cost; and there are two 'decent women' I saw, who might, either of them, be trusted to keep it.

But I should fill sheets with details without giving you a right impression. You must just go and look. I returned to Brighton again, after having dined at the Rottingdean inn on two fresh eggs, a plateful of homebaked bread and butter, and a pint bottle of Guinness's (cha-arge 1*s.* 6*d.*). I walked miles up and down Brighton to find the agent for that cottage—did finally get him by miracle; name and street being both different from what I set out to seek; and almost committed myself to take the cottage for a year at 12*l.* (no rates or taxes whatever) or to take it for three months at 6*l.* However, I took fright about your not liking it; and the expenses of furnishing, &c., &c., on the road up; and wrote him a note from Alsop's shop that he might not refuse any other offer and hold me engaged, till you had seen and approved of it. If Tait shared this cottage, and went halves in the furnishing, it would cost very little indeed. My only objection to it, this morning, is that one might not be able to get it another year; and then what would be done with the furniture? But, oh, what a beautiful sea! blue as the Firth of Forth it was last night! I lay on the cliffs in the stillness, and looked at the 'beautiful Nature' for an hour and more; which was such a doing of the picturesque as I have not been up to for years. The most curious thing is the sudden solitude beginning without gradation just where Kemp Town ends. It

is as if the Brighton people were all enchanted not to pass beyond their pier.

One can get any sort of lodgings in Brighton. I brought away the card of one—very beautiful, and clean as a pin, where the lady 'received no dogs nor children; dogs she did not dislike, but she dreaded their fleas!' An excellent sitting-room and bed-room 30*s.*; sitting-room and two bed-rooms 2*l.*; but then they are such rooms as one has at home, not like Eastbourne! But Brighton is Brighton. Rotting-dean is like a place in a novel.

I am stiff to-day. I had to walk to St. Paul's last night, after all my walking, before I got an omnibus, and then from Alsop's home.

And last night the results of Cremorne in the King's Road were—what shall I say? strange, upon my honour! First I heard a measured tread; and then, out of the darkness, advanced on me eight soldiers carrying, high over their heads, a bier! on which lay a figure covered with a black cloth, all but the white, white face! And before I had recovered from the shock of that, some twenty yards further on, behold, precisely the same thing over again! I asked a working man what had happened. 'It was a great night at Cremorne, storming of Sebastopol; thirty or forty soldiers were storming,[1] when the scaffolding

[1] Populace, soldiers, officers: was there ever seen such a transaction among men before?

broke, and they all fell in on their own bayonets! The two who had passed were killed, they said, and all the others hurt.' But a sergeant, whom I accosted after, told me there were none killed and only three hurt badly.

Lord Goodrich had your 'Zouaves,'[1] and it is come back with a farewell note to me from the lady. And Lady Sandwich brought on Sunday 'Anecdotes Germaniques.' Is that one of the books you had last? Your silent room is swept and the books dusted.

I am making shocking writing; but my pen is horrid; my mind in a frightful hurry; and my hand very unsteady with yesterday's fatigues.

A letter from you was eagerly asked for last night, but it came this morning.

Those cows[2] must have been Philistines in some previous state of existence.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

Extracts from Mrs. Carlyle's Journal.

A part only of the following extracts was selected by Mr. Carlyle, and a part, sufficient merely to leave a painful impression, without explaining the origin of his wife's discomfort. There ought to be no mystery about Carlyle, and there is no occasion for mystery. The diaries and other papers were placed in my hands, that I might add whatever I

[1] Some French booklet on the subject.

[2] Lowing by night!

might think necessary in the way of elucidation, and in this instance I have thought it right to avail myself of the permission. It has been already seen that among the acquaintances in the great world to whom Carlyle's reputation early introduced him, were Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring, afterwards Lord and Lady Ashburton. Mr. Baring, one of the best and wisest men in the high circle of English public life, was among the first to recognise Carlyle's extraordinary qualities. He soon became, and he remained to his death, the most intimate and attached of Carlyle's friends. Lady Harriet was a gifted and brilliant woman, who cared nothing for the frivolous occupations of fashion. She sought out, and surrounded herself with the most distinguished persons in politics and literature, and was the centre of a planetary system, in which statesmen, poets, artists, every man who had raised himself into notice by genuine intellectual worth, revolved, while she lived, as satellites. By Lady Harriet, Carlyle was ardently welcomed. In the society which gathered about herself and her husband, he found himself among persons whom he could more nearly regard as his equals than any whom he had met with elsewhere. He was thrown into connection with the men who were carrying on the business of the world, in a sphere where he could make his influence felt among them. He was perhaps, at one time, ambitious of taking an active part in such affairs himself, and of 'doing something more for the world,' as Lord Byron said, 'than writing books for it.' At any rate his visits to Bath House and the Grange, Lord Ashburton's house in Hampshire, gave him great enjoyment, and for many years as much of his leisure as he could spare was spent in the Ashburton society.

The acquaintance which was so agreeable to himself was less pleasant to Mrs. Carlyle. She was intensely proud of her husband, and wished to be the first with him. She had

married him against the advice of her friends, to be the companion of a person whom she, and she alone, at that time, believed to be destined for something extraordinary. She had worked for him like a servant, she had borne poverty and suffering. She had put up with his humours, which were often extremely trying. As long as she felt that he was really attached to her, she had taken the harder parts of her lot lightly and jestingly, and by her incessant watchfulness had made it possible for him to accomplish his work. And now his fame was established. He had risen beyond her highest expectations; she saw him feared, admired, reverenced, the acknowledged sovereign, at least in many eyes, of English literature; and she found, or thought she found, that, as he had risen she had become, what in an early letter she had said she dreaded that she might be, a 'mere accident of his lot.' When he was absorbed in his work, she saw but little of him. The work was a sufficient explanation as long as others were no better off than she was. But when she found that he had leisure for Bath House, though none for her, she became jealous and irritable. She was herself of course invited there; but the wives of men of genius, like the wives of bishops, do not take the social rank of their husbands. Women understand how to make one another uncomfortable in little ways invisible to others, and Mrs. Carlyle soon perceived that she was admitted into those high regions for her husband's sake and not for her own. She had a fiery temper, and a strong Scotch republican spirit, and she would have preferred to see Carlyle reigning alone in his own kingdom. Her anger was wrong in itself, and exaggerated in the form which it assumed. But Carlyle too was to blame. He ought to have managed his friendships better. He ought to have considered whether she had not causes of complaint; and to have remembered how much he owed to her care for him. But Carlyle was wilful, and impatient of contradic-

tion. When his will was crossed or resisted, his displeasure rushed into expressions not easily forgotten, and thus there grew up between these two, who at heart each admired and esteemed the other more than any other person in the world, a condition of things of which the trace is visible in this diary. The shadow slanted backwards over their whole lives together ; and as she brooded over her wrongs, she came to think with bitterness of many recollections which she had laughed away or forgotten. Carlyle's letters during all this period are uniformly tender and affectionate, and in them was his true self, if she could but have allowed herself to see it. 'Oh,' he often said to me after she was gone, 'if I could but see her for five minutes to assure her that I had really cared for her throughout all that! But she never knew it, she never knew it.'—J. A. F.

October 21, 1855.—I remember Charles Buller saying of the Duchess de Praslin's murder, 'What could a poor fellow do with a wife who kept a journal but murder her?' There was a certain truth hidden in this light remark. Your journal all about feelings aggravates whatever is factitious and morbid in you ; that I have made experience of. And now the only sort of journal I would keep should have to do with what Mr. Carlyle calls 'the fact of things.' It is very bleak and barren, this fact of things, as I now see it—very ; and what good is to result from writing of it in a paper book is more than I can tell. But I have taken a notion to, and perhaps I shall blacken more paper this time, when I begin quite promiscuously without any moral end in view ; but just as

the Scotch professor drank whisky, because I like it, and because it's cheap.

October 22.—I was cut short in my introduction last night by Mr. C.'s return from Bath House. That eternal Bath House. I wonder how many thousand miles Mr. C. has walked between there and here, putting it all together; setting up always another milestone and another betwixt himself and me. Oh, good gracious! when I first noticed that heavy yellow house without knowing, or caring to know, who it belonged to, how far I was from dreaming that through years and years I should carry every stone's weight of it on my heart. About feelings already! Well, I will not proceed, though the thoughts I had in my bed about all that were tragical enough to fill a page of thrilling interest for myself, and though, as George Sand has shrewdly remarked, 'rien ne soulage comme la rhétorique.'

October 23.—A stormy day within doors, so I walked out early, and walked, walked, walked. If peace and quietness be not in one's own power, one can always give oneself at least bodily fatigue—no such bad succedaneum after all. Life gets to look for me like a sort of kaleidoscope—a few things of different colours—black predominating, which fate shakes into new and ever new combinations, but always the same things over again. To-day has been so like a day I still remember out of ten years ago;

the same still dreamy October weather, the same tumult of mind contrasting with the outer stillness; the same causes for that tumult. Then, as now, I had walked, walked, walked with no aim but to tire myself.

October 25.—Oh, good gracious alive; what a whirlwind—or rather whirlpool—of a day! Breakfast had 'passed off' better or worse, and I was at work on a picture-frame, my own invention, and pretending to be a little work of art, when Mr. C.'s bell rang like mad, and was followed by cries of 'Come, come! are you coming?' Arrived at the second landing, three steps at a time, I saw Mr. C. and Ann in the spare bedroom hazily through a waterfall! The great cistern had overflowed, and was raining and pouring down through the new ceiling, and plashing up on the new carpet. All the baths and basins in the house were quickly assembled on the floor, and I, on my knees, mopping up with towels and sponges, &c.

In spite of this disaster, and the shocking bad temper induced by it, I have had to put on my company face to-night and receive. —— and —— were the party. Decidedly I must have a little of 'that damned thing called the milk of human kindness' after all, for the assurance that poor —— was being amused kept me from feeling bored.

My heart is very sore to-night, but I have promised

myself not to make this journal a 'miserere,' so I will take a dose of morphia and do the impossible to sleep.

October 31.—Rain! rain! rain! 'Oh, Lord! this is too ridiculous,' as the Annandale farmer exclaimed, starting to his feet when it began pouring, in the midst of his prayer for a dry hay time. I have no hay to be got in, or anything else that I know of, to be got in; but I have a plentiful crop of thorns to be got out, and that, too, requires good weather. To-day's post brought the kindest of letters from Geraldine, inclosing a note from Lady de Capel Broke she is staying with, inviting me to Oakley Hall. This lady's 'faith in things unseen' excited similar faith on my part, and I would go, had I nothing to consider but how I should like it when there. I had to write a refusal, however. Mr. C. is 'neither to hold nor bind' when I make new visiting acquaintances on my own basis, however unexceptionable the person may be. The evening devoted to mending Mr. C.'s trowsers among other things! 'Being an only child,' I never 'wished' to sew men's trowsers—no, never!

November 1.—At last a fair morning to rise to, thanks God! Mazzini never says 'thank God' by any chance, but always 'thanks God;' and I find it sound more grateful. Fine weather outside in fact, but indoors blowing a devil of a gale. Off into space, then, to get the green mould that has been gathering

upon me of late days brushed off by human contact.

November 5.—Alone this evening. Lady A. in town again; and Mr. C. of course at Bath House.

When I think of what I is
And what I used to was,
I gin to think I've sold myself
For very little cas.

November 6.—Mended Mr. C.'s dressing-gown. Much movement under the free sky is needful for me to keep my heart from throbbing up into my head and maddening it. They must be comfortable people who have leisure to think about going to Heaven! My most constant and pressing anxiety is to keep out of Bedlam! that's all. . . . Ach! If there were no feelings 'what steady sailing craft we should be,' as the nautical gentleman of some novel says.

November 7.—Dear, dear! What a sick day this has been with me. Oh, my mother! nobody sees when I am suffering now; and I have learnt to suffer 'all to myself.' From 'only childness' to that, is a far and a rough road to travel.

Oh, little did my mother think,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
The death I was to dee.

November.—'S'exagérer ses droits, oublier ceux des autres, cela peut être fort commode; mais cela

n'est pas toujours profitable et on a lieu souvent de s'en repentir. Il vaudrait mieux souvent avoir des vices qu'un caractère difficile. Pour que les femmes perdent les familles, il faut qu'elles aillent jusqu'à l'inconduite, jusqu'au désordre. Pour les y pousser, il suffit souvent qu'un homme gâte toutes ses bonnes qualités et les leurs par des procédés injustes, de la dureté et du dédain.'

It is not always, however, that unjust treatment, harshness, and disdain in her husband drives a woman *jusqu'au désordre*, but it drives her to something, and something not to his advantage, any more than to hers.

To-day has been like other days outwardly. I have done this and that, and people have come and gone, but all as in a bad dream.

November 13.—Taken by —— to Lord John's lecture at Exeter Hall. The crowd was immense, and the applause terrific; the lecture 'water bewitched.' One thing rather puzzled me: at every mention of the name Christ (and there was far too much of it) the clapping and stamping rose to such a pitch that one expected always it must end in 'hip, hip, hurrah.' Did the Young Men's Christian Association take his Lordship's recognition of Christ as a personal compliment, or did it strike them with admiration that a Lord should know about Christ?

November 20.—I have been fretting inwardly all

this day at the prospect of having to go and appeal before the Tax Commissioners at Kensington to-morrow morning. Still, it must be done. If Mr. C. should go himself he would run his head against some post in his impatience; and besides, for me, when it is over it will be over, whereas he would not get the better of it for twelve months—if ever at all.

November 21.—*O me miseram!* not one wink of sleep the whole night through! so great the 'rale mental agony in my own inside' at the thought of that horrid appealing. It was with feeling like the ghost of a dead dog, that I rose and dressed and drank my coffee, and then started for Kensington. Mr. C. said 'the voice of honour seemed to call on him to go himself.' But either it did not call loud enough, or he would not listen to that charmer. I went in a cab, to save all my breath for appealing. Set down at 30 Hornton Street, I found a dirty private-like house, only with Tax Office painted on the door. A dirty woman-servant opened the door, and told me the Commissioners would not be there for half-an-hour, but I might walk up. There were already some half-score of men assembled in the waiting-room, among whom I saw the man who cleans our clocks, and a young apothecary of Cheyne Walk. All the others, to look at them, could not have been suspected for an instant, I should have said, of making

a hundred a year. Feeling in a false position, I stood by myself at a window and 'thought shame' (as children say). Men trooped in by twos and threes, till the small room was pretty well filled; at last a woman showed herself. O my! did I ever know the full value of any sort of woman—as woman—before! By this time some benches had been brought in, and I was sitting nearest the door. The woman sat down on the same bench with me, and, misery acquainting one with strange bedfellows, we entered into conversation without having been introduced, and I had 'the happiness,' as Allan termed it, 'of seeing a woman more miserable than myself.' Two more women arrived at intervals, one a young girl of Dundee, 'sent by my uncle that's ill;' who looked to be always recapitulating inwardly what she had been told to say to the Commissioners. The other, a widow, and such a goose, poor thing; she was bringing an appeal against no overcharge in her individual paper, but against the doubling of the Income Tax. She had paid the double tax once, she said, because she was told they would take her goods for it if she didn't—and it was so disgraceful for one in a small business to have her goods taken; besides it was very disadvantageous; but now that it was come round again she would give up. She seemed to attach an irresistible pathos to the title of *widow*, this woman. 'And me a widow, ma'm,' was

the winding up of her every paragraph. The men seemed as worried as the women, though they put a better face on it, even carrying on a sort of sickly laughing and bantering with one another. 'First-come lady,' called the clerk, opening a small side-door, and I stept forward into a *grand peut-être.* There was an instant of darkness while the one door was shut behind and the other opened in front; and there I stood in a dim room where three men sat round a large table spread with papers. One held a pen ready over an open ledger; another was taking snuff, and had taken still worse in his time, to judge by his shaky, clayed appearance. The third, who was plainly the cock of that dungheap, was sitting for Rhadamanthus—a Rhadamanthus without the justice. 'Name,' said the horned-owl-looking individual holding the pen. 'Carlyle.' 'What?' 'Car-lyle.' Seeing he still looked dubious, I spelt it for him. 'Ha!' cried Rhadamanthus, a big, bloodless-faced, insolent-looking fellow. 'What is this? why is Mr. Carlyle not come himself? Didn't he get a letter ordering him to appear? Mr. Carlyle wrote some nonsense about being exempted from coming, and I desired an answer to be sent that he must come, must do as other people.' 'Then, sir,' I said, 'your desire has been neglected, it would seem, my husband having received no such letter; and I was told by one of your fellow Commissioners that Mr.

Carlyle's personal appearance was not indispensable.' 'Huffgh! Huffgh! what does Mr. Carlyle mean by saying he has no income from his writings, when he himself fixed it in the beginning at a hundred and fifty?' 'It means, sir, that, in ceasing to write, one ceases to be paid for writing, and Mr. Carlyle has published nothing for several years.' 'Huffgh! Huffgh! I understand nothing about that.' 'I do,' whispered the snuff-taking Commissioner at my ear. 'I can quite understand a literary man does not always make money. I would take it off, for my share, but (sinking his voice still lower) I am only one voice here, and not the most important.' 'There,' said I, handing to Rhadamanthus Chapman and Hall's account; 'that will prove Mr. Carlyle's statement.' 'What am I to make of that? Huffgh! we should have Mr. Carlyle here to swear to this before we believe it.' 'If a gentleman's word of honour written at the bottom of that paper is not enough, you can put me on my oath: I am ready to swear to it.' 'You! you, indeed! No, no! we can do nothing with your oath.' 'But, sir, I understand my husband's affairs fully, better than he does himself.' 'That I can well believe; but we can make nothing of this,' flinging my document contemptuously on the table. The horned owl picked it up, glanced over it while Rhadamanthus was tossing papers about, and grumbling about 'people that wouldn't conform

to rules;' then handed it back to him, saying deprecatingly: 'But, sir, this is a very plain statement.' 'Then what has Mr. Carlyle to live upon? You don't mean to tell me he lives on that?' pointing to the document. 'Heaven forbid, sir! but I am not here to explain what Mr. Carlyle has to live on, only to declare his income from literature during the last three years.' 'True! true!' mumbled the not-most-important voice at my elbow. 'Mr. Carlyle, I believe, has landed income.' 'Of which,' said I haughtily, for my spirit was up, 'I have fortunately no account to render in this kingdom and to this board.' 'Take off fifty pounds, say a hundred—take off a hundred pounds,' said Rhadamanthus to the horned owl. 'If we write Mr. Carlyle down a hundred and fifty he has no reason to complain, I think. There, you may go. Mr. Carlyle has no reason to complain.' Second-come woman was already introduced, and I was motioned to the door; but I could not depart without saying that 'at all events there was no use in complaining, since they had the power to enforce their decision.' On stepping out, my first thought was, what a mercy Carlyle didn't come himself! For the rest, though it might have gone better, I was thankful that it had not gone worse. When one has been threatened with a great injustice, one accepts a smaller as a favour.

Went back to spend the evening with Geraldine

when Mr. C. set forth for Bath House. Her ladyship in town for two days.

November 28.—Took the black silk —— presented me with last Christmas to Catchpool, that it might be made up. 'Did you buy this yourself, ma'am?' said Catchpool, rubbing it between her finger and thumb. 'No, it was a present; but why do you ask?' 'Because, ma'am, I was thinking, if you bought it yourself, you had been taken in. It is so poor; very trashy indeed. I don't think I ever saw so trashy a moire.'

December 4.—I hardly ever begin to write here that I am not tempted to break out into Jobisms about my bad nights. How I keep on my legs and in my senses with such little snatches of sleep is a wonder to myself. Oh, to cure anyone of a terror of annihilation, just put him on my allowance of sleep, and see if he don't get to long for sleep, sleep, unfathomable and everlasting sleep as the only conceivable heaven.

December 11.—Oh dear! I wish this Grange business were well over. It occupies me (the mere preparation for it) to the exclusion of all quiet thought and placid occupation. To have to care for my dress at this time of day more than I ever did when young and pretty and happy (God bless me, to think that I was once all that!) on penalty of being regarded as a blot on the Grange gold and azure, is really too bad.

Ach Gott! if we had been left in the sphere of life we belong to, how much better it would have been for us in many ways!

March 24, 1856.—We are now at the 24th of March, 1856, and from this point of time, my journal, let us renew our daily intercourse without looking back. Looking back was not intended by nature, evidently, from the fact that our eyes are in our faces and not in our hind heads. Look straight before you, then, Jane Carlyle, and, if possible, not over the heads of things either, away into the distant vague. Look, above all, at the duty nearest hand, and what's more, do it. Ah, the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, and four weeks of illness have made mine weak as water. No galloping over London as in seven-leagued boots for me at present. To-day I walked with effort one little mile, and thought it a great feat; but if the strength has gone out of me, so also has the unrest. I can sit and lie even very patiently doing nothing. To be sure, I am always going on with the story in my head, as poor Paulet expressed it; but even that has taken a dreamy contemplative character, and excites no emotions 'to speak of.' In fact, sleep has come to look to me the highest virtue and the greatest happiness; that is, good sleep, untroubled, beautiful, like a child's. Ah me!

March 26.—To-day it has blown knives and files; a cold, rasping, savage day; excruciating for sick

nerves. Dear Geraldine, as if she would contend with the very elements on my behalf, brought me a bunch of violets and a bouquet of the loveliest most fragrant flowers. Talking with her all I have done or could do. 'Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak: O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed. My soul also is sore vexed: but thou, O Lord, how long? Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: O save me for thy mercies' sake.'

March 27.—Mr. C. took Nero out with him to-night, and half an hour after he opened the door with his latch-key and called in, 'Is that vermin come back?' Having received my horrified 'No!' he hurried off again, and for twenty minutes I was in the agonies of one's dog lost, my heart beating up into my ears. At last I heard Mr. C.'s feet in the street; and, oh joy! heard him gollaring at something, and one knew what the little bad something was. Ach! we could have better spared a better dog.

March 30.—Plattnauer told me how the 'grande passion' between —— and —— had gone to the dogs utterly—the general recipients of 'grandes passions.'

Oh, waly, waly, love is bonnie
A little while when it is new;
But when it's auld
It waxeth cauld,
And melts away like morning dew.

Beautiful verse, sweet and sad, like barley sugar dissolved in tears. About the morning dew, however! I should rather say, 'Goes out like candle snuff' would be a truer simile; only that would not suit the rhyme.

April 11.—To-day I called on 'my lady' come to town for the season. She was perfectly civil, for a wonder. To-day also I lighted upon an interesting man. It was in our baker's shop. While the baker was making out my bill he addressed some counsel to a dark little man with a wooden leg and a basket of small wares. That made me look at the man to watch its effect upon him. 'I'll tell you what to do,' said this Jesuit of a baker; 'Go and join some Methodists' chapel for six months; make yourself agreeable to them, and you'll soon have friends that will help you in your object.' The man of the wooden leg said not a word, but looked hard in the baker's face with a half-perplexed, half-amused, and wholly disagreeing expression. 'Nothing like religion,' went on the tempter, 'for gaining a man friends. Don't you think so, ma'am?' (catching my eye on him). 'I think,' said I, 'that whatever this man's object may be, he is not likely to be benefited in the long run by constituting himself a hypocrite.' The man's black eye flashed on me a look of thanks and approbation. 'Oh,' said the baker, 'I don't mean him to be a hypocrite, but truly religious, you

know.' 'If this man will be advised by me,' I said, 'he will keep himself clear of the *true religion* that is purposely put on some morning to make himself friends.' 'Yes,' said the poor man pithily, 'not that at *no* price!' In my enthusiasm at his answer, and the manner of it, I gave him—sixpence! and inquired into his case. He had been a baker for some time, met with an accident, and 'had to let his leg be taken,' after trying over eight years to keep it. Meanwhile his grandfather died, leaving him a small property worth 40*l.* a year, which he was still kept out of for want of a small sum of money to prove his right to it. I did not understand the law part of the story, but undertook to get some honest lawyer to look at his papers and give him advice for nothing.

April 21.—I feel weaklier every day, and my soul also is sore vexed—Oh how long! I put myself in an omnibus, being unable to walk, and was carried to Islington and back again. What a good shilling's-worth of exercise! The Angel at Islington! It was there I was set down on my first arrival in London, and Mr. C. with Edward Irving was waiting to receive me.

The past is past, and gone is gone.

May 29.—Old Mrs. D. said to me the other day when I encountered her after two years, 'Yes, ma'am, my daughter is dead: only child, house, and every-

thing gone from me; and I assure you I stand up in the world as if it was not the world at all any more.'

Mr. B. says nine-tenths of the misery of human life proceeds according to his observation from the institution of marriage. He should say from the demoralisation, the desecration, of the institution of marriage, and then I should cordially agree with him.

June 27.—Went with Geraldine to Hampstead.

Various passages in this journal seemed to require explanation. Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, who was Mrs. Carlyle's most intimate friend, was the only person living who could give it. I sent her the book. She returned it to me with a letter, from which I extract the following passages:—

'The reading has been like the calling up ghosts. . . . It was a very bad time with her just then. No one but herself or one constantly with her knows what she suffered physically as well as morally.

'She was miserable: more abidingly and intensely miserable than words can utter. The misery was a reality, no matter whether her imagination made it or not. . . . Mr. C. once said to me of her that she had the deepest and tenderest feelings, but narrow. Any other wife would have laughed at Mr. C.'s bewitchment with Lady A.; but to her there was a complicated aggravation which made it very hard to endure. Lady A. was admired for sayings and doings for which she was snubbed. She saw through Lady A.'s little ways and *grande-dame* manners, and knew what they were worth. She contrasted them with the daily, hourly endeavours she was making that *his* life should be as free from

hindrances as possible. He put her aside for his work, but lingered in the "Primrose path of dalliance" for the sake of a great lady, who liked to have a philosopher in chains. Lady A. was excessively capricious towards her, and made her feel they cared more about *him* than about *her*.

'She was never allowed to visit anywhere but at the Grange; and the mortifications and vexations she felt, though they were often and often self-made, were none the less intolerable to her. At first she was charmed with Lady A., but soon found she had no real hold on her, nor ever could or would have. The sufferings were real, intense, and at times too grievous to be borne. C. did not understand all this, and only felt her to be unreasonable.

'The lines on which her character was laid down were very grand, but the result was blurred and distorted and confused.

'In marrying she undertook what she felt to be a grand and noble life task: a task which, as set forth by himself, touched all that was noble and heroic, and inspired her imagination from its difficulty. She believed in him, and her faith was unique. No one else did. Well, but she was to be the companion, friend, helpmate—her own gifts were to be cultivated and recognised by him. She was bright and beautiful, with a certain star-like radiance and grace. She had devoted to him her life, which so many other men had desired to share. She had gone off into the desert with him. She had taken up poverty, obscurity, hardship even, cheerfully, willingly, and with an enthusiasm of self-sacrifice, on asking to be allowed to minister to him. The offering was accepted, but, like the precious things flung by Benvenuto into the furnace when his statue was molten, they were all consumed in the flames; and he was so intent and occupied by what he was bringing forth that he could take no heed of her individual treasures. They were all swallowed up in

the great whole. In her case it was the living creature in the midst of the fire which felt and suffered. He gave her no human help nor tenderness.

'Bear in mind that her inmost life was solitary—no tenderness, no caresses, no loving words; nothing out of which one's heart can make the wine of life. A glacier on a mountain would have been as human a companionship. He suffered too; but he put it all into his work. She had only the desolation and barrenness of having all her love and her life laid waste. Six years she lived at Craigenputtock, and she held out. She had undertaken a task, and she knew that, whether recognised or not, she *did* help him. Her strong persistent will kept her up to the task of pain. Then they came back to the world, and the strain told on her. She did not falter from her purpose of helping and shielding him, but she became warped.—GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY.'

LETTER 164.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, July 3, 1856.

Dearest Mrs. Russell,—Your letter quite warmed my heart, and gave me a pull towards Scotland, stronger than I had yet felt. I think it in the highest degree unlikely, and certainly it will not be my own fault if I am there without seeing you. But we have no programme positively laid out yet for the summer, or rather the autumn. Mr. C. always hithers and thithers in a weary interminable way, before he can make up his mind what he would like most to do. And so, as I don't like wandering in

uncertainties, with a net of 'ifs,' and 'buts,' and 'perhapses,' and 'possibles,' and 'probables' about my feet, I have got into the way of standing aside, and postponing my own plans, till he has finally got to some conclusion. His present 'most probably' is that he will go to his sister's, at a farm within a few miles of Annan, and 'enjoy perfect solitude for a time.' I mean, in that case, to stream off after 'my own sweet will;' as he would not need me with him at the Gill, and indeed there would be no room for me there, and I should only complicate his case. When he has settled to go there, or anywhere else where I am not needed, I shall proceed to scheme out a programme for myself, and I want to go to Scotland too, and I want to see you, and to see my cousins in Fife, and my old people at Haddington. But I do not take up all that practically at the present stage of the business, in case he take some new thought, with which my wishes could not so easily combine. I don't see any hope of his quitting London anyhow till the beginning of August, at soonest, which is a pity; the present month would be passed so much more pleasantly in the green country than here, where everything seems working up to spontaneous combustion. I was thinking the other night, at 'the most magnificent ball of the season,' how much better I should like to see people making hay, than all these ladies in laces and

diamonds, waltzing! One grows so sick of diamonds, and bare shoulders, and all that sort of thing, after a while. It is the old story of the Irishman put into a Sedan chair without a bottom: 'If it weren't for the honour of the thing, I might as well have walked!'

I shall write, dear Mrs. Russell, whenever I know for certain what we are going to do. And, as I have great faith in the magnetic power of wishes, I pray you to wish in the meantime that I may come; as I, on my side, shall not fail to wish it strongly.

I am just going off this burning day to—sit for my picture! rather late! But I have a friend, who has constituted herself a portrait-painter, and she has a real genius for the business; and Ruskin told her she must paint a portrait with no end of pains, must give it 'twenty sittings at the least.' And I suppose she thinks I am the most patient woman she knows, and may give her these twenty sittings, out of desire for her improvement. As she is a clever, charming creature, I don't feel all the horror that might be expected of my prospect.

My kind regards to your husband and father.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 165.

After Addiscombe and three months more of deadly wrestling with Friedrich and the mud elements, we went to the Grange for Christmas; stayed for several weeks. Company at first aristocratic and select (Lord Lansdowne and Robert Lowe); then miscellaneous, shifting, chiefly of the scientific kind (Jowett, and an Oxonian or two among them), some of whom have left more than the shadow of an impression on me. Our last Grange Christmas, such as it proved, under presidency of that great lady. We returned in January, both of us. I at least much broken by this long course of gaieties, resumed work for 1856, and with dreary obstinacy kept pushing, pushing. The intolerable heats of July forced us north again. Ride to Edinburgh in the Lady Ashburton's royal carriage, which took fire, and at Newcastle had to be abandoned, dustiest and painfullest of rides, regardless of expense, and yet actually taking fire and falling flat like Dagon of the Philistines. Nothing good in it but the admirable bearing of that great lady under its badness. The Ashburtons off towards Ross-shire next morning. I under promise to follow thither by-and-by. Towards Auchtertool Manse we two, where after some days I left my dear woman and took refuge with my sister Mary at the Gill, near Annan, seeking and finding perfect solitude, kindness, and silence (the first time there) for a good few weeks.

Scotsbrig ten miles off, but that was now shut to me. Poor brother John had tragically lost his wife; was much cast down, and had now, most unwisely as I thought, filled Scotsbrig with his orphaned step-sons—three mischievous boys, whom to this day none of us could ever get to like. Scotsbrig accessible only on a riding call at this time.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

Auchtertool: July 29, 1856.

I am glad that all has gone so well with you hitherto. 'A good beginning makes a good ending,' and we have both begun more prosperously than could have been anticipated. Even the lost clogs are quite well supplied, I find, by the things I bought, and which must have been made for the wife of Goliath of Gath; and they have got me a new box of Seidlitz powders, and new chloroform from Kirkcaldy. I have needed to take neither, 'thanks God.' For the rest all goes well with me also; only no sea-bathing has been practicable yet, nor does it look as if it would ever be practicable here; the dog-cart having many other more important demands on it, as well as old John and Walter himself. There are preachings going on just now, at which Walter has to assist. Last Sunday his place was supplied at his own church by a grey-headed preacher called Douglas, who flattered himself he had been at school with you; but the Thomas Carlyle he had been school-fellow to 'had reddish hair, and a sharp face.' I am never done thanking heaven for the freshness, and cleanness, and quietness into which I have plumped down; and for my astonishingly comfortable bed,

and the astonishing kindness and good humour that wraps me about like an eider-down quilt! It is next thing to being at Templand! I could almost imitate old 'Kelty,'[1] and fall to writing 'A Visit to my Relations in the Country,' followed up by 'Waters of Comfort' in verse! Of course I am sad at times, at all times sad as death, but that I am used to, and don't mind. And for the sickness, it is quite gone since the morning I left Chelsea; and I am as content, for the time being, as it were possible for me to be anywhere on the face of this changeful earth.

Of course I will never be 'within wind' of Scotsbrig without going to see Jamie and Isabella, who have treated me always with the utmost kindness. If I had been their own sister they could not have made me feel more at home than I have always done under their roof. I never forget kindness, nor, alas! unkindness either!

My plans are still in the vague; I feel no haste to 'see my way.' My cousins seem to expect and wish me to make a long visit, and I am not at all likely to take to feeling dull nowadays beside people who really care for me, and have true hearts, and plenty of natural sense. Besides I have two invitations to dinner for next week! and have made acquaintance with several intelligent people. Mean-

[1] Old scribbling governess person.

while I have written to my aunt Elizabeth, who I believe is alone just now at Morningside, and also to Miss Donaldson, to announce my proximity; and it will depend on their answers whether I pay them a few hours' visit from here, or a longer one when I leave here altogether.

Give my kind regards to Mary and the rest. I am sure you will want for no attention she can show you, or she must be greatly changed from the kind soul I knew her at Craig o' Putta.

Faithfully yours,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 166.

My Jeannie has come across to Craigenvilla (fond reminiscences of Craigenputtock!), her aunts' new garden residence of their own in Edinburgh, Morningside quarter, same neat little place where the surviving two yet live (1869). They had all gone deep into conscious 'devotion,' religious philanthropy, prayer meetings, &c. &c., but were felt to be intrinsically honest-minded women, with a true affection for their niece, however pagan!

Old Betty's [1] one child, a promising young man, who had grown to be a journeyman watchmaker, was struck with paralysis; powerless absolutely, all but the head, in which sad state his unweariable, unconquerable mother watched over him night and day till he died.—T. C.

[1] Old Haddington nurse.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

Craigenvilla, Morningside, Edinburgh: Thursday, Aug. 7, 1856.

Heaven and earth! I have been watching these three days for an hour's quiet to write in, but one would say there had been a conspiracy of things in general to prevent me. The day before yesterday I bathed at Kirkcaldy, and walked to Auchtertool after, and the fatigue was too much, and I was up to nothing but lying on the sofa all the evening, which delayed my packing till yesterday morning; and I got up at half after six, to leave time for a letter, and it was not till 'prayers' were over, and the breakfast ready, that I was ready to sit down. Immediately after breakfast the dog-cart came round to take me to the half after eleven boat. I tried writing again at Betty's; I could do nothing effectually except cry. She was so glad over me, so motherlike—and that poor dying lad, and her white worn face, and compressed lips; and the smile far more touching than any tears! Oh, it was so dreadfully sad, and yet her kisses, and the loving words about my father and mother, made me so happy! Then, when I got here to tea, my aunts were so unexpectedly tender and glad over me. I tried writing again in my bedroom, but it was lighted with gas, and I found I could not put the light out too soon to save my life. This morning,

again, I got up at half-past six to write to you; but I had paper and ink, and no pen! so went to bed again, and lay till half-past seven, amidst a tearing rumble of carts, that seemed to drive over my brain.

I go home[1] to-night; and shall be there till Monday or Tuesday (address Sunny Bank till Monday, if you write), then back here, and I fear I cannot avoid staying a few days next time, in spite of the sleeping difficulties; but they are so kind, my aunts. By the end of the next week, anyhow, I hope to get to Auchtertool again. I will write from Haddington—this steel pen is too dreadful.

Yours

J. W. C.

LETTER 167.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

Sunny Bank, Haddington: Friday, Aug. 9, 1856.

I got here last night about seven. The carriage was waiting for me at the station, but this time empty; no kind Miss Kate in it. We came in at the back gate; and when we turned round the house I saw Miss Jess, or rather I saw a face, or rather eyes straining at the dining-room window with a look I shall remember while I live. The next moment I was in her arms; and then my 'godmother' tottered blindly forward, and took me in hers; and the two

[1] To Haddington, to Misses Donaldson (eldest of them her 'godmother,' as was always remembered).

dear old women clasped and kissed and wept over me both together, and called out 'Jeannie, Jeannie!' 'Oh, my own bairn!' 'My angel' (!!) and ever so many beautiful names. Mrs. Donaldson and Miss Eliza [1] had kindly retired to their own room, that the meeting might transact itself in peace. A beautiful tea was waiting on the table—all so pretty and calm and good! It looked like one of those entertainments spread for the good boys that 'went out to *poos* their fortunes' in my godmother's fairy tales; and my godmother herself, like the good fairy, so little, oh, so little, she has grown! and her face so little and round, and so sweet! And Miss Jess has been transformed by Kate's death into an active, self-forgetting providence for the older and blinder sister. She waits upon her, cuts her bread into mouthfuls, is gentle and thoughtful for her, reads aloud to her (Miss Donaldson tells me), she herself being about eighty; and instead of complaints about her own ailments, it is all now 'Poor Jean!' and the loss she had in Kate. The hearts of these two old women are as fresh as gowans. It is like being pretty well up towards heaven, being here. And what a house! so quiet and clean, and so perfectly the same as I knew it thirty years ago! The same papers, the same carpets, the same everything that I made acquaintance with when I was a child, in perfect con-

[1] The famed Cantab. doctor's (Dr. Donaldson) mother and sister.

dition still. I expect to sleep in my great comfortable four-posted bed now that the first exciting night is over, and shall stay till the middle of next week, I think. My aunts were extremely kind, and expect me to make them a long visit on my return; but that is not possible, on account of the gas in my bedroom (at Morningside) and the public road passing the window, where carts grind from three in the morning. Besides that I like being at Auchtertool, and they want me there for all the time I can stay. Everybody is so kind to me—oh, so kind! that I often burst out crying with pure thankfulness to them all.

Betty said yesterday, speaking of the photograph I had sent her, the one with the bonnet and the dog, and which, together with yours, she has got handsomely framed and keeps in a pocket-handkerchief in a drawer! 'It has a look o' ye, but I dinna ken what that white thing is aboot the face!' 'That is the white roses of my bonnet, Betty.' 'A weel! a weel! May be sae! but as ye wur kindly sending me yer pictur, dear, I wud hae liket better ye had gotten 't dune wi' yer bare pow!' I promised her one with the bare pow, but said, 'You know, it is a shame for me to be without a cap or a bonnet at this age.' 'Ay, ay, I dar' say, it's no very richt; but ye ken, bairn, ye wasne brocht up to dae just like ither folk; at a' rates I'll hae the bare pow if ye please;

though I wudna be thocht ower greedy!' Dear, darling old Betty! She gets no rest night or day for that poor spectre of a son; and it looks to me he may live for years in this suffering, hopeless state. And the husband, though a good enough man in his way—sober and laborious, and all that—has not the refinement or the spirituality of Betty, and can be but a sorry comforter to her in her sore trouble. She called me back as I was coming away yesterday to say, 'Dear, wull ye tell Miss Donal'son, for I am sure it 'ill please her to hear it, that the Bish'p[1] is rale gude to us, puir auld manny!'

I had two bathes in the sea; neither did me any good—the first a great deal of harm, by ill luck. Just the day after I wrote—I had had no bathing—Walter took me to Aberdour; and I was to partly undress, and get a bathing gown at Aberdour House, where Mrs. Major Liddle lives. She gave me the key of the park, that Maggie and I might walk through it to the shore; but the key proved a wrong one, and, as there was no time to return for the right key, I proposed to Maggie to leap from the top of the wall, which was only high on the off-side. She positively declined; and we were at a fix, when a working man passing, I called to him, and asked him to catch us in leaping. He took me between his big thumbs, one on my left side, and the other, alas! on

[1] Terrot; the Donaldsons were Episcopal.

my right breast—that unlucky breast I am always hurting! There! I thought to myself, as I found my feet, 'There is something to serve me for six weeks again!'

I suffered a good deal for the first two or three days, and lost my just-recovered sleep. It (the pain) is going off, however, though still a nuisance, especially when I use my right arm. Remember that in estimating the virtue of this very long letter.

I inclose a note from Lady A., which was forwarded to me here this morning.

I am not sure where to address; but, as one letter was sent to Scotsbrig, I had best send this one to the Gill.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. C.

LETTER 168.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

Craigenvilla, Morningside: Tuesday, August 19, 1856.

Oh, dear me! I am back from Haddington; and a sad day yesterday was. The people at Haddington seem all to grow so good and kind as they grow old. That isn't the way with us in the south. It wasn't the Miss Donaldsons only that made much of me, and cried over me at parting, as if I were 'their own bairn.' Mr. Howden, Mrs. Howden, and all of them still alive, that knew my father and mother, were in

tears; and poor old Mr. Lea,[1] who has otherwise lost his wits, said, 'Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie, when you come again you won't find me here!' and then he said angrily to Miss Brown, 'Are you going to let that lassie go away by hersell? send the Man with her.' (The Man, meaning *his keeper*.) It would have touched you to the heart to see poor Jess Donaldson daundering about, opening drawers and presses to find something to give me. It was her chief employment all the time I was there. One day it was an Indian shawl; the next a real lace veil; the next a diamond ring, and so on, till the last hour, when after my boxes were all packed, she suddenly bethought her that I used to like old china, and took me privately to the press that contained her long-prized Indian china, and bade me take as much of it as I cared to carry; and then, when I told her my boxes were full, she said, 'Take my work-basket, dear, to pack it in; I shall never need it any more.' But inanimate objects were not all that I brought from home with me. I brought two live plants in flower-pots, one out of our own garden, and two live—oh, gracious! I picture your dismay!—'whatever' will you say or sing?—two live—ca-ca-naries! They were born in our own house, the darlings; and poor Mrs. Howden made with her own hands a black silk

[1] A kind of ex-military *haberdasher* (I think)—shop near the entrance to her father's house.

bag to draw over the cage, and trimmed it with braid. You may still hope that they shall get eaten by my aunt's cat, or my cousin's terrier, or, at least, by the cat or Nero at home. 'But I hope better things, though I thus speak.'[1] At all events, they shan't plague you the least in the world; and it was a luck for me yesterday in coming away that I had these live things to look after.

Aren't you a spoiled child, without the childness and the spoiling, to go and write in that plaintive, solemn way about 'help of some connexions of Jane's in Glasgow,' as if you were a desolate orphan 'thrown out *sang froid*[2] to charity.' If you weren't satisfied with the *duffle* you got, why couldn't you have said so straightforwardly, and told me you wished me to choose another? But I was to do it only 'if I wanted a lark,' or 'if it didn't satisfy me,' &c. &c. You know very well that if you had told me to go fifty miles to buy your dressing-gown, and that you were 'depending on me for doing it,' I shouldn't have hesitated a minute, and it could have been done now when I am on the spot without the least trouble, had you so chosen. But if it was merely to 'please my own taste' that I was to go into Edinburgh from Haddington and back again, or to give myself 'a lark,' I was right to decline. You have no notion what a disagreeable train that is; both in going and

[1] Scotch preaching phrase.

[2] Not '*de sang*,' &c. (*supra.*)

coming you have to wait at Long Niddry from half an hour to an hour, in consequence of the irregularity of the London trains, which stop there. The express don't stop. Yesterday I had to wait an hour all but three minutes. You will be glad to hear as a symptom that an enterprising man is starting anew the old Haddington stage, to go twice a week at the same price as the railway, for the comfort of passengers who have not temper to stand this irregular waiting.

My aunts received me back with the heartiest welcome; and I don't think it will be possible for me to get back to Auchtertool this week without offending them. But I have changed my room for one to the back, left vacant by Ann, who is in Dumfriesshire, and it is as quiet as Cheyne Row, except for a very singular water-cistern that runs without a minute's interruption day and night.

> 'Men shall come, and men shall go,
> But thou go'st on for ever!'

It is only a gentle sound, however, like the flow of a brook; and it rather helped me to sleep last night than otherwise.

By the way, the trash of things that bit you so must have been the new insect called 'harvest bugs,' or 'gooseberry lice,' imported, they say, in some American plants about twenty years ago; they last for six weeks, and are most tormenting. Mrs. Donaldson was covered, as with chicken-pox, from them;

and I finally was dreadfully bitten, but got off easier as I resolutely refused to scratch the places; they took me chiefly on the legs, of all places.

Yours faithfully.

LETTER 169.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Craigenvilla: Saturday, August 23, 1856.

Your letter of yesterday arriving at the same time with one from my aunt Ann (away in Dumfriesshire) to Grace, just as we were going to breakfast, threw us into such a little flutter of excitement that we all fell quite unconsciously into sin. I was reading my letter, and had taken a sip or two of tea and bitten into my soda-scone, and the others had done the same, when Grace suddenly shrieked out like 'a mad,'[1] 'Mercy! we have forgotten the blessing!' I started on my chair, and (to such a pitch of compliance with 'coostom in part' have I already reached) dropped instinctively the morsel out of my mouth into my hand, till I should see what steps were to be taken for making our peace. But the case was judged past remedy, and the breakfast allowed to proceed unblessed.

I was regretting to Betty that my aunts should live in such a fuss of religion. 'My dear!' said she, 'they were idle—plenty to live on, and nocht to do for 't; they might hae ta'en to waur; so we maun

[1] 'A mad,' Mazzini's.

just thole them, an no compleen.'[1] For the rest, they are more affectionate to myself than I ever found them before—really kind, almost to tenderness, especially Elizabeth, who seems much softened by her sad accident. I am glad I stayed, for henceforth I shall feel to have aunts, which is a gain to one who has no brothers or sisters, and whose 'many friends' are something like the hare's. At the same time I shall be well pleased to return to Auchtertool on Monday, where also they are adorably kind to me, and where I have more room to turn in, in all ways.

I have no friends in the north except Mr. Gillespie of Ardachy, who I dare say would give me a welcome. But it would be a deal too far to travel for any satisfaction I should get out of him, even were there no unknown wife in the case. I should prefer being 'well let alone' in Fife, till the time of our return to Chelsea, with just a week or so taken for Dumfriesshire. There they won't weary of me either, which is a main ingredient in my contentment. If I want to 'vaary the schane'[2] a little, I may go a few days to Miss Fergus, who has returned to Kirkcaldy, and sent me a kindly expressed invitation for 'a long visit.' She does not mention your name, as indeed was natural—considering. Thomas Erskine also in-

[1] 'They might have taken to waur,' wise Betty! This was never forgotten.

[2] 'Vaary the schane,' imitation of grandfather Walter — *supra. Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 101.

vites us both to Linlathen, and understands you to have written that you would come.

I went to call at poor Captain Paterson's (the house is close by here), and saw the Patersons [1] and Mrs. Stirling, who went home yesterday, and 'would write to me.' I should not much dislike going with you to Linlathen, if you take it on the way to the Highlands; but I would rather stay quietly with my own people. —— ——, too, has sent me an affectionate letter about coming to —— Castle; but, though in an affectionate mood when she asked me to come, her mood might change by the time I went. And, on the whole, I am not drawn towards —— Castle, but 'quite the contrary.' 'The honour of the thing' looks too mean, and scraggy, and icy a motive, to make me go a foot length, or trouble myself the least in the world, with all those tears and kisses I brought away from Haddington, still moist and warm on my heart, tears and kisses bestowed on me for the sake of my dead father and mother.

I have just been interrupted by a touching visit from Mrs. Anderson (Miss Grove),[2] who has been invalided with her spine for ten years. She was carried in by her husband, and laid on the sofa; a

[1] 'Captain Paterson,' Erskine's brother-in-law. Mrs. Stirling is Erskine's widow sister and lady house-manager.

[2] 'Miss Grove,' once a young Haddington friend and loved *protégée*, being English, and a stranger.

sad, grey, resigned-looking, suffering woman. But the husband so gentle and attentive to her, that there was a certain comfort in looking at them. I have an engagement to Betty, who will have curds and cream waiting for me, and I must go now. I am to dine out to-day, for the first time, with Miss Hamilton (of Gladsmuir), who asked Grace, too.

I always forgot to tell you that I met at the Liddells, in Fife, Mr. William Swan, and that I made him a pretty little speech about 'your enduring remembrance of his father's and mother's kindness to you,' on which account I begged to shake hands with him, which had the greatest success. He was so pleased that Walter followed up my advances by inviting him to a dinner-party at the Manse, and there I presented him with your photograph, which he called 'a treasure.' So fat a man one rarely sees, but he looks kind, and has the character of being 'most benevolent,' and he evidently had a deep affection for his parents.

Also I have a strange story to tell you about Samuel Brown's [1] illness; but that must lie over, or I shall miss the omnibus.

Good luck to the new clothes.

Yours ever faithfully,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

[1] 'Samuel Brown,' doctor of great promise once; poor young man killed in Edinburgh by too much kindness! (far worse than none, if blind both).

LETTER 170.

'Infants weeping in the porch.'

'Vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.'

Inclosures in this letter from poor Nero and servant Anne. This Anne, who had continued and did still for several years, was an elderly cockney specimen (mother still in Holborn), punctual, rational, useful, though a little selfish and discontented.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Auchtertool, Bedroom: Friday, August 29, 1856.

There! I have put my foot in it! I was well to a wonder; hadn't had one hour of my sickness, nor one wholly sleepless night since I left Chelsea; and the idea must needs take me, that Sunday I was in Edinburgh, to have out my humour to hear Dr. Guthrie. And so for two hours I was slowly simmered, as in one of Soyer's patent stewpans (the crush to hear him being quite as great in Edinburgh as in London). And then I had to walk to Morningside in a cutting east wind; and then, at the far end, a miserable refection of weak tea and tough toast by way of dinner, when I needed to have stimulants 'thrown into the system' (my aunts always dining on tea on Sundays, that the servant may attend both morning and afternoon 'services'). The consequence of all this bad management was a cold

on my nerves, which the crossing[1] next day, and the blowy drive in the dog-cart, brought to a height. And I have been two whole days in bed 'suffering martyrs' (as poor Paulet used to say); and am still very poorly, though to-day I can sit up and write, as you see. Indeed, last night I never once closed my eyes. Nothing could be more ill-timed than this illness, two dinner-parties having gone off here in the meantime to my honour and glory; and 'gone off without effect,' so far as I was concerned. Mr. Peter Swan (the other brother) was at the yesterday dinner; Walter thinking, after my speech to the younger Swan, that he could not be too hospitable to that family. Poor Walter! his poor little stipend must be dreadfully perplexed to meet all the demands his munificent spirit makes on it.

Besides these dinner-parties, we have a house choke full. Jeannie and her husband come over to see me chiefly; and Sophy from Liverpool, with 'Jackie,' a remarkably stirring little gentleman of three and a half years; and another human mite, that rejoices as yet in the name of 'Baby.' And in the dead watches of the night there will arise a sound of 'infants weeping in the porch;' and on the whole it is not now like Paradise here, as it was in my first two weeks. I should have stayed still here while the coast was clear, and only been going on my

[1] Of the Frith.

Haddington visit now. But, above all, I should not have gone and got myself all stewed into mush, hearing a popular preacher: though out of all sight the very most eloquent preacher I ever heard, or wish to hear. Never was there such exquisite artistic simplicity! never such gushing affluence of imagery! It reminded me of those god-daughters of good fairies in my nursery tales, who every time they opened their blessed mouths 'pearls and rubies rolled out.' But, alas! they were the pearls and rubies of a dream! One brought away none of them in one's pocket to buy a meal of meat with, if one happened to need one.[1]

So long as it is in my head, please send me three or four autographs for my aunt Ann, to give to some friend of hers, who has applied to her to beg them of you for some philanthropic purpose or other. I have had a knot in my pocket handkerchief to remind me of this for some time.

As to Samuel Brown—'the history of Samuel Brown[2] is this:' For seven years he has, as you know, been afflicted with some derangement of the bowels, which was always expected to terminate fatally in iliac passion. Some weeks ago he seemed beyond recovery, and, indeed, they were watching him for death. At last his bowels being moved by some very strong medicine, there was passed a little

[1] Never looked at eloquent Guthrie again. [2] See note, p. 294.

bone; a bone of some sort of game—grouse they think—about half an inch long only, and this having fixed its sharp end into the bowel had caused (the doctors are positive) his whole illness. He has no recollection of ever swallowing the bone. As it left an open hole in the bowel, and he was already so weak, they did not think he would be able to struggle through the cure, but it is now a good many weeks and he is still alive (I believe), and if he escapes the danger of having the bowel closed up in the course of healing the hole in it, he will be restored to perfect health, the doctors think.[1] All this, which I was told by Susan Hunter in Edinburgh, was corroborated for me by the poor man's sister at Haddington. Isn't it a strange story? such a poor, little, little cause producing so much torment and misery.

I have written till the perspiration is running down my face—not wisely but too well.

Yours faithfully,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 171.

T. Carlyle, Kinloch Luichart, Dingwall.

Scotsbrig: Thursday, Sept. 18, 1856.

Well, I am safe here, though not without a struggle for it.

[1] He died, poor fellow.

Your letter this morning is a degree more legible than the first one! But, dear me! what galloping and spluttering over the paper; as if you were writing in a house on fire, and bent on making a little look as much as possible! I have measured the distance between your lines in the letter just come, and it is precisely one inch. In the first letter, it must have been an inch and half! I call that a foolish waste of writing-paper! If you have an excellent bedroom, could you not retire into it for, say, one hour, in the course of a whole week, and write composedly and leisurely? Why write in the midst of four people?

For the rest, in spite of all objections, 'for the occasion got up,' I daresay you are pretty comfortable. Why not? When you go to any house, one knows it is because you choose to go; and when you stay, it is because you choose to stay. You don't, as weakly amiable people do, sacrifice yourself for the pleasure of 'others.' So pray do not think it necessary to be wishing yourself at home, and 'all that sort of thing,' on paper. 'I don't believe thee!'[1] If I were inclined to, I should only have to call to mind the beautiful letters you wrote to me during your former visit to the Ashburtons in the Highlands, and which you afterwards disavowed and trampled into the fire!!

[1] 'I don't believe thee,' my father's phrase.

As to Tom Gillespie, if you could have got into his hands, I am sure he would have been useful to you, and been delighted to be so. But the poor man is quite laid up, has been for long in a dangerous state. His sister, Mrs. Binnie, lives near the Caledonian Railway; and I spent the hours I had to wait for the train on Tuesday at her house, and she was speaking quite despondingly about him. So that is no go!

Five pounds is as easily sent as two one-pound notes; more easily indeed, for I have no one-pound notes. So I send a five-pound note to put you out of all danger of running short. It is a very unnecessary grievance that to incur! so long as one has money.

I write to Mrs. Russell to-day that I shall be at Thornhill on Monday, D.V. Isabella says I had best go from here to Annan; it will make the gig-journey shorter. I haven't the least objection to the gig-journey, 'quite the contrary.' But I daresay Jamie's time is very precious just now, so I accepted that route at once. Whether I return to Scotsbrig or not will depend on your arrangements.

Lady Ashburton is very kind to offer to take me back. Pray make her my thanks for the offer. But though a very little herring, I have a born liking to 'hang by my own head.' And when it is a question simply of paying my own way, or having it paid for

me, I prefer 'lashing down'[1] my four or five sovereigns on the table all at once! If there were any companionship in the matter it would be different; and if you go back with the Ashburtons it would be different, as then I should be going merely as part of your luggage, without self responsibility. Settle it as you like, it will be all one to me; meeting you at Scotsbrig, or in Edinburgh, or going home by myself from Thornhill.

This is September 19th, the day of my father's death.

Jamie is going to take me a little drive at one o'clock. He is such a dear good Jamie for me always!

Walter wrote me a long letter, to meet me at Scotsbrig, which I received in bed yesterday, and it gave me 'a good comforting cry;' it is so kind—oh, so kind and brotherly!

Yours faithfully,

JANE W. C.

[1] 'Lashing down my four or five sovereigns.' 'They tould me he was 'listed. I sought high and low; at last I found him in an upstairs room at breakfast among them, with an ounce of tay and a quarter of sugar, all lashed down on the table at one time! Says I, "Pat, you're going on at a great rate here, but," &c. &c.' Speech of an Irish peasant's father on his lost son, to Edward Irving long ago.

LETTER 172.

T. Carlyle, Kinloch Luichart, Dingwall.

Scotsbrig: Monday, Sept. 22, 1856.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! To be thrown into a quandary like this, just when I am getting ready to start for Thornhill! You are so wrong in your dates that I don't know what to make of it. '22nd' you have written at the top of your note, and it arrives here on the 22nd!

It may be all right, but also it may very probably be all wrong, and the five-pound note I sent you from Ecclefechan on Thursday, the 18th, and the long letter that accompanied it, gone to nobody knows where! Pleasant! Why can't you take money enough with you? If I had not been told to inclose notes I would have sent a post-office order on Dingwall.

Till I hear for certain that the letter and money are lost, I don't know what to write! There is no pleasure in telling you the same things over again.

I took the letter to Ecclefechan in the gig, and Jamie posted it while I bought envelopes. There was no visibility of the note in it even when held between you and the light.

Please to write immediately on receiving this, to Mrs. Russell's, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, to say you have got the money.

Jamie is going to drive me to Annan, and it is a day of heavy showers. But I am to be met at Thornhill station, and must go.

Yours faithfully,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 173.

Alas! my poor, much suffering, ever toiling, and endeavouring woman. No doubt I was very bad company, sunk overhead in the Frederick mud element.

Anne did not go at this time; but a sad, sick winter was awaiting my dear one: confined to the house for five months and utterly weak, says a note of the time! Her patience in such cases always was unsurpassable—patience, silent goodness, anxiety only for one unworthy.—T. C.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, Oct. 10, 1856.

Oh, my dear! my dear! my dear!—To keep myself from going stark mad I must give myself something pleasant to do for this one hour! And nothing so pleasant suggests itself as just writing to you, to tell you how miserable and aggravated I am! Geraldine says, 'Why on earth, when I was beside a doctor I had confidence in, didn't I consult him about my health?' Why? Because when I was beside Dr. Russell, and indeed (except for a common cold) all the time I was in Scotland, nothing ailed my health!

A London doctor's prescription for me long ago (the only sensible man I ever knew in the profession here—a pity he is dead), that I 'should be kept always happy and tranquil' (!!!), had finally got itself carried into effect for ten whole weeks, and was found an efficacy! But from the day I left Scotland quite other things than happiness and tranquillity have been 'thrown into my system'! I arrived here with a furious face-ache, Mr. C. having insisted on my sitting in a violent draught all the journey; that kept me perfectly sleepless all night, in spite of my extreme fatigue, and so I began to be ill at once, and have gone on *crescendo* in the same ratio that my worries have increased. Figure this: [Scene—a room where everything is enveloped in dark-yellow London fog! For air to breathe, a sort of liquid soot! Breakfast on the table —'adulterated coffee,' 'adulterated bread,' 'adulterated cream,' and 'adulterated water'!] Mr. C. at one end of the table, looking remarkably bilious; Mrs. C. at the other, looking half dead! Mr. C.: 'My dear, I have to inform you that my bed is full of bugs, or fleas, or some sort of animals that crawl over me all night!' Now, I must tell you, Mr. C. had written to me, at Auchtertool, to 'write emphatically to Anne about keeping all the windows open; for, with her horror of fresh air, she was quite capable of having the house full of bugs when

we returned;' and so I imputed this announcement to one of these fixed ideas men, and especially husbands, are apt to take up, just out of sheer love of worrying! Living in a universe of bugs outside, I had entirely ceased to fear them in my own house, having kept it so many years perfectly clean from all such abominations. So I answered with merely a sarcastic shrug, that was no doubt very ill-timed under the circumstances, and which drew on me no end of what the Germans call *Kraftsprüche*! But clearly the practical thing to be done was to go and examine his bed—and I am practical, *moi*! So, instead of getting into a controversy that had no basis, I proceeded to toss over his blankets and pillows, with a certain sense of injury! But, on a sudden, I paused in my operations; I stooped to look at something the size of a pin-point; a cold shudder ran over me; as sure as I lived it was an infant bug! And, oh, heaven, that bug, little as it was, must have parents—grandfathers and grandmothers, perhaps! I went on looking then with frenzied minuteness, and saw enough to make me put on my bonnet and rush out wildly, in the black rain, to hunt up a certain trustworthy carpenter to come and take down the bed. The next three days I seemed to be in the thick of a domestic Balaklava, which is now even only subsiding—not subsided. Anne, though I have reproached her with carelessness (decidedly there was not the vestige of a

bug in the whole house when we went away), is so indignant that the house should be turned up after she had 'settled it,' and that 'such a fuss should be made about bugs, which are inevitable in London,' that she flared up on me, while I was doing her work, and declared 'it was to be hoped I would get a person to keep my house cleaner than she had done; as she meant to leave that day month!' To which I answered, 'Very good,' and nothing more. And now you see, instead of coming back to anything like a home, I have come back to a house full of bugs and evil passions! I shall have to be training a new servant into the ways of the house (when I have got her) at a season of the year when it will be the most uphill work for both her and me. As to this woman, I kept her these three years because she was a clever servant, and carried on the house without any bother to me; but I never liked her as a woman; from the first week I perceived her to be what she has since on all occasions proved herself, cunning, untrue, and intensely selfish. The atmosphere of such a character was not good, and nothing but moral cowardice could have made me go on with her. But I did so dread always the bothers and risks of 'a change'! Now, however, that it is forced on me, I console myself by thinking, with that 'hope which springs eternal in the human mind,' that I may find a servant, after all, whom it may be

possible to, not only train into my ways, but attach to me! What a fool I am! Oh, I should so like a Scotchwoman, if I could get any feasible Scotchwoman. These Londoners are all of the cut of this woman. I have written to Haddington, where the servants used to be very good, to know if they can do anything for me. I suppose it is needless asking you; of course, if there had been any 'treasure' procurable you would have engaged her yourself. But do you really know nobody I could get from Nithsdale? How stupid it was of Margaret not to come when I wanted her. I am sure it is harder work she must have at the Castle. Oh, my darling, I wish you were here to give me a kiss, and cheer me up a bit with your soft voice! In cases of this sort, Geraldine with the best intentions is no help. She is unpractical, like all women of genius! She was so pleased with your letter! 'My dear,' she said to me, 'how is it that women who don't write books write always so much nicer letters than those who do?' I told her it was, I supposed, because they did not write in the 'Valley of the shadow' of their future biographer, but wrote what they had to say frankly and naturally.

Your father (a kiss to him) should write me a word about 'Providence.' Oh, be pleased all of you, Dr. Russell too, for all so busy as he is, to think of me, and love me! I have great faith in the magnetic

influence of kind thoughts. And, upon my honour, I need to be soothed—magnetically, and in any possible way!

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 174.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Jan. 2, 1857.

My dear Mary,—The box came yesterday, all safe—not so much as one egg cracked, and just in time to have one of the fowls boiled for Mr. C.'s dinner. Mr. C. dines all by himself at present, I merely looking on, as he doesn't participate in my dislike to eating in presence of one's fellow-creatures not similarly occupied.

Since my illness, that is to say, pretty nearly ever since I returned from Scotland, I have used my privilege of invalid (and no doubt about it) to dine at the hour when nature and reason prompt me to dine, viz. two o'clock, instead of at Mr. C.'s fashionable hour of six. So my go at the fowl comes off to-day. They look famous ones; and as for the goose—heaven and earth! what a goose! Even Anne, who is so difficult to warm up to bare satisfaction point with anything of an eatable sort, stood amazed before that goose, 'as in presence of the infinite!' and, when she had found her tongue, broke forth with, 'Lord! ain't it

fat, ma'm?' Thank you very much, dear Mary. Your box reminds me of the time when you came to me at some dreadful inn at Annan, where I happened to be, I don't remember why, and was doing I don't remember what, except that I was horridly sick and uncomfortable, and you came tripping in with a reticule-basket, and gave me little cakes and sweeties out of it; and that comforted my mind, if not exactly good for my stomach. Dear Mary, how kind you used to be in those old times, when we were thrown so much on one another's company! That is the only feature of my existence at Craig-o'-putta that I recall with pleasure; the rest of it was most dreary and uncongenial.

The meal is welcome, for I brought but little from Scotsbrig, not thinking to need more. When I dine in the middle of the day, however, I can take my old supper of porridge, provided I feel up to the bother of making it myself. So I have my porridge, while Mr. C. takes his more unsubstantial breadberry—so I call it—Anne calls it 'Master's pap'!

We have beautiful weather again, and I get out for a drive in an omnibus. The Scotsbrig gig would be nicer, but anything is better than walking, when one feels like an eel in the matter of backbone. I go in an omnibus from the bottom of our street to the end of its line, and just come back again; thus realising some fourteen miles of shaking at the modest

cost of one shilling. Mr. C.'s horse gives him the highest satisfaction; he says it is a quite remarkable combination of courage and sensibility. The Secretary, too, would do well enough if he could only give over 'sniffing through his nose.' The canaries are the happiest creatures in the house; the dog next.

Kind regards to your husband and Margaret.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 175.

Monday, May 4, 1857.—At Paris, on her way home from Nice, Lady Ashburton (born Lady Harriett Montague) suddenly died: suddenly to the doctors and those who believed them; in which number, fondly hoping against hope, was I. A sad and greatly interesting event to me and to many! The most queen-like woman I had ever known or seen. The honour of her constant regard had for ten years back been among my proudest and most valued possessions—lost now; gone—for ever gone! This was our first visit to Addiscombe after. I rode much about with Lord A. in intimate talk, and well recollect this visit of perhaps a week or ten days, and of the weeks that preceded and followed. How well I still remember the evening Richard Milnes brought down the news; the moonlit streets, and dirge-like tone of everything, as I walked up to Lady Sandwich's door and asked for the weak, devoted, aged mother. In no society, English or other, had I seen the equal or the second of this great lady that was gone; by nature and by culture *facile princeps* she, I think, of all great ladies I have ever seen.

My Jane's miserable illness now over, a visit to Haddington was steadily in view all summer. July 7.—Craik from

Belfast, with his daughters, was here holidaying; had decided on flying to Edinburgh by some unrivalled and cheap excursion train, and persuaded her to go with them. I accompanied to Euston Square; had dismal omens of the 'unrivalled,' which were fully realised through the night.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank, Haddington: Wednesday, July 8, 1857.

Oh, mercy! Lord be thanked! 'Good times, and bad times, and all times pass over.' Last night is passed over, like an excessively bad dream; and I am sitting here in cleanness and quiet, announcing my safety so far. But it is a wonder that somebody else has not rather to announce my death by 'bad air.' Oh, my dear! you saw all those people in one box, sixteen of them! Well, imagine that they closed every window and slit, except the fourth window, commanded by Georgina [1] and me. Not one breath of air to be had all night except in holding one's head out of the window. Craik and his offsprings [2] were very attentive and kind, and I ate my cold fowl wing, and drank a little brandy and water; and the large Scotchman offered me 'his shoulder to rest on, if it would be of any service;' but what availed all that against 'a polluted atmosphere'? How it happened that everybody got through the night alive I can't explain; nay, everybody but Craik, one of his girls, and myself, slept the sleep

[1] Craik.

[2] Both (*supra*).

of the just! By the way, you may tell Mr. Larkin 'snoring' is not audible in a railway train. My chief torment proceeded from the tendency to sleep produced by the atmosphere getting itself overcome by the upright position, with no rest for the head. It 'was cheap,' but I did not 'like it,'[1] and have seldom been thankfuller than when I found myself the only living creature visible at the Dunbar station, after the Craiks had streamed away. I washed my face with Eau-de-Cologne, and combed my dishevelled hair in a little, cold, tidy waiting-room; and in about an hour my train came and picked me up, and set me down at Haddington station soon after nine, where the carriage was duly waiting.

I never saw the country about here look so lovely, but I viewed it all with a calm about as morbid as was my excitement last year. Dear Miss Jess received me with open arms in a room with a bright fire, and the prettiest breakfast-table set out. Miss Donaldson does not come down till eleven. They are the same heavenly kind creatures, and there is no falling off even in looks since last year. I am not going out of the house again to-day, but I cannot write, I am so wearied! oh, so dreadfully wearied! Being hindered from sleeping is quite another thing from not being able to sleep.

I hope you found a fire when you got home, and

[1] Famous Dr. Reid on whisky punch.

some reasonable good tea. If you could fancy me in some part of the house out of sight, my absence would make little difference, considering how little I see of you, and how preoccupied you are when I do see you.

Do you know I had yester-even a presentiment I should die before I got back? Those things Lord Ashburton brought had shivered me all through, and the first thing we met was a coffin. I was so nervous that I wanted to scream, but the physical weariness had quashed down that nonsense.

Oh! be kind to Nero, and slightly attentive to the canaries, and my poor little nettle and gooseberry bush. Moreover, tell Anne she will find Mrs. Cook's bill in my blot-book; I forgot to give it to her. I also forgot to bring my boa; tell Anne, please, to shake it every two or three days, and to leave the fur jacket exposed to the air where I placed it, and shake it and the great fur coat downstairs frequently. She let the moths get into my fur last year. A kiss to Nero.

I wonder how you are getting along.

God keep you.

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

I wish you would thank Lord Ashburton for me. I couldn't say anything about his kindness in giving

me those things, which she had been in the habit of wearing. I felt so sick and so like to cry, that I am afraid I seemed quite stupid and ungrateful to him.

LETTER 176.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Haddington: July 14, 1857.

Good morning, dear! I wonder if you are 'quite happy and comfortable' this morning? or—what shall I say—'contrairy'? Perhaps I may have a letter by the midday post; your last came by it. But it is best, in my own writing, to take time 'by the forelock;' his pigtail is so apt to come away in one's hand! Indeed, I have less time for letter-writing here than might be thought, considering the quiet monotony of the life I lead. I am 'called' at eight by their clock; but in reality at half-past seven; and at a quarter after eight (in reality) Miss Jess and I sit down to breakfast: tea, eggs, brown bread and honey-comb. This is Miss Jess's best talking time, and we sit till ten or so. From that till eleven I may write, or darn my stockings, or meditate on things in general, without being missed.

At eleven the carriage comes round, and both ladies go a drive of two miles along the Dunbar Road! I accompany them; and, having set them

down at their own door again, I go a long drive by myself. That is my chief entertainment during the day. Nowhere in the world that I know of are there such beautiful drives; and I recognise places that I had seen in my dreams, the recollection of them having been preserved in my sleep long after it had passed out of my waking mind.

I come in just in time to change my dress and rest before dinner at three; a dinner always 'very good to eat' (as you say) and of patriarchal simplicity. Alway strawberries and cream *ad libitum!* Between dinner and tea (at six) I talk to Miss Donaldson, and I take a little walk, to the churchyard or some place that I care for. After tea talking again, or I read aloud—excessively loud (I read them your Nigger Question, much to Miss Donaldson's approval and delight); and before supper (of arrowroot milk), at half-past nine, I have run down every evening to speak a few words of encouragement to my poor unlawful cousin, in her sick bed. I think she would recover if she could overcome the effects of the frightful quantity of mercury Mr. Howden has given her. My heavens, what my father would have said to him! At ten, bed!!

I am so grieved to find the fair, which used to be held to-day, has turned into a mere cattle-fair; no booths with toys and sweeties![1] and I had set my

[1] Anglican comfits.

heart on buying a pair of waxen babes of the wood covered with moss (by imaginary robins), in a little oval spale-box,[1] which used to be my favourite fairing. Last night, however, I bought a—hedgehog from a wee boy. I thought I might take it home in my carpet-bag to eat the cockroaches. Perhaps I will think better of it!

I imagine Miss Jess was so inspirited by my presence, that last Sunday she 'took a notion' of going to church! She had not been there for years. Of course I had to go with her. As it was to 'the chapel' I didn't so much mind. I should not have liked to sit in a strange seat in our own church. I found the poor little whitewashed, bare-boarded chapel transformed into a little blossom of Puseyite taste! Painted glass windows! Magnificent organ! Airs from the opera of 'Acis and Galatea'! the most snow-white and ethereal of surplices! and David Roughead (he of the 'fertile imagination') chanting his responses behind us, and singing 'a deep bass,' and tossing off his A—mĕns! in a jaunty style, that gave me a strong desire to box his ears.

Give my compliments to Anne; the usual kiss to my 'blessed' dog.

Your affectionate

J. W. C.

[1] 'Spale' is joiner's shaving, *spill*.

LETTER 177.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank: Thursday, July 23, 1857.

The pens you made me, dear, are all ground down on this lime-paper, and I am obliged to write now with the backs, which has a perverse effect on my ideas, and my ideas are rather awry to begin with. I feel provoked that, having 'made an effort' like this to get well, I do not succeed in doing it effectually and at once. 'Very absurd.' I ought to be thankful for ever so little amendment; above all, even if no cure should be worked on me by all this fresh air, and sweet milk, and riding in carriages, and having my own entire humour out, I ought to be thankful for the present escape from that horrid sickness, which nobody that has not felt it can know the horror of.

Though my nights are no better than they were at Chelsea—indeed, worse latterly—still it is only oppression and weariness I feel during the day; not that horrid feeling as if death were grasping at my heart. But, 'oh, my!' what a shame, when you are left alone there with plenty of smoke of your own to consume, to be puffing out mine on you from this distance! It is certainly a questionable privilege one's best friend enjoys, that of having all one's darkness rayed out on him. If I were writing to—who

shall I say?—Mr. Barlow, now, I should fill my paper with 'wits,' and elegant quotations, and diverting anecdotes; should write a letter that would procure me laudation sky-high, on my 'charming, unflagging spirits,' and my 'extraordinary freshness of mind and feelings;' but to you I cannot for my life be anything but a bore.

I went and drank tea with Mrs. David Davidson, the worst-used woman I ever knew; and at seventy-eight years of age she hasn't a drop of gall in her whole composition, and is as serene as if she had never had a sorrow. She has still the same servant, Mary Jeffrys, who was with her when I was a child; she has served her with the same relish for fifty years. 'Ye dinna find us as perfect as I could wuss,' she (Mary) said to me (the house was clean as a new pin); 'but I'm as wullin as ever to work, only no just sae able.' At the door she called after me: 'Ye'll find us ay here while we're to the fore; but it's no unco lang we can expect to get bided.' I don't think either mistress or maid could survive the other a month.

To-night, again, I go out to tea, at Miss Brown's; and on Saturday night at the Sheriffs', who were at school with me. On Monday I go to Mrs. Binnie's; on Tuesday to Craigenvilla, Morningside; and on Wednesday to Auchtertool.

I have a most affectionate letter from Lady Airlie, but I hardly think I shall go so far.

Compliments to Anne. Your care of the live stock does 'credit to your head and hort.'[1]

Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 178.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank: Sunday, July 26, 1857.

Thanks for your note, meant to be very soothing, I can see; but it rather soothes me the wrong way of the hair somehow—makes me feel I had been making a baby of myself, and a fractious baby. Well, never mind, as Miss Madeline Smith[2] said to old Dr. Simpson, who attended her during a short illness in prison, and begged to use 'the privilege of an old man, and speak to her seriously at parting,' 'My dear doctor, it is so good of you. But I won't let you trouble yourself to give me advice, for I assure you I have quite made up my mind to turn over a new leaf!' That is fact. Simpson told it to Terrot, who told me.

And so I have made up my mind to turn over a new leaf, and no more give words to the impatient

[1] Poor Lady Bulwer, quizzing (her mother-in-law), in a mad mood, where also were 'Fuz' = Forster, &c. &c.

[2] The Glasgow murderess.

or desponding thoughts that rise in my mind about myself. It is not a natural vice of mine, that sort of egoistical babblement, but has been fostered in me by the patience and sympathy shown me in my late long illness. I can very easily leave it off, as I did smoking, when I see it to be getting a bad habit.

But about Miss Smith I have one thing to tell you which I think you will be rather glad of, as giving the death-stroke to testimonials. The Glasgow merchants are actually raising a subscription (it has reached nine thousand pounds) 'to testify their sympathy for her.' One man, a Mr. D——, has given a thousand himself—he had better marry her, and get poisoned. Not that I believe the girl guilty of the poisoning; but she is such a little incarnate devil that the murder don't go for much in my opinion of her.

Haddington has half the honour of having produced this cockatrice. I knew her great-grandmother —a decent, ancient woman, called 'Mealy Janet,' never to be seen but with a bag of flour under each arm. She was mother to the 'Mr. Hamilton, architect of Edinburgh,' and to one of the most curious figures in my childhood, Mysie Hamilton, or 'Meal Mysie' (she continuing her mother's flour trade); she spoke with a loud *man's* voice, that used to make us children take to our heels in terror when we heard it. I remember the boys said Mysie was a ——

but what that was I hadn't a notion, nor have I yet; my mother thought her a good woman, and once by way of lark, invited her to tea. I bought a pamphlet the other day containing the whole 'trial,' on the very spot where Mysie Hamilton sold her flour, now a book-shop.

I was in our own house yesterday. They have new papered the drawing-room and dining-room. But the paint we left on it is still the same, and perfectly new-looking, after some forty years. My father always had everything done effectually. There are no such doors as those painted wainscoat ones that I ever saw, with their eight coats of paint and as many of varnish. The old drawing-room still looks to me a beautiful room, independent of associations. But a full-length portrait of Mr. Howden, leaning like Sir David Baird on his horse's neck, was over the mantelpiece, vulgarising everything by its groom-like presence. I gave young Dr. Howden, who lives there still, the large photograph of Woolner's Medallion,[1] in the secret expectation it would be hung up in that dear old room which stills feels mine.

And my youth was left behind
For some one else to find.[2]

The young girl-wife who lives there is very lovely, and writes poetry—God help her!

I adhere to my programme of leaving to-

[1] Of me.

[2] *Supra*, my wrong recollection.

morrow, &c., but have promised to stop here again on my way home. I could not help it, when I saw those dear old women crying about my going so soon.

[No room for signature. Two flower-leaves—petals—inclosed.]

LETTER 179.

Archy something, an enthusiast Annandale pedlar, gone half mad with theology and horror of mad dogs, was gratefully supping porridge and milk in a wealthy farmer's kitchen one summer evening, intending to lodge there, when a mischievous maid-servant whispered to another, 'Was that the bowl the stranger dog had?' as audibly to Archy as the 'Whisht, whisht!' (hush) of answer was. Archy sprang to his feet, snatched his pack, and ran through the wilderness many miles incessantly towards the cottage of a brother whom he had there. In the dead of the night a knock at the window was heard: brother asking who? what? Archy answered 'I'm degenerating.'

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Auchtertool: Monday, Aug. 3, 1857.

Oh, heaven! or rather, oh, the other place! 'I am degenerating from a woman into a dog, and feel an inclination to bark—bow wow! wow!' Ever since I came here I have been passing out of one silent rage into another at the things in general of this house. Viewed from the invalid point of view, they are enough really to make one not only bark but bite;

were it not that, in other people's houses, one has to assume the muzzle of politeness. The best intentions always unfortunate. The finest possibilities yielding zero, or worse. The maximum of bother to arrive at the minimum of comfort (so far as I am concerned). Is it possible that the change of a cook can make the difference betwixt now and last summer? or is it the increased irritability of my nerves that makes it? or are my cousins getting stupefied for want of anything to stir their souls on this hilltop? The devil knows best how it comes, but 'I, as one solitary individual,' find no satisfaction in the arrangements here, though 'there need be no reflections for want of roses,' and, 'beautiful views,' and 'pure air'! And it is not only my soul that protests but my body; I sleep shockingly, and the sickness has come back. How little Mary has escaped dying under these late and irregular hours, and bad bread, and all the rest of the 'much ado about nothing,' and 'don't you wish you may get it,' here, is a wonder to me, and I don't think much of her doctor. When I looked at him and his ways intently, the other day, with a half-thought to consult him myself about certain things, he 'left me cold,'[1]—very cold indeed, and, 'with a decided preference,' for nature! Hadn't I better be going then? Decidedly; 'being an only child,' I have 'no wish' to stay. But then, 'that damned thing called

[1] Mazzini.

the milk of human kindness,'[1] not being yet all gone to sour curd in me, I would not show any unfeeling impatience to be gone; where I am treated (though God knows how injudiciously) most kindly according to their light and ability.

I have written to Lady Airlie declining the honour proposed to me, which looked, on consideration, something of the Irishman's bottomless-Sedan sort. Also I have declined a pressing invitation to Thornhill. My flesh quivered at the thought of going through that again, in my present weakness of body and mind. But I mean to stop some days—a week perhaps—with my aunts; who are really good, intelligent companions when they keep off their hobby, and where I am well cared for materially. They have a good, plain house, and keep early hours and to a moment, and seem really pleased to have me. I never saw women more improved by keeping! I had been thinking to try a week's sea-bathing before you suggested it; and perhaps shall go for a week to Portobello or North Berwick. At all events, I go back, if I am spared, to Sunny Bank to start from there for London. I could not get away without promising that, and shall be very glad of another breath of my 'native air'—I shouldn't wonder if it were the last till it blows over my grave; for when

[1] 'That damned thing called the "Milk of human kindness." Sea-captain thanked God he had nothing of,' &c. Spedding's story.

one of these dear old women dies, the other will follow fast; and they, too, gone, I don't think, if I even lived long, I should ever have the courage or wish to go back more.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 180.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Auchtertool: Monday, Aug. 10, 1857.

Oh, my dear!—I am so sorry to think of your having been all alone there with Anne 'dreadfully ill!' As it has turned out, it was better that you did not tell me; for certainly I should have at once flown off to the rescue, and arrived only to complicate your difficulties by falling 'dreadfully ill' myself. Still, the confidence in all being well (figuratively speaking), so long as I hear nothing to the contrary, is done for by this concealment. So it will be for my peace of mind to be making no further move that is not a move homeward. My consolation, under the images of your discomfort that present themselves, is of that melancholy sort produced by 'two afflictions.'[1] I have been in such a way myself for the last week, that I could have done no good to you, Anne, or myself by being 'at my post'! The physical

[1] 'Two afflictions.'—'Deux afflictions mises ensemble peuvent devenir une consolation.'

pain has been over for three days, but followed by such horrible depression of spirits that it felt as if one degree more of it would make me hang or drown myself. I could not write to you anything but articulate moans and groans, with a sprinkling of execrations! And so I preferred letting down the valve and consuming my own smoke. The last two nights I have had better sleep; and to-day I feel a little more up to living, though still far enough from 'doing the hoping of the family.'

Walter is going to give me a drive. Since Friday I have not had any exercise. Jeannie, with her 'child of miracle' and its two attendants, is still expected to-morrow, and I have fixed my departure for Thursday, which is as much giving in to family proprieties as could reasonably be expected of me. I have not named any time for my stay at Morningside—will 'leave it open' (as you say); but, even should I thrive there, I don't think of more than a week. And another week at Sunny Bank will make as much 'outing' as should suffice for this year! For the rest, I may give myself the same comfort about my travels that I used to give you about your horse, when you were saying it did you 'next to no good;' I 'can't tell how much worse' I should have been had I stayed through all that heat of London. Certainly I have had nothing to suffer from heat, whatever else.

Oh, those Indian women! It seems sinful of one to complain of anything in face of their dreadful fate, and their mothers and sisters at home![1] It is difficult to reconcile such things with the belief that God takes care of every individual He has made! —that 'God is Love!' Love? It isn't much like a world ruled by Love, this. My dear, I am tempted to write a good deal of blasphemy just at this moment. 'Better not!'

Thanks for writing so often. If you saw your letters received, you would think them very important to me, surely; or that I am certainly too weak and nervous 'for anything' (as they say in Lancashire). The last two or three letters I turned quite sick at the sight of, and had to catch at a chair and sit down trembling before I could open and read them. This is 'a plain unvarnished' fact. And yet I was frightened for nothing in particular that I could have put into words. If you had put a loaded pistol to me, and required me to tell on my life what was agitating me to such a degree, I could have said nothing more lucid than that I didn't know whether there mightn't be some word in the letter that I would rather hadn't been there, or that the tone of the letter might show you were ill or uncomfortable, or that, in short, I couldn't guess whether it would make me gladder or sadder. But for a rational

[1] Indian Mutiny, and such news of its horrors!

creature to be at the point of fainting with no more reason than that! 'A poor, miserable wretch with no stamina!' (as old Sterling used to say).

Address to Craigenvilla, Morningside.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 181.

'Child of Glory,' absurd phrase in somebody's translation from poor Zacharias Werner, much commented upon at Comely Bank (I being thought concerned) by a certain Madame Viaris, zealous and honest Pomeranian, wife of an ex-Napoleon officer, whom and their one boy she honourably supported by teaching German. Reciting or reading in a high shrieky tone the original of Werner, she exclaimed passionately, at every turn, 'But where is the Child of Glory?' and got no answer, except in assenting smiles and long-continued remembrance.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Auchtertool: Thursday, Aug. 13, 1857.

My packing is just finished, dear; my dinner will be up in five minutes; and then I am off to Kirkcaldy to catch the three o'clock train. The day is very calm, so I hope to escape sickness; anyhow I shall be glad to have saved myself from 'The Child of Glory,' and its court. And as one hopes for relief, when one is feverish in bed, from turning on the other side, so I look forward to Morningside with a certain thankfulness. At all events, it is near Sunny Bank, and Sunny Bank is on the road to London.

Jeannie and her suite did not arrive till yesterday. The baby is about three finger-lengths long; the two nurses nearly six feet each. Five packing cases came before them by the carrier, and as many portmanteaus and carpet-bags in the carriage with them. 'Did you ever?' 'No, I never!' I have kept my temper with all this nonsense wonderfully, to outward appearance at least. But it is only the speedy prospect of getting far away from it that has enabled me to keep from bursting out into swearing.

I hoped to have had leisure to write at decent length yesterday afternoon or to-day; but one can't get on with anything in this infernal hubbub. So I just scribble this little note to put in the post-office on my way out to Morningside, that you may know I have 'crossed' without accident. The Morningside post leaves early I believe.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 182.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Craigenvilla: Saturday, Aug. 15, 1857.

Now then, 'thanks God,' I am back into the regions of common sense; have a nice little 'my-foot-is-on-my-native-heath-and-my-name's-Macgregor' feeling. The lungs of my soul begin to play, after having been all but asphyxiated with tarnation folly. Such

a scene of waste, and fuss, and frivolity, and vanity, and vexation of spirit, I desire not to set my foot in again on this side of time. 'All sailing down the stream of time into the ocean of eternity, for the devil's sake. Amen!' I am sure it wasn't my irritability. Looking back on it coolly from here, I am as much disgusted as when I was in it.

I was taken to the Kirkcaldy station instead of Burnt Island, Walter having business there. Of course the first person I saw there was Mr. William Swan; and he was 'crossing' too, and took me under his ample wing. The sea was as smooth as a looking-glass, and I wasn't upset the least in the world. When my cab stopped at the gate here everybody ran out to meet me—three aunts, maid, and the very cat, with whom I am in high favour; it came purring about my feet, and whipping my leg with its tail; but you needn't say a word of that to Nero. I respect his too sensitive feelings. They made me quite comfortable, and got me warm tea in no time. We had just finished when another cab drove to the gate, out of which leapt John[1] from Richmond, and one of his mother's sisters. I rushed off to open the house-door to him, and you should have seen how he started and stared. He looked dreadfully weak still, poor fellow! and coughed much, but not so incessantly as when we parted in London. He told my

[1] Her clever cousin.

aunts I looked better. They gave me nice porridge to supper, and plenty of milk—not turned, as every drop of milk and cream at Auchtertool was; and I have slept better both the nights I have been here.

By the time I get done with this, and Sunny Bank, I shall be heartily glad to get home. Betty says, 'My dear, ye just toiled yersel last year; oh, ye mauna do that again!' And I don't mean to. Nobody knows what going into Dumfriesshire is for me. Haddington I have now got used to—like the pigs—to a certain extent; but Thornhill! Oh, mercy!

Grace got hold of your proof-sheet [1] yesterday, and shut herself up in her bedroom to read it. I knocked at the door to say something, and she opened it with spectacles on, and the open sheet in her hand, looking so fierce at being interrupted. She thought I was the maid. Her opinion is, 'It will be a remarkably interesting work—really very interesting; she can see that by even this much.' They all send you their kind regards and say, 'Tell him to come down.' Don't they wish they may get it!

Your letter has come since I began this. And, *ach!* since I began this, I have recollected to-morrow is Sunday; but you will get it on Monday morn-

[1] *Hist.*, vol. i. and ii., Friedrich.—J. A. F.

ing. I sent the photograph to Isabella a week ago.

Compliments to Ann; and no end of kisses to Nero.

Yours affectionately,

J. W. C.

LETTER 183.

This is the last (and perhaps the first, and pretty much the one) bit of pure sunshine that visited my dark and lonesome, and in the end quite dismal and inexpressible, enterprise of Frederick; the rest was all darkness, solitude; air leaden coloured, frozen rain, sound of subterranean torrents, like Balder's ride to the Death Kingdom, 'needing,' as I often said, the obstinacy of ten mules for ten or thirteen years at that time of life. Except a small patch of writing by Emerson, this is the only bit of human criticism in which, across the general exaggeration, I could discover real lineaments of the thing. Very memorable was this of her to me, and will for ever be. How memorable are all these letters of 1857, and my silent moods (deep sorrow and toil, tinted with gratitude and hope) in those summer months! Two china seats (little china barrel-shaped things) in the garden here, which were always called 'Noble-men,' from a spiteful remark of Anne's about the purchase of them. My midnight 'smoke' there, looking up into the empyrean and the stars. Ah me!—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Craigenvilla, Edinburgh: Monday, Aug. 24, 1857.

Oh, my dear! What a magnificent book this is going to be! The best of all your books. I say so, who never flatter, as you are too well aware; and who

am 'the only person I know that is always in the right!'[1] So far as it is here before me, I find it forcible and vivid, and sparkling as 'The French Revolution,' with the geniality and composure and finish of 'Cromwell'—a wonderful combination of merits! And how you have contrived to fit together all those different sorts of pictures, belonging to different sorts of times, as compactly and smoothly as a bit of the finest mosaic! Really one may say, of these two first books at least, what Helen said of the letters of her sister who died—you remember?—'So splendidly put together one would have thought that hand couldn't have written them!'

It was the sheets that hindered me from writing yesterday; though I doubt if a letter posted at Morningside (the Scotch *Campo Santo*) yesterday (Sunday) would have reached you sooner than if posted to-day. Certainly it is a devil of a place for keeping the Sunday, this! Such preaching and fasting, and 'touting and praying,' as I was never before concerned in! But one never knows whence deliverance is to come any more than misfortune. I was cut out of all, or nearly all, my difficulties yesterday by the simple providential means of—a bowel complaint! It was reason enough for staying away from church; excuse enough for declining to

[1] 'Faut avouer, ma chère, je ne trouve que moi qui aie toujours raison,' said Madame Lafayette.

be read to; and the loss of my dinner was entirely made up for by the loss of my appetite! Nothing could have happened more opportunely! Left at home with Pen (the cat), when they had gone every one to her different 'Place of Worship,' I opened my desk to write you a letter. But I would just take a look at the sheets first. Miss Jess had put a second cover on the parcel, and forwarded it by railway on Saturday night; and I had not been able to read then, by the gas-light, which dazzles my eyes. It is one of the little peculiarities of this house that there isn't a candle allowed in it of any sort—wax, dip, moulded, or composite! Well, I took up the sheets and read 'here a little and there a little,' and then I began at the beginning and never could stop till I had read to the end, and pretty well learnt it by heart. I was still reading when Church came out, and so my letter got nipt in the bud. If it is so interesting for me, who have read and heard so many of the stories in it before, what must it be to others to whom it is all new? the matter as well as the manner of the narrative! Yes, you shall see, it will be the best of all your books—and small thanks to it! It has taken a doing!

I suppose you are roasting again. Here there has been no such heat since I came north as in the last three days—mercury at 75° in the shade yesterday. But there is plenty of east wind to keep one

from suffocating, provided one can get it without the dust. I used to fancy Piccadilly dusty ; but, oh, my, if you saw the Morningside Road !

I must tell you a compliment paid me before I conclude. A lady I hadn't seen for twenty years came to call for me. 'You were ill I heard,' she said. 'Ah, yes, it is easy to see you have suffered ! an entire wreck, like myself.' Then, looking round on my three aunts, 'Indeed, like all of us ! !'

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

What of Lady Sandwich ? You never mention her. Fleming[1] at Raith ! I should have been as astonished to meet *him* in Kirkcaldy, as to meet Tiger Wull's[2] 'finest blackcock that ever stepped the streets of Greenock ! '

LETTER 184.

In final settlement of heritage into equal parts, John Welsh, senior, totally omitted her (*i.e.* her father, who was eldest, and had been the benefactor and stay of all the family), of which I remember she wrote at the time to me, nobly sorrowful—not ignobly then or ever, in that case or in any.—T. C.

[1] Fleming—Old fogie of fashion ; once Charles Buller's 'attached.'

[2] 'Teeger Wull,' Tiger Will—William Dunlop, a well-known cousin of hers, one of the strangest men of his age, with an inexhaustible sense of fun. One friend promised another (according to Wull) 'the finest blackcock that,' &c.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Sunny Bank: Friday, August 28, 1857.

Here I am, dear, an incarnation of 'the bad sixpence.' Sixteen miles nearer home, anyhow. I left Edinburgh at two yesterday, was at Longniddry by half-past two, and didn't get to Haddington till four. Such complete misunderstanding exists between the little Haddington cross-train and all other trains, that one may lay one's account with having to wait always three-quarters of an hour at the least. Then the waiting-room is 'too stuffy for anything,' and the seated structure outside expressly contrived for catching cold in; so that one is fain to hang about on one's legs in space.

The bother of all this, taken together with the excitement of my rapturous welcome, kept me awake in a high fever, till my doomed hour of four o'clock this morning—or something kept me awake that the devil only knows! It was such an arrival, after all: the servants waiting outside the house, smiling and saying, 'Glad to see you back, ma'am.' Miss Jess, tumbling into my arms on the threshold, 'faintly ejaculating' (as a novelist would say), 'Our Precious!' 'Our Beloved!' and beyond her my godmother, advancing with her hands stretched out, groping the air, and calling out in an excited way, 'Is that my bairn?'

The niece and grand-niece were discreet enough to keep upstairs till 'the first flush o' meeting' was over, but were very cordial when they appeared. To their credit I must say, they might easily take offence at the preference shown me. Even in the midst of these raptures my eye sought and discovered your letter on the usual table, but I refrained from opening it (paragon of politeness that I was!) till dinner was over, for which I had already kept them waiting an hour.

They think me looking much better. Indeed, my first fortnight at Craigenvilla, with all its drawbacks of weekly fasts, inordinate reading to, gas, and water-cistern, was very good for my health, and, on the whole, pleasant to live. I cannot say which of my aunts was the kindest to me—they were all so kind. Grace knitted me a pair of such warm stockings while I was there; and Ann flowered me a most lovely collar; and Elizabeth procured a whole calf's stomach (!) for me (now in my carpet-bag) that I might have curds at home, as it was the thing I seemed to like best of all that they gave me to eat; and it was so pleasant talking about 'dear old long ago' with those who I felt (for the first time perhaps) had interests in common with me in it.

It was better so, surely, I thought, after our affectionate parting; far better so than if I had gone to law with them about that fraction of my grand-

father's property I might have disputed, and even gained it, and put heart-burnings and resentment between my own father's sisters and me for evermore. A little true family affection is worth a great many hundreds of pounds, especially when one isn't needing pounds!

Since writing this sheet I have been to Dirleton Castle, and it is now dinner-time, and I must take my letter to the post office immediately after, or you won't hear of me till Tuesday.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. C.

No date fixed yet, or, indeed, to be spoken of for the moment.

LETTER 185.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank: Sunday, Aug. 30, 1857.

I am reading the sheets to them—they most likely will not live to see the finished book. You never saw more ardent listeners! My godmother, with her head bent forward, hearkening with her blind eyes, as well as her ears, might sit for a picture of Attention. And every now and then one or other asks some question or makes some remark, that shows how intelligently they listen. Miss Jess said one good thing: 'To look merely to the wording—it is so brief, so concise, that one would expect some

obscurity in the narrative, or at least that it would need a great effort of attention to understand it; instead of which the meaning is as clear as glass!' And Miss Donaldson said, 'I see more than ever in this, my dear, what I have always seen in Mr. Carlyle's books, and what I think distinguishes him from all the writers of the present day—a great love of truth; and, what is more' (observe the fine discrimination!), 'a perfect detestation of lies!'

I was afraid, having to read in a voice so high pitched, my reading would not do justice to the thing; but Miss Donaldson asked me last night, 'My dear, does Mr. Carlyle read what he writes to you bit by bit?' 'Oh, dear, no! he does not like reading aloud.' 'Then I suppose you read it often over to yourself? For I was noticing that in reading those sheets, you did it so natural-like, just as if it was coming out of your own head!'

I was dreaming last night about going to some strange house, among strange people, to make representations about cocks! I went on my knees at last, weeping, to an old man with a cast-metal face and grey hair; and while I was explaining all about how you were an author, and couldn't get sleep for these new cocks, my auditor flounced off, and I became aware he was the man who had three serpent-daughters, and kept people in glass bottles in Hoff-

man's Tale![1] I forgot his name, but knew it well enough in my dream.

A kiss to Nero. Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 186.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank: Wednesday, September 2, 1857.

Oh, my dear, my dear! you give me the idea of a sensible Christian man making himself into a spinning dervish. Oh, 'depend upon't, the slower thou ridest, the faster thou'lt get,' &c. These dinings 'before sunset,' teas 'about ten,'—don't I know what comes of all that, and that what comes of it is 'eventually,' 'rale mental agony in your own inside'?[2] hardly to be assuaged by blue pill and castor oil at a great expense of inward life. If I hadn't been coming home at any rate, your last letter would have determined me to come, just to put a spoke in your wheel, that you mayn't, like a furious grinding-stone, fly all off in sand.

It will be a great nuisance to you, I know, when you have got the bridle of time shaken off your head, about your heels, and your face to the wind, to be again in harness with a little steady-going animal, that looks to have her corn and her mashes regular, or lies down in the road.

[1] *Archivarius Lindhorst*: 'Oh, my beautiful little darling! was there ever a prettier dream, bad or good?'

[2] Servant Helen's phrase.

But bless you, if you hadn't had a counter-pull on you in the direction of order, and regularity, and moderation, and all that stupid sort of thing, where would you have been by this time? Tell me that! Oh, how I wish I were home, that horrid journey over! Eliza Donaldson says, 'Not like the journey, Mrs. Carlyle? how odd!' I declare it is a consolation for having one's nerves 'all gone to smithers,' to see how stolid and unlovable good health makes people, with the best intentions too.

I have broken to Miss Jess the fact that I am going next week, on Tuesday or Wednesday; and before that time I shall surely have made up my mind about the train. Never fear, but I shall go by first-class this time. Only which first class? Haddington is most inconveniently situated as to the railway, which is the reason of those strange delays of letters. No express train stops at Longniddry. Well, well, as Nancy at Craigenputtock said of Elliot's descent from the roof, 'Pooh! his own weight will bring him down.'[1] I shall get home surely by some force of gravitation or other.

I haven't got through the American novel yet. It is a curious book; very nearly a good book but spoiled, like old Sterling's famous carriage, by pretending to be too many different things all in one. It is 'Quinland' (a novel), or it is 'Varieties of American

[1] Our 'jack-of-all-trades' servant.

Life.' Then it is an allegory (himself tells us that) symbolising the Marriage of Genius and Religion. Then it is a note-book of Mr. White, or White's opinions of all the authors he has studied, and all the general reflections he has ever made. Then it is an American Wilhelm Meister. Then it is Mr. White's realised Ideal of—a new Christian Bible! And, finally, one doesn't know what it is or is not; any more than whether the style is a flagrant imitation of you, or of Goethe, or of Jean Paul, or of Emerson. Happily it 'isn't of the slightest consequence' which.

Yours ever affectionately,

J. W. C.

LETTER 187.

Printing of Friedrich, first two volumes, now well advanced. Christmas was spent among the most refractory set of proof sheets I expect in this world.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Christmas Day, 1857.

My dear Mary,—I understood that your brother would write himself to-day, to announce the safe arrival of your box, the contents of which were exhibited to him in succession last night. When it came to the goose, carried in on my arms like a strange new kind of baby (with that belly-band about it!), he burst into such a laugh! 'That fellow I think has got his quietus' (he said).

But now he has just come down, and is off for his ride, and when I asked 'had he written to Mary?' he exclaimed wildly that he had 'fifteen hours of the most awful work of correcting proofs ahead of him, that I who had nothing to do should have written to Mary!' With all the pleasure in life! had I known in time, instead of within just half an hour of post-time—from which is to be subtracted ten minutes for putting on my things and running to the post-office! But better a line than no letter at all till to-morrow—you thinking the while that those blessed birds may be coming to harm from being too long on the road!

No, my dear! one 'Chucka' is boiling at this moment for the master's dinner (I dine on anything at two o'clock; not being up to waiting for Mr. C.'s six or seven o'clock dinners). But I had one of the eggs to my breakfast, and it was the very best and biggest I ever ate in my life! There were only two broken, and not wasted even these; I lifted up the yolks, which lay quite round and whole, in a spoon (for puddings).

I wish I had begun in time, for I had plenty of things to say; but I must keep for this time to mere acknowledgment of your present—another day I may tell you the rest.

Yours ever affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 188.

She returned to me Wednesday evening, September 9, evidently a little better, says the record. Her winter was none of the best; end of the year she is marked very feckless, though full of spirit. I, deep all the while in Frederick proofs and fasheries, hoping to have all ended—of these two volumes—by the end of May, which term in effect was nearly kept.

In January 1858, we had engaged to a week at the Grange with Lord Ashburton, from which my poor Jeannie (trouble with servants, &c., superadding itself) was obliged to excuse herself and send me alone, who only stayed three days. This, her dear letter during these, which except two tragic moments—first entrance to the empty drawing-room in silence of dusk; then another evening Lady Sandwich and Miss Baring new hanging the pictures there—have left no trace whatever with me.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at the Grange.

Cheyne Row: Monday, January 18, 1858.

My dear! 'Ye maun joost excuse us the day!' I have an aching head come to fraternise with my aching side, and between the two am 'very much detached;' can't easily sit still to write. For the rest, even Geraldine couldn't say of me that I am 'much happier for your being away.' I feel as forlorn as—'the maiden' that 'milked the cow with the crumpled horn.' My sickness and helplessness striving to 'keep up its dignity,' and, what is more to the purpose, to keep its temper in this atmosphere of

systematic insolence and arsenical politeness, is one of those sufferings though which I suppose man (meaning woman) is 'made perfect,' or ought to be.

Then the poor little dog, who was to have been 'company to me,' is not recovered from the illness he took before you left. He seemed coming to himself yesterday forenoon, though still he had not tasted food since the last you gave him; and I stupidly let Mr. Piper take him to Fulham. He came home—carried most of the way, not able to keep his legs—his eyes extinct, his legs stretched out cold and stiff. He has lain ever since without moving, but he now looks at me when I stroke him, and his posture is more natural. You may fancy how many lucifers I lighted through the night, when I *felt* him quite cold, and couldn't hear him breathing! Poor wee Nero! how glad I should be to hear him snoring, or seeing him over-eating himself again!

Please thank Lady Sandwich for the dear little letter I had from her this morning. I don't say 'dear' in the Lady A. sense, but really meaning it. I will write to her when I have got my head a little above all this troubled water. Also thank Lord Ashburton for the game (hare and pheasants). It gives one a taste of the pleasures of patronage, having such things to give away.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowe called to ask for me yesterday morning (Sunday) between ten and eleven, on their

way to 'the Cottage.' Happily they found me in no muddle. In the middle of the day Geraldine walked in! She couldn't have managed to reappear at a more propitious moment for having her judgment commuted.

Just one packet of proofs. Though there is no sheet, I send it, in case you should stay over Wednesday. Don't hurry for me if you get good of the change. It will be all in my own interest your staying, if you come back better for it.

With Geraldine at hand, I don't suffer the same practical inconvenience from being confined to the house. I can send her on any message.

Love to Lady Sandwich.

Yours ever,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

For God's sake don't put such great platches of black wax on your letters, to me at least. My heart turned in my throat this morning; I thought it was some horrid news from Annandale.

LETTER 189.

Beginning of June, Friedrich quite off my hands. There were the usual speculations about sea quarters, covert from the heat, &c. (miserable feature of London life, needing to be disanchored every year, to be made comparatively a nomadic, quasi-Calmuck life). After much calculating, it is settled I am to go first to the Gill, afterwards to Germany, a second time; she, after settling home botherations, to go for Nithsdale, Mrs. Pringle, of Lann Hall, pressing to be her

hostess. Evening of June 24, with four fat Glasgow gentlemen, submissively astonished at my passion for fresh air, set off, ride vigilant all night—the last time of my entering Scotland with anything of real hope, or other than affectionate gloom and pain.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, June 25, 1858.

'And the evening and the morning were the first day!' 'Let alone,' with a sort of vengeance. Exhausted human nature could not desire more perfect letting alone! It was wonderful to reflect, while breakfasting at nine, that you had probably already breakfasted at the Gill in Scotland. After all, railways are a great thing, only inferior to 'the Princess of China's "flying bed,"' Prince Houssain's 'flying carpet,' and Fortunatus's 'wishing cap.' Transported over night from here to there; from Chancellor's dungheap, the 'retired cheesemonger's dogs, and twopence worth of nominal cream,' away to 'quiet, fresh air,' and 'milk without limit,' in one night! If it weren't for the four fat men in the carriage with you, wouldn't it be like something in a fairy tale?

Don't let your enjoyment of 'the country' be disturbed by thoughts of me still 'in town.' I won't stay here longer than I find it good for me. But what I feel to need at present is, above all things human and divine, rest from 'mental worry;' and nowhere is there such fair outlook of that for me as

just at home under the present conditions. 'The cares of bread'[1] have been too heavy for me lately; and the influx of 'cousins'[2] most wearing; and to see you constantly discontented, and as much so with me, apparently, as with all other things, when I have neither the strength and spirits to bear up against your discontent, nor the obtuseness to be indifferent to it—that has done me more harm than you have the least notion of. You have not the least notion what a killing thought it is to have put into one's heart, gnawing there day and night, that one ought to be dead, since one can no longer make the same exertions as formerly; that one was taken 'for better,' not by any means 'for worse;' and, in fact, that the only feasible and dignified thing that remains for one to do is to just die, and be done with it.[3]

Better, if possible, to recover some health of body and mind, you say. Well, yes; if possible. In that view I go with Neuberg this evening to view a field of hay.

Mrs. Welsh did not come yesterday—only a note from her to say she and John would be here on Saturday afternoon. Her journey to Scotland was 'all up,' she said; but no reason given. Not a word

[1] Mazzini, on his *Plot* expeditions.

[2] Maggie and Mary, of Auchtertool, had been to the Isle of Wight for winter; lately home again.

[3] Alas! alas! sinner that I am!

about the dear horse.[1] So I wrote to bid her remember to bring the receipt for him on Saturday. I shall regret his being sent for, for I foresee that if he goes he will be left behind, as the shortest way of settling the matter.

I have not spoken to a soul since you left but Charlotte;[2] only Lady Airlie called yesterday, and I was out. Charlotte is as kind and attentive as possible, and her speech is remarkably sensible. She was observing yesterday morning that 'master looked rather dull at going away, and I can't say,' she added, 'that you look particularly brilliant (!) since his departure.'

I have got Mrs. Newnham's[3] little sick daughter lying out on the green to-day reading fairy tales, to her intense delight. Our green to her is grander than the Grange grounds to us.

No letters for you but one from Oxford, requiring information about India.[4] Nero is much astonished that you do not come down in the mornings to take him out. He runs upstairs and then down to me,

[1] Poor horse 'Fritz,' beautiful, stout, and loyal, had been nearly killed (on arsenic diet) by a villain here, and was now roaming in grass near Richmond.

[2] The new maid, a fine little Chelsea creature—courageously, with excellent discernment, and with very good success, now taken on trial.

[3] An astonishingly good old cook, who sometimes officiates here—curious Chelsea specimen too.

[4] Sent that to John Mill (after long years of abeyance), who kindly granted the young man 'a few minutes' interview.'

and stares up in my face, saying as plainly as possible, 'did you ever?'

Give them at the Gill my kind regards.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 190.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sunday, June 27, 1858.

Dearest Mary,—It is so long since I wrote, and I have been so bothered and bewildered in the interval, that I can't recollect whether it is your turn or my own to write. But whosesoever turn it is, the silence is equally needing to be broken, and if I am the delinquent, I can only say I have had plenty of excuse for all my sins of omission of late weeks. First, my dear, the heat has really been nearer killing me than the cold. London heat! nobody knows what that is till having tried it; so breathless, and sickening, and oppressive, as no other heat I ever experienced is! Then the quantities of visitors rushing about me at this season, complicated by an influx of cousins, to be entertained on special terms, have taken out, in talk, my dregs of strength and spirit!

Then Mr. Carlyle, in the collapse from the strain of his book, and the biliousness developed by the heat, has been so wild to 'get away,' and so inca-

pable of determining where to go, and when to go, that living beside him has been like living the life of a weathercock, in a high wind, blowing from all points at once!—sensibility superadded!—so long, at least, as he involved me in his 'dissolving views.' The imaginary houses, in different parts of the kingdom, in which I have had to look round me on bare walls, and apply my fancy to furnishing with the strength I have (!) (about equal to my canary's, which, every now and then, drops off the perch on its back, and has to be lifted up), would have driven me crazy, I think, if one day I hadn't got desperate, and burst out crying. Until a woman cries men never think she can be suffering. Bless their blockheadism! However, when I cried, and declared I was not strong enough for all that any more, Mr. C. opened his eyes to the fact, so far as to decide that, for the present, he would go to his sister's (the Gill), and let me choose my own course after. And to the Gill he went last Wednesday night, and since then I have been resting, and already feel better for the rest, even without 'change of air.'

What my own course will be I haven't a notion! The main point in my system of rest is, to postpone not only all doing, but all making up my mind to do; to reduce myself as much as possible to a state of vacant, placid idiotcy. That is the state, I am sure, a judicious doctor would recommend for the

moment. When the time comes for wishing for change and action, it will be time to decide where to go. Meanwhile I shall see what being well let alone will do for my health. All the cousins are gone now, the visitors going, no household cares ('cares of bread,' as Mazzini calls them), for, with no husband to study, housekeeping is mere play, and my young maid is a jewel of a creature. It seems to me the best chance I have had for picking up a little strength this good while.

I suppose you will be having my aunt Ann again soon. I hear from them very seldom. I should like so much if I could be set down there in 'the Princess of China's flying bed,' or on 'Prince Houssain's flying carpet,' to land at Thornhill, before the fine weather end; but the length of journey by rail terrifies me, especially the length of the journey back; Mrs. Pringle, I dare say, half expects me to visit her in August, for I have never said positively I would not, and she has pressed my coming most kindly. But to say where I will not go would require consideration and decision, as well as saying where I will go. And, as I have said, I mean to be an idiot for a time, postponing all mental effort.

Do write to me; I don't feel to know about you at all. Love to the doctor.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 191.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sunday night, July 4, 1858.

Ach! what a three days and three nights I have had, dear! Jonah in the whale's belly could not have had worse. 'Brighton' still, I suppose! I was not to get off from that adventure with only one night and day of torture. I must have caught cold that day, and had it unpronounced in my nerves till Friday, when it broke out in sore throat, head-ache, faceache, rheumatism all over, retching and fever! Certainly I had done nothing after to give me a cold. But that was folly enough. I knew quite well that I was not fit for such an excursion; and yet I went, 'going whether I could or not.'[1] My only comfort was to be at home, and not transacting these horrors on a visit, or in a wretched sea-side lodging.

I had some sleep this morning, and the cold seems now concentrating in my head—not in my chest, which would have been a drearier prospect. Don't disturb yourself about my being ill in your absence—that is to say, about the absence part of it. Outside of myself I have nothing to complain of. Charlotte is much kinder and helpfuller than Anne was, and the comfort of talking with you now and

[1] Groom's phrase about a horse of mine.

then would have been counterbalanced in my present circumstances by 'the cares of bread.' Besides, I don't mean to be ill long, and once rid of this, won't I take care how I expose myself and over-fatigue myself again!

I can have as much society as I like, but I prefer none when I am ill; and I have these delightful volumes of Tourgueneff's to amuse me when I am up to being amused. I am gone 'into the country' 'at the shortest notice and on the cheapest terms' (as the undertakers' sign-boards have it). I have made the sideboard and large sofa change places, arranged the back parlour as a boudoir, filled up the folding doors with the screen, and look out on nothing but green leaves and the 'nobleman's seats!'[1] Moreover, the dunghill is quite suppressed; I have not felt a whiff of it since the letter was written. To be sure, the hot weather went with you; the last week has been like winter. I have a fire, so has Mrs. Hawkes, and the fur rug is again in action. I have surely more amusing things to tell you; but I must leave off for to-night. I am dead tired already. Besides, to-morrow I may have a letter from you to answer. Don't forget to tell me the address to put on the newspaper for America.

Monday.

'Nothing for Craigenputtock to-day.'[2] Awell!

[1] China barrel-shaped things (*supra*), p. 332.
[2] Postmaster at Dumfries (painfully civil).

you waited, I suppose, for an answer, you cross thing! And if my sore throat on Friday had turned to '*the* sore throat,' as I was half expecting, you might have waited long enough, and then wouldn't you have been '*vaixed*'?

Neuberg came on Saturday evening, and, being told I couldn't see anyone, he went up to the study 'to get some books.' Half an hour after, I was going to my bedroom, and came on him, standing quite noiselessly on the landing-place, so I had to take him in and give him a cup of my tea, which was ready; and then he had the sense to go.

I am rather better to-day; had about four hours' sleep, and came down to breakfast. It is still very cold. I look forward to spending the day under my fur rug, reading Tourgueneff—nobody to be let in but Mrs. Hawkes, who will come at four o'clock. I have a nice little fire opposite me in my back-room, and the prospect of the 'nobleman's seat.'

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 192.

Notes of a Sitter-still.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Sunday night, July 11, 1858.

Botkin (what a name!), your Russian translator, has called. Luckily Charlotte had been forewarned

to admit him if he came again. He is quite a different type from Tourgueneff, though a tall man, this one too. I should say he must be a Cossack—not that I ever saw a Cossack or heard one described, instinct is all I have for it. He has flattened high-boned cheeks—a nose flattened towards the point—small, very black, deep-set eyes, with thin semi-circular eyebrows—a wide thin mouth—a complexion whity-grey, and the skin of his face looked thick enough to make a saddle of! He does not possess himself like Tourgueneff, but bends and gesticulates like a Frenchman.

He burst into the room with wild expressions of his 'admiration for Mr. Carlyle.' I begged him to be seated, and he declared 'Mr. Carlyle was the man for Russia.' I tried again and again to 'enchain' a rational conversation, but nothing could I get out of him but rhapsodies about you in the frightfullest English that I ever heard out of a human head! It is to be hoped that (as he told me) he reads English much better than he speaks it, else he must have produced an inconceivable translation of 'Hero Worship.' Such as it is, anyhow, 'a large deputation of the Students of St. Petersburg' waited on him (Botkin), to thank him in the strongest terms for having translated for them 'Hero Worship,' and made known to them Carlyle. And even the young Russian ladies now read 'Hero Worship,' and 'unnerstants it thor—lie.' He was all in a perspiration when he went away, and so was I!

I should like to have asked him some questions; for example, how he came to know of your Works (he had told me he had had to send to England for them 'at extreem cost'), but it would have been like asking a cascade! The best that I could do for him I did. I gave him a photograph of you, and put him up to carrying it in the top of his hat!

I don't think I ever told you the surprising visit I had from David Aitken[1] and Bess. I was so ill when I wrote after that all details were omitted. Charlotte had come to say one of the latch-keys was refusing to act. I went to see what the matter was, and when we opened the door, behold, David at the bottom of the steps, and Bess preparing to knock! 'Is this Mrs. Carlyle's?' she asked of myself, while I was gazing dumfoundered. 'My goodness!' cried I. At the sound of my voice she knew me—not till then—though at my own door! and certainly the recognition was the furthest from complimentary I ever met. She absolutely staggered, screaming out, 'God preserve me, Jane! That you?' Pleasant! David coming up the steps brought a little calm into the business, and the call got itself transacted better or worse.

They were on their way home from Italy. Both seemed rather more human than last time, especially David, whose face had taken an expression of 'Peace on

[1] Minister of Minto and wife (once Bess Stoddart), Bradfute's niece and heiress.

earth and goodwill unto men.' Bess had lost a tooth or two, was rather thinner, and her eyes hollower; otherwise much the same.

They invited me very kindly to Minto, and he seemed really in earnest.

July 16.

Surely, dear, the shortest, most unimportant note you can write is worth a bit of paper all to itself? Such a mixed MS., with flaps too, may be a valuable literary curiosity 'a hundred years hence,' but is a trial of patience to the present reader, who, on eagerly opening a letter from you, had not calculated on having to go through a process like seeking the source of the Niger, in a small way.

For the rest, you don't at all estimate my difficulties in writing a letter every day, when I am expected to tell how I am, and when 'I's ashamed to say I's no better.' Dispense me from saying anything whatever about my health; let me write always 'Notes,' and it would be easy for me to send you a daily letter. As easy at least as it is to be lively with the callers, who go away in doubt (like George Cooke) 'whether I am the most stoical of women, or whether there is nothing in the world the matter with me?'

But you want to be told how I sleep, &c. &c.; and can't you understand that having said twice, thrice, call it four times, 'I am sleeping hardly any,

I am very nervous and suffering,' the fifth time that I have the same account to repeat, 'horrible is the thought to me,' and I take refuge in silence. Wouldn't you do the same? Suppose, instead of putting myself in the omnibus the other day, and letting myself be carried in unbroken silence to Richmond and back again, I had sat at home writing to you all the thoughts that were in my head? But that I never would have done; not a hundredth part of the thoughts in my head have ever been or ever will be spoken or written—as long as I keep my senses, at least.

Only don't you, 'the apostle of silence,' find fault with me for putting your doctrine in practice. There are days when I must hold my peace or speak things all from the lips outwards, or things that, being of the nature of self-lamentation, had better never be spoken.

My cold in the meanwhile? It is still carrying on, till Londsdale coom,[1] in the shape of cough and a stuffed head; but it does not hurt me anywhere, and I no longer need to keep the house; the weather being warm enough, I ride in an omnibus every day more or less.

All last night it thundered; and there was one such clap as I never heard in my life, preceded by a flash that covered my book for a moment with blue light (I was reading in bed about three in the morn-

[1] Cumberland old woman (*supra*).

ing, and you can't think what a wild effect that blue light on the book had!). To-day it is still thundering in the distance, and soft, large, hot drops of rain falling. What of the three tailors?

I could swear you never heard of Madame —— de ——. But she has heard of you; and if you were in the habit of thanking God 'for the blessing made to fly over your head,' you might offer a modest thanksgiving for the honour that stunning lady did you in galloping madly all round Hyde Park in chase of your 'brown wide-awake' the last day you rode there; no mortal could predict what the result would be if she came up with you. To seize your bridle and look at you till she was satisfied was a trifle to what she was supposed capable of. She only took to galloping after you when more legitimate means had failed.

She circulates everywhere, this madcap 'French-woman.' She met 'the Rev. John' (Barlow), and said, when he was offering delicate attentions, 'There is just one thing I wish you to do for me—to take me to see Mr. Carlyle.' 'Tell me to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury to dance a polka with you,' said Barlow, aghast, 'and I would dare it, though I have not the honour of his acquaintance; but take anybody to Mr. Carlyle—impossible!' 'That silly old Barlow won't take me to Carlyle,' said the lady to George Cooke;

'you must do it then.' 'Gracious heavens!' said George Cooke; 'ask me to take you up to the Queen, and introduce you to her, and I would do it, and "take the six months' imprisonment," or whatever punishment was awarded me; but take anybody to Mr. Carlyle—impossible!'

Soon after this, George Cooke met her riding in the Park, and said, 'I passed Mr. Carlyle a little way on, in his brown wide-awake.' The lady lashed her horse and set off in pursuit, leaving her party out of sight, and went all round the Park at full gallop, looking out for the wide-awake. She is an authoress in a small way, this charming Frenchwoman; and is the wife of a newspaper editor at Paris, who 'went into the country' (Miss F—— told me) 'and brought back a flowerpot full of earth, and, on the strength of that, put de —— to his name of Monsieur ——.'

But the absurdest fact about her is, that, being a 'Frenchwoman,' she is the reputed daughter of Lord F. and a Mrs. G.! It is in Lord F.'s house that she stays here. Miss F—— also declares she was a celebrated singer at Munich. But Miss F—— is a very loose talker, and was evidently jealous of the sensation the lady produced by her wit and eccentricities.

Will that suit you?

LETTER 193.

Larkin (Henry; young Londoner, then collector or cashier on the Chelsea steamers, now partner in some prosperous metallurgic or engineering business) had come to me some three years before this in a loyally volunteer and interesting manner—a helper sent me by favour of Heaven, as I often said and felt in the years coming. He did for me all manner of maps, indexes, summaries, copyings, sortings, miscellanea of every kind, in a way not to be surpassed for completeness, ingenuity, patience, exactitude, and total and continual absence of fuss. Never had I loyaller or more effective help; nowhere was there a more honest-minded man; really of fine talent, too; clear, swift discernment, delicate sense of humour, &c.; but he preferred serving me in silence to any writing he could do (that was his own account on volunteering himself). Till Frederick ended he was my factotum, always at hand; and still from the distance is prompt and eager to help me actually; a man to thank Heaven for, as I still gratefully acknowledge.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Chelsea: July 19, 1858.

There, my dear! I send you a wonderful communication—a map of your new 'parish' and township in Australia! I have spent an hour over the packet before I could understand what it all meant. The letter accompanying the maps was inserted between them, so that it was not discovered at first. There are six copies of this map that I send you, and there is a large coloured map on excessively thick paper, professing to be 'Plan of the Township of Carlyle, in

the Parish of Carlyle, Murray District;' to which is affixed the signature of 'C. Gavan Duffy, Minister of Land and Works.' This I will not send—it would cost so much—unless you wish for it at once. Poor Duffy appears by the letter to be very ill, but past the worst.

It is such a beautiful day, this! as clear as a bell, and not too warm. And for quiet, I question if you be nearly as quiet at the Gill. Charlotte is gone for her quarter's holiday, went off at eight in the morning with her nominal parents to Gravesend; and I wouldn't have Mrs. Newnham come till two o'clock, when my dinner would be needed, and there might be 'knocking at the door!'

The only sign of life in the house is the incessant chirp of a little ugly brown bird, that I rescued yesterday afternoon from some boys who were killing it; bought of them for twopence; and now I find it cannot feed itself, and I have to put crowdy into its mouth (which is always gaping) with a stick.

I went in an omnibus to Putney yesterday evening, and came back outside. It is as pleasant as a barouche and four, the top of an omnibus; but the conductors don't like the trouble of helping one up. When I came home at six, I found Charlotte wildly excited over Mrs. Cameron, who had waited for me more than an hour, played on the piano, and written 'a long letter on three sheets of paper.' Certainly she

had spoiled three sheets in telling me she had come to carry me off to Little Holland House, and that she would send back the carriage for me at nine, and bring me home at eleven. Charlotte told her I had been very ill, and was never out late; but that made no difference—the carriage would be sent; only if I could not come, she (Charlotte) must come over to Little Holland House and tell them in time to stop the carriage—'it was a long way to send a carriage for nothing.' She did not consider it was a long way for my only servant to be sent for nothing.

While I was hesitating about sending, for of course I never dreamt of going, Mr. Neuberg came to tea; and, needing Charlotte at home, I found it too absurd that she should have to leave me to get the tea, while she went for Mrs. Cameron's whim to Holland House. So I wrote a note, and coolly gave it to the coachman to take back instead of myself.

You are very kind in pressing your present refuge on me, but I will never allow you to either 'pig in' at Scotsbrig, or to commit yourself to Providence at Dumfries. My greatest comfort all this time has been just knowing *you* situated according to your needs, in full enjoyment of air, milk, and quiet. Never fear but I will make some arrangement for myself when it becomes desirable that I should leave London. I am not yet equal to so long a journey as

to Scotland, but I am improving, and taking as much exercise as is good for me; change of air too.

I am going to-morrow to Mr. Larkin's mother's, to spend the day in that beautiful garden from which he brings me such bouquets. Mr. Larkin is to come himself at twelve o'clock to take me; and the next day Mrs. Forster is to come and take me to early dinner in Montague Square. I have had even an invitation to Ristori's benefit to-night, shawls and cloaks to be in readiness the moment I left the box, &c., and brought home with closed windows; but that, of course, I screamed at the idea of. It was little Mrs. Royston who wished to take me, a box having been given her. So you see I am very kindly seen to. I have slept better these two nights, and am rather stronger, and my cough is abated; speaking I find the worst thing for it.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 194.

I am now about setting out on my second German tour 'to visit all the battlefields of Friedrich,' which cost me a great deal of misery, but was not honestly to be avoided. She, being rather stronger, is going to stay with Miss Baring, at Bay House, Alverstoke.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

Chelsea: Thursday, July 29, 1858.

Oh, my dear, my dear! What did you do with the key of your bureau? There is no vestige of a

passport in the upper 'little drawer next the fire,' the only drawer which is unlocked; the keys used to lie in that. I have wasted the whole morning in seeking a key to open the top part, or another drawer where the keys may be, and have found only two of your lost dog-whistles! I don't like to have the locks picked till it is hopeless finding the key. If you have it or know where you put it, and tell me by Saturday morning, there would just be time to send the passport before I start; but, as I tell you, my morning is all wasted, and in the afternoon I must go up to Piccadilly to get some indispensable little items for my visit. I have been kept back these two last days by the coldness of the weather, and my extreme sensitiveness. The prospect of going a journey and living in another person's house is doing me more harm than probably the reality will do; I could 'scream at the idea of it' sometimes, and write off, 'Oh, you must excuse me!' But again, just the more I feel nervous, the more I need to try anything that may brace my nerves; and, of course, a doctor would tell me to get rid of this incessant little dry cough 'before October.' I should not say incessant, for in the forenoons, when I hold my tongue, I hardly cough at all—at least it is quite another sort of cough, bringing up phlegm at intervals; but in the evening, especially if anyone comes, it is as incessant as the chirp of my adopted sparrow. I am not

getting weaker, however, except in my mind. I take exercise every day, 'chiefly in an omnibus, Mr. Carlyle!' And I try every day to do or see something cheering; I should soon fall into melancholy mania if I didn't. Last evening, for example, I had old Mrs. Larkin to tea—such a pretty little rough tea, you can't fancy, and Mrs. Larkin was so pleased. And I had Mrs. Hawkes to talk to them, and George Cooke came accidentally. George Cooke is very attentive and sympathetic to me. But the key, the key!

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 195.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Bay House: Monday, Aug. 2, 1858.

All right, dear; I got through my journey much better than could have been expected, having slept even soundly (mercifully), just the last night before leaving. A fat, old, real lady in the carriage opposite me paid me 'delicate attentions;' lent me her smelling bottle, gave me her nosegay, put her dressing-case under my feet, &c. &c., having commenced acquaintance by asking, 'Have you been poorly long?' When she changed trains at Bishopstoke, she looked over her shoulder to say: 'I sincerely hope you may soon be better, ma'am.'

How differently one's looks impress different people! The man who drove me from the station (and charged me three-and-sixpence!) evidently took me for well enough to be going to service at Bay House, for he turned round as soon as we passed through the gate to ask, 'was he to drive round to the back door?' And then the footman who received me took me for deaf! coming close up to me when he had anything to say, and shouting it into my ear. He was the only person I saw for three hours after my arrival. The 'Miss Barings out walking;' 'would I wish to be shown to my room?' 'Certainly.' 'Would I wish any refreshment?' 'Yes, a cup of tea.' It was brought, and then all lapsed into the profoundest silence. I could have fancied a pleasanter reception; at the same time 'it was coostom in part,'[1] no harm meant.

Having had lots of time to unpack and dress myself, I was first in the drawing-room before dinner. A gentleman came in, whom I liked the look of, but no word passed between us; then Mrs. Mildmay came, and finally my hostess, who assured me she was 'delighted to see me,' and so I was installed. Another lady entered with Emily, whom I recognised as Mrs. Frederick Baring, and the gentleman was Frederick Baring, whom I had never seen before,

[1] 'Why are these mills going to-day?' (*Sunday*, in Cumberland.) Coostom in part.'

and of whom I had got the most absurdly unjust impression. Both he and his wife are kindly, unaffected people; he, indeed, strikes me as quite a superior man. I had a good deal of talk with him yesterday, and am sorry he is gone to-day. His wife went with him, so there is now only Mrs. Mildmay and her son.

The railway journey made me so sleepy that I could hardly keep my eyes open till I got to bed, and in bed I slept in a wonderful manner. My room is the same where I lay three days in a sore throat, and the boy 'Jack' had to bring in my breakfast. But no association could keep me long awake that night. Certainly if pure air, and quiet, and wholesome food, and freedom from all 'cares' but of dressing oneself, can cure me, I shall be cured—in a few days.

It is Louisa Baring that goes with Lord Ashburton to Scotland on Monday. I thought if Emily was going somewhere too, I might be wished to go away in less time than a week; and, at all events, living on in that sort of fear of over-staying one's welcome is very disagreeable. So I thought I had best go frankly to the end of it at once, and I said to Emily, when we were walking this morning, that I had meant to stay till the end of this week; but, as Miss Baring was leaving the place so soon as Monday, perhaps it would be more convenient

that I should go on an earlier day—would she kindly tell me? Emily protested against my going this week. She and Mrs. Mildmay are to be here till the twenty-fourth, and I 'had better stay over next week.' The invitation was given with cordiality enough to make me feel quite at ease for this week anyhow, the rest will disclose itself. The Baring manner is naturally so shy, and so cold, that I dare say one may easily underrate the kindness of feeling which accompanies it.

Yours ever,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 196.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Bay House: Friday, August 7, 1858.

Only Friday morning, dear, yet! Heaven knows! Possibly this may not reach you till Monday. However, when it does reach you it won't bring bad news. I still have nothing but good to tell of myself. I continue to get a very tolerable allowance of sleep, and to eat my breakfast 'with the same relish.'[1] And, will you believe it? I eat two dinners every day. I do that—one at half-past one, and the other at eight; which last, I call, in my own mind, supper, and take no tea after. The little nervous cough is entirely gone, and the rough cough gets rarer every day.

[1] A phrase of John Jeffrey's (Lord Jeffrey's brother), *quasi* pathetic: 'eats his beef-steak with,' &c.

For the rest, I am quite comfortable morally. I never was put more at ease on a visit. I feel to have dropt into the regular life of the house, and to have found my place in it, without anybody taking trouble to adjust me, or myself taking trouble.

The only visitor now besides myself is Mrs. Mildmay (yes, Geraldine's mother, a much nicer woman than one fancied her, full of fun and good humour). She reads to us for an hour or so after breakfast ('Chambers's Annals of Scotland'), while the rest sew. Then we go to our rooms to write, or do anything that needs privacy. I, for my part, take always a stroll on the shore before lunch at half-past one. At three we go out in the open carriage, and have the pleasantest drives, being permitted to sit perfectly silent; Miss Baring seems to think this the natural way of driving in the open air, and she is quite right. Coming in about five, there are the letters; each one takes her own, and retires to her own room till dinner-time. After dinner, till eleven, we talk, and work, and read the newspapers, and play piquet. At eleven the butler enters with a silver tray, containing four bright crystal tumblers filled with the purest cold water; nothing else whatever. I always take one, and have grown to feel a need of it. You cannot think how genial the Miss Barings are at home; what a deal of hearty laughing they do in a day!

You will foresee that I am not going at the end of 'a week.' Miss Baring goes to join Lord A. on Monday; but Emily has pressed me quite cordially to remain with her and Mrs. Mildmay till she goes into Norfolk. And, if nothing unforeseen occur to 'dash the cup of fame from my brow,'[1] I shall remain and be thankful to. I don't feel the least drawn to 5 Cheyne Row in your absence; indeed, I don't mean to have anything more to do with it than I can help till you are there. Don't think me crazy. I have written to Mrs. Pringle this morning (the 16th) that I shall be with her, if all go well, the end of this month; September is often a fine month in Scotland. You may see how much better I am, from this effort of moral courage, as well as if you were beside me. I can't be said to need 'change of air,' after having had it so long here—don't, indeed, intend to give any 'varnish of duty' to the journey. It may not have the least effect in keeping off illness through the winter; it can't in the least add to your comfort when you are only waiting for a yacht; but it will be a pleasant way of spending the next month, and perhaps may (if I manage myself carefully) help to keep me well through the next month; and, oh, my dear! I have suffered so much—so much, and so long—that even a month of respite looks to me a thing worth taking any trouble for and spending any

[1] Scotch preacher (*supra*).

money for that I can lawfully spend. When I left home I did not believe that a change could do so much for me, even for the time being. Now that I feel what it has done, I want more of it. There is no other place nearer hand where I could get any good; besides, there is no place nearer hand that I am invited to.

To be sure I might go into lodgings nearer hand; but 'horrible is the thought to me!' and in lodgings I should have the 'cares of bread.' One of the reasons I eat so heartily here is, that I have had no forethought about the things set before me. Eating the dinner one has ordered oneself is, to a sick person, as ungrateful as wearing the gown one has made oneself is to an inexpert sewer. So please don't think me crazy! and, above all, don't fetter yourself with me the least in the world. If the 'yacht'[1] turn up before I come—if your stay seems to find its natural limit before I come, go all the same. As I should try to cut the journey in two by sleeping at Liverpool, I could go straight on if you were not there to give me a rest and good speed. But it is far off yet, all that; and meanwhile it may become intolerably cold, or I may catch cold, or fall off my sleep, and so become too cowardly 'for anything.' I said to Mrs. Pringle I would go if I could, not that I would 'whether I could or not.'

[1] It I have quite forgotten, what or whom; only that it never came.

Now I have just been down to lunch, and must get ready for Gosport, in the carriage. I will take this letter on chance of hastening it.

Yours ever,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 197.

Dumfries.—Lord Ashburton did come by that road, and we drove together to New Abbey, &c., before his starting again next day. Rous, the house doctor.—A copiously medicinal man. 'William Harcourt,' the now lawyering, parliamenteering, &c.; loud man, who used to come hither at intervals. 'A glorious bit of colour.'—One of Leigh Hunt's little children dixit.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Bay House: Monday, Aug. 9, 1858.

How curious if Lord A. be at this moment on the road to Dumfries! Miss Baring started an hour ago in full assurance of finding him waiting to go with her to-morrow. Not one word has been received from him since they parted in London, on the understanding they were to go north together on the 10th; and I thought it best to say nothing of your news that he was to be at Dumfries on the 9th. She might have felt mortified at the new arrangement being communicated only through me, and nervous about what would await her in London. Rous, no doubt, will smooth all down. But what an odd man

Lord A. is! I hope it will come off all right, the meeting at Dumfries, and that it will enliven you for some days. Perhaps he will persuade you to go to Loch Luichart? Miss Baring is most anxious you should come. By the way, please to send the remaining volume of 'Tourgueneff' to her; she has taken the others, and fears there will be great dearth of literature in the Highlands.

I felt quite sorry to see her drive off this morning. She has really been most kind to me, and took leave of me quite affectionately; 'now that I had found my way to them, she hoped I would never be so hard to persuade here again.' We are now reduced to three; but Bingham Mildmay is expected. When he comes we are to go to inspect 'the camp,' and go again to 'the Island.' The camp astonished me the first time I went to walk on the shore—a field, about a quarter of a mile off, all covered over with snow-white cones. I thought for a moment it was the grandest encampment of gipsies. But there are some two thousand soldiers in these tents. Near it there is a most beautiful new fort a-building; the guns of which, if they ever come into action, will smash right through Bay House.

On Saturday we left for the island at eleven, and did not return till six,—Emily, Mrs. Mildmay, and I. At Ryde we got an open fly, and drove to a place up the shore called Spring Vale, where Sir Henry

Mildmay and his wife and rosebuds were rusticating Very human, pleasant people. They had been warned of our coming, and had dinner (No. 1) waiting for us. Then we drove to St. Clair, the property and work of art of Colonel Harcourt, and Lady Catherine (uncle of William Harcourt). There, too, Mrs. Mildmay introduced me with graceful emphasis; and I was very courteously treated and shown about. A lady said I 'had forgotten her,' that she was the Mrs. Malcolm who dined with us at Lady Sandwich's; she is sister to Colonel Harcourt. The sea being as smooth as glass that day, I wasn't in the least sick, and the whole affair passed off to the general satisfaction.

Mrs. Mildmay is going to take us to Osborne to call for Lady Caroline Barrington, the governess to 'the Royal children,' and on to Cowes to call for somebody else. In fact, she is the most good-natured of women, Mrs. Mildmay, besides being excessively amusing in herself. She is not the widow of Sir Walter's friend, but of his nephew and the heir to ——. One is so apt to lose a generation nowadays.

Did I tell you that Crocker's house is now a royal residence, has been given to little Prince Alfred, who is learning to be a sailor? I saw him this morning shaking hands with two of his tutors, and jumping into his little boat with the third—a slight, graceful

little boy. The Queen came over and breakfasted with him one morning, and another time took tea with him. He keeps a little red flag flying when at home, which adds 'a glorious bit of colour' to the scene.

Your description of 'Craig-o'-putta' made me feel choked; I know what that wood must be grown to. Close on the house, forming a great dark shearing-hook before the windows. I always thought the laying out of that planting detestable, and if I were living there I would set fire to it.

This paper is thick, so I will take off half a sheet to make room for poor little Charlotte's unexpected letter—worth reading.

Yours ever,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 198.

'What ornament and grandeur!'—Indignant old sailor to me once about his new binnacle in his new-fangled steamship. 'Suet and plums' was a casual reflection of my own. Rob Austin used to be our private post-boy once a week.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Dresden.

Lann Hall: Friday, Sept. 10, 1858.

I was sure of it; knew without being told that the bathe in the Baltic had given you cold. You

ought to know by this time that just the more you feel drawn to do these rash things, the more you should keep yourself from doing them. God grant this wild-huntsman rush over Germany don't spoil all the good you got in quiet Annandale! But you had to do it; would not have finished your book in peace without having done it!

I saw Eaves about the horse before I left; but he could not go out to Richmond till the following Sunday, when he got a good ducking to settle his account for the Sunday-breaking. He had no difficulty in finding the horse, who was in capital condition, and as nimble on his feet as the Irishman's flea. He (the horse) has no end of pasture to roam about in, and has 'found a friend;' formed a romantic attachment to another horse of his own way of thinking; they are always together, both in their feeding and their playing, and evidently enjoy their liberty and their abundant grass. So you may be quite happy in your mind so far as the horse is concerned.

Charlotte is behaving herself quite well so far as I can ascertain.

The sparrow whom I did design to train to flying, and 'eventually' to *flying away*, died before my return from Bay House; but the poor little canary has recovered health and feathers under the nursing of Mrs. Huxham, in whose 'bosom it spends several

hours every day;' I should think not too happy hours![1]

For the rest, one's life here is remarkably cheerful. It is the very loveliest glen I ever saw, endeared to me by old associations. The people in it are all remarkably prosperous, and were always hospitable. They are glad to see me again, and I am glad to see them.

The practical result has been a perfect explosion of lunches to my honour and glory, all over Glen Shinnel and Glencairn. I would not be out after sunset, so these lunches are early dinner-parties; and, oh, my! what 'ornament and grandeur!' what 'suet and plooms.' I assure you, not at the Grange itself have I seen better food or better wine (champagne) than these big farmers or little lairds bring forth to one here 'in a lordly dish!' And it is so much heartier a sort of hospitality than one finds in the south! It makes one feel younger by twenty years! I catch myself laughing sometimes with a voice that startles myself as being not like my own but my mother's, who was always so much gayer than I. Indeed, it is good for me to be here; and I wish my visit had come off while you were at the Gill, that you might have tried it too. Better material accommodation you could have nowhere; and Mrs. Pringle has tact and consideration enough,

[1] Far too flattering an account.

I think, to have suited the moral atmosphere to the shorn lamb (?).

The question is now about your journey home? Are you going straight to London? If that is decidedly the most convenient way for yourself, of course I should not so much as suggest your returning by here; and so far as my own journey is concerned, I should rather prefer doing it 'all to myself' (as the children say). Perhaps I might choose to stay a night at Liverpool. At all events, I might need to have a window shut when you preferred it open. But if you liked to return by Leith, and to be a little longer in the country under easy circumstances, you could not do better than stop here. About your welcome you may feel the most exuberant assurance.

If you decide to go straight to London, I should know as soon as possible, that I may shape my own course accordingly. For I should not like your being *done for* by only Charlotte. I have a week's visit promised to Mrs. Russell, and I also undertook to stay a few days at Scotsbrig, in case Dr. C. and his 'poor boys' lingered on at London till the end of my time here. I will see Mary and Jane on my road back. But I need to give myself as little rough travelling as possible, not to be going and catching a cold after all these mighty efforts to strengthen myself. The Donaldsons and my aunts won't believe I can mean

to go away without seeing them. To see the dear old women at Sunny Bank once more I would gladly incur the expense of the journey there; but that is the least of it. The 'tashing' myself which Betty so strongly protests against must not be ventured.

We have just had one perfectly fair, beautiful day since I came (last Wednesday), and I spent it in an excursion to—Craigenputtock! We took some dinner with us, and ate it in the dining-room, with the most ghastly sensations on my part. The tenant was at Dumfries; the wife very civil; the children confiding to a degree. Their father 'had wine,' 'whiles took ower muckle.' We called on the Austins and Corsons. Nobody knew me! or could guess at me! Peter said I 'micht hae speaket to him seven year, and he wouldna hae faund me oot.' Peter privately stroked my pelisse, and asked Mrs. Pringle, 'That 'll be real silk, I'm thinking?' 'Satin,' said she. 'Aye,' said Peter, 'nae doot, nae doot, the best o't.' Rob Austin almost crunched my fingers in his big hand, and that was the only pleasant thing that befell me at my 'ancestral home.' *Ach Gott!*

I wrote already to Dresden.

Mrs. Pringle has been trying to write you a note, pressing you to come here on your way back; and now she comes with her face like to burst, asking me to 'say it all for her. She is so afraid to write to you.'

LETTER 199.

To Mr. James Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, Sept. 30, 1858.

My dear Jamie,—I never saw such a thing in all my life! I plunged into a carriage full of ill-bred, disobliging, English tourists; they would make no room for me with my beehive, and all my little things! I had to force a way for myself and my belongings, and when I had got my hands freed, and turned round to shake hands with you, before I sat down, behold the door was shut, and you had disappeared, and we were in motion! I could have cried for vexation; and could not get it out of my head all the road to London—that I had come off without a word of thanks for your kindness to me, or a word of leave-taking! And I felt such a detestation of these broad-hatted women in the carriage with me, whose disobligingness had been the cause of my flurry.

I went to the guard, at Carlisle, and told him I would not go on with these people, and should like to have a carriage all to myself. He seemed quite taken with my assurance, and asked if I could put up with one lady beside me? I said, 'Yes, if she were not troublesome.' He took me to a stout gentleman (the clerk at Carlisle, I suppose) and said, 'This lady wants a carriage all to herself! but she

would allow one lady with her.' The gentleman said 'it was a very natural wish; but he did not see how it could be gratified; however, if I would keep quiet beside him, he would see what was possible!' And the result was, I got a carriage with only one lady in it! Nothing like a modest impudence for getting one on in this world! So far from objecting to the quantity of my luggage, they asked, 'Was that all? Had I nothing more?' and they put up my things quite softly, whereas everybody else's, I noticed, were pitched up like quoits! The result is, that not so much as one egg was broken! And much satisfaction was diffused over the house by the unpacking of that improvised hamper!

When I found how much at ease I was in my carriage, I regretted not bringing away that kitten! It might have played about! But wasn't I thankful prudence had prevailed when I found myself already the enviable mistress of a kitten exactly the same size, but black as soot! Charlotte had taken the opportunity of my absence to discover 'there were mice in the house,' and bring home a new pet to herself! The dog and it are dear friends, for a wonder. I was delighted to see it this morning trying to ride on the dog's back!

Mr. C. was waiting for me, and had firmly believed for the last quarter of an hour that it was no use, as I must certainly have been smashed to

pieces! We were in fact an hour later than the regular time—in consequence of a bridge burnt down over the Trent, which occasioned a great roundabout. Besides, the train did not behave itself at all like an Express, stopping at a great many places, and for long whiles.

My house was all right; indeed, I never found it as thoroughly cleaned, or the general aspect of things as satisfactory. She is a perfect jewel, that young girl; besides all her natural work, she had crocheted, out of her own head, a large cover for the drawing-room sofa!

You will be glad to hear that a good situation is found at last for James Aitken. Carlyle seemed very grateful to you for the care you took of me. I told him about that 'close carriage' before we had been five minutes in the cab together.

Kindest love to Mary; and remember me to all those girls, visible and invisible, 'who are world-like,' their mother says, 'and have their wits.'

I will write to Mary before long.

Yours most kindly,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 200.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, Oct. 1, 1858.

Oh, my dear! my dear! Will you ask 'the Doctor' what is the reason that, when I travel from

London to Scotland I get quite fresh to the journey's end, however weakly I may have been at starting; but when I do the same journey back again, I am tired through every fibre of me, and don't get over it for days? I do begin to believe London a perfectly poisonous place for me, and to wish that the projected Pimlico Railway may actually tear our house up, and turn us adrift in space! Such a headache I had all yesterday! and to-day still I drag myself about with difficulty. Really, it is always 'pursuit of life under difficulties' here.

I hope your picture arrived, and safely. If it didn't, I will get you another. I was too ill with my head to write along with it. Indeed, I have not succeeded yet in getting my boxes all unpacked. I should be doing that 'duty nearest hand,' for the moment, if I were a thoroughly well-principled woman—such a woman as Mrs. Pringle, for example—instead of sitting here writing to you. But, my dear, it is so much pleasanter this; and I miss your kind face and kind voice so much, and writing to you is a sort of substitute for seeing and hearing you. My little visit to Mary Austin was very pleasant. But I was obliged to put on an additional box at the Gill, to hold the fresh eggs (!), 'pookit fools,' and other delicacies she loaded me with. Then Mr. Carlyle had left an enormous bundle of new clothes to come with me—the produce of the indefatigable

exertions of three tailors, whom he had kept sewing for him at the Gill for four weeks! besides a large package of books. So I made the journey with six pieces of luggage, not counting my writing-case, travelling-bag, and the bee-skep, which last I let nobody carry but myself. It arrived in the most perfect state. I told Mr. C. you had sent him 'improper female' honey, and I think he is greatly charmed with your immoral present. I took out some for immediate use; but I think I will not displace the rest.

When I was stepping into a carriage at the Cummertrees station that morning (Wednesday), a horrid sight turned me back. Nothing less than the baboon face of our new acquaintance the surgeon! I don't know if he recognised me; I dashed into the next carriage, and fell amongst an odious party of English tourists. My baboon friend and I exchanged glances at the different stations, where he expended his superfluous activity in fussing to and fro on the platform, till finally he left the London train at Lancaster. I wonder what impression he left at Lann Hall!

I find all extremely right here. A perfectly-cleaned house, and a little maid, radiant with 'virtue its own reward,' and oh, unexpected joy! a jet-black kitten added to the household! playing with the dog as lovingly as your cat with your dog! This acquisi-

tion of Charlotte's announced itself to me by leaping on to my back between my shoulders. A most agile kitten, and wonderfully confiding. Charlotte said yesterday, 'I think Scotland must be such a fresh, airy place! I should like to go there! You did smell so beautiful when you came in at the door last night!' She is quite a jewel of a servant. Far more like an adopted child than a London maid-of-all-work. And, upon my word and honour, her bread is a deuced deal better than that loaf of Mrs. B——'s.

A kiss to—the Doctor? or Nipp? And do tell Nipp to behave better at prayers.

Mr. C. has sent his book to your husband. It goes in some bookseller's parcel, so there may be a little delay.

[*No room to sign*] 'J. W. C.'

LETTER 201.

I returned from second German tour.—T. C.

J. G. Cooke, Esq.

5 Cheyne Row: Wednesday, October (?) 1858.

Dear Mr. Cooke,—I am here again—the more's the pity! Once for all, this London atmosphere weighs on me, I find, like a hundredweight of lead. No health, no spirits, one brings from 'the country' can bear up against it. Come and console me, at least come and try 'to!'—on Sunday afternoon perhaps.

Mr. C. is home from his battle-fields, and as busy and private as before. So my evenings are now sacred to reading on his part, and mortally ennuying to myself on mine.

Quoth Burgundy, the living
On earth have much to bear.[1]

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 202.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: November 1, 1858.

Oh, my dear! I feel so fractious this evening; should like to break something, or box somebody's ears! Perhaps it is the east wind, perhaps my dinner of only soup, perhaps original sin; whatever it is, I must positively try to come out of it, and the best way I can think of to smooth my 'raven down' is writing some lines to you. Your last letter was charming, dear, just the sort of letter one wants from a place familiar and dear to one; all about everything and everybody. Since I knew Mrs. Pringle I have come to understand and enter into

[1] Said Burgundy, 'I'm giving
Much toil to thee, I fear.'
Eckart replied, 'The living
On earth have much to bear.'

[Tieck's *Phantasms*; the trusty Eckart of my translating!]

the late Lady Ashburton's terror and horror of what she called 'all about feelings.'

My cousin John (George's son) was here again the other day, and I never felt so hopeless about him. His countenance, his voice, manner, everything about him is changed. And yet Bence Jones tells him it will be time enough, if he get to a warm climate before the spring winds set in. He will never go, I believe, if he wait till spring. I am going to Richmond the first possible day to talk to his mother. She is the strangest woman—always trying to hide her son's danger, as if it were a crime. The fatallest symptom I see in him is the sanguineness about his recovery, the irritability on the subject of his health, which have taken place of the depression he manifested in summer, while his state gives no reason for the change of mood; on the contrary, his cough, and expectoration are greatly increased, and so, he owns, are his night-perspirations. He is paler and thinner; and, from being the shyest, most silent of men, he now talks incessantly, and excitedly, and, in this state he goes about doing his usual work, and he left here the other day after dusk! I am very grieved about him. He is the only cousin I have, that I have had any pride or pleasure in.

Upon my word, I had better give up writing for this day—nothing to tell but grievances! Well, here is one little fact that will amuse you. Just imagine,

the bit of boiled ham, which you would hardly let me have, has lasted for my supper, up to last week; and I never stinted myself, only I kept it 'all to myself,' like the greedy boy of the story book. I began to think it was going to be a nineteenth century miracle. But it did end at last, and now I am fallen back on porridge and milk, which is not so nice. I don't know about Dr. Coupland; I fancied him an old man. I am curious to know what will become of the Irish tutor.

Love to the Doctor.

Yours ever affectionately,

J. C.

LETTER 203.

J. G. Cooke, Esq.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Tuesday, about Dec. 22, 1858.

Oh, my dear kind friend, what a shock for you! And what a loss! The loss of one's mother! You can hardly realise it yet, so suddenly and softly it has befallen; but I doubt if there be any other loss in life equal to it—so irreplaceable, so all-pervading. And the consolation given one, that it is a loss 'in the course of nature,' and 'common to all who live long,' only makes it the sadder, to my thought. Yes; the longer one lives in this hard world motherless, the more a mother's loss makes itself felt, and understood, the more tenderly and self-reproachfully

one thinks back over the time when one had her, and thought so little of it. It is sixteen years since my mother died, as unexpectedly; and not a day, not an hour has passed since that I have not missed her, have not felt the world colder and blanker for want of her. But that is no comfort to offer you.

Come to-morrow; I shall certainly be at home, and shall take care to be alone. I feel very grateful to you, very, for liking to come to me at such a time of trouble.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 204.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: December 30, 1858.

Oh, young woman! there you go again! again a long silence! And I will tell you how it will be—your silence will become longer and longer, and be of more and more frequent occurrence, till you fall out of acquaintance with me again, feel shy, and distrustful with me, and speculate about 'not having the accommodation of Lann Hall to offer!' And, oh my dear, who will be to blame for that state of things but yourself? Like all very sensitive people, you need an atmosphere of the familiar to open the leaves of your soul in. The strange, the un-

accustomed, blights you like a frosty night; and yet, by procrastination, which your copy-lines told you was 'the root of all evil,' you suffer the familiar to become, by little and little, that 'strange,' which has such withering effects on you. Please don't, not in my case, for Heaven's sake! The more you don't write to me, the more you will find it uphill work when you do write, and from that, to speaking about 'the accommodation of Lann Hall,' is but a step or two in a straight line. You write such nice letters when your hand is in, that they cannot be a labour to write. Then do, my dear, keep your hand in.

Meanwhile, I have sent you a New Year's gift, which, if it come to hand safe, will, I am sure, at least I hope, give you a pleasant surprise; for really it will be like seeing into our interior in a peep-show. It is the only one, of the size that exists as yet, and I had it done on purpose for you. Another, smaller, is gone, inside of a large picture-book for Mrs. Pringle's children, to Robert MacTurk, a sort of *amende honorable* for having failed to give him myself—Good God! when he had some right to expect it—long ago, when I was an extremely absurd little girl. His good feeling towards me, after all, deserves a certain esteem from me, and a certain recognition, which, I hope, has been put into an acceptable form for him in the peep-show!

But I must not be expatiating over things in general to-day; for I am in a dreadful hurry, a great many letters to be written, besides that it is my day for driving out in what our livery-stable keepers call a neat fly, viz., a second-hand brougham with one horse—an expensive luxury, which Mr. C. forces on me twice a week 'now that I am old and frail, and have a right to a little indulgence,' he says.

The fact is, I have been belated in my letters, and everything, this week, by having had to give from two to three hours every day to a man who has unexpectedly lost his mother. He has five sisters here,[1] and female friends world without end—is, in fact, of all men I know, the most popular; and such is relationship and friendship in London, that he has fled away from everybody to me, who wasn't aware before that I was his particular friend the least in the world. But I have always had the same sort of attraction for miserable people and for mad people that amber has for straws. Why or how, I have no idea.

Mrs. Pringle wrote me a long really nice letter, in answer to my acknowledgment of the intimation of her uncle's death. She is a clever woman (as the Doctor says), and has discovered now, no doubt, that the style which suits me best is the natural and simple style, and that my soul cannot be thrown into

[1] Can't remember him (J. G. Cooke ?).

deliquium, by any hundred-horse power of upholstery or of *moral sublime*. She is nice as she is.

I will get the money order for the poor women, in passing the post-office, and inclose it for your kind offices. Kindest regards to the Doctor, for whom I have a new story about Locock. God keep you both, for me, and so many that need you.

Yours,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 205.

Miss Barnes, a very pretty, amiable, modest, and clever young lady, was the Doctor's one daughter; is now Mrs. Simmonds, of this neighbourhood (wife of a rising barrister), and was always a great favourite with my darling.—T. C.

Miss Barnes, King's Road, Chelsea.

5 Cheyne Row: Monday, June 1859.

Dear Miss Barnes,—Your father left a message for me this morning, the answer to which I expected him to 'come and take' when he had done with our next-door neighbour. But blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

Pray come to tea with me to-morrow evening at seven, if my husband's particular friends 'the Destinies,' *alias* 'the Upper Powers,' *alias* 'the Immortal Gods' (your father says you read Mr. C., so you will understand me), don't interfere to keep you away.

I will drop this at your door in passing for my drive, and, along with it, a piece of old, old German crockery, which had the honour to catch your father's eye and has set its heart on belonging to him. So don't let it get broken—till he have seen it at least.

All you know of me as yet is that I seem to be in the very lowest state as to penmanship. But I assure you I can write much more tidily than this, made with the back of the very worst pen in the created world!

And if you will bring with you to-morrow evening whatever stock you may have of 'faith, hope, and charity,' I have no doubt but we shall become good friends.

Yours truly,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 206.

This year 1859 it was resolved, for the hot weather, that 'Frederick' should be thrown aside, and Fife and the North be our refuge for a month or two. We had secured a tolerable upper floor in the farmhouse of Humbie, close by pleasant Aberdour; we had great need, especially she had, of all the good it could do us. I went by steamer with clever little Charlotte, my horse, and Nero; remember somewhat of the dreariness, the mean confusion, ennui; got at last to Granton, where brother John from Edinburgh joined me to accompany across the Frith. Our first talk was of

poor Isabella of Scotsbrig,[1] who had died a few weeks before, a permanent loss to all of us.

My own Jeannie, frail exceedingly, had gone by rail to Haddington; in a few days more she joined Charlotte and me at Humbie; for a month after that at 'Auchtertool House' (a big, goodish house, rather in disrepair, for which no special rent, only some voluntary for such politeness, could be accepted), for above a month more.

Fife was profoundly interesting to me, but also (unexpectedly), sad, dreary, troublesome, lonely, peopled only by the ghosts of the past. My poor darling in Humbie Wood with me; weak, weak! could not walk, durst not (really durst not) sit on the loyal willing Fritz, with me leading; got her a cuddy (donkey) from Dumfries (none to be heard of in Fife), but that also was but half successful. She did improve a little; was visibly better when I rejoined her at home. For myself I had ridden fiercely (generally in tragic humour), walked ditto late in the woods at night, &c., bathed, &c., hoping still to recover myself by force in that way, 'more like a man of sixteen than of sixty-four,' as I often heard it said by an ever-loving voice! It was the last time I tried the boy method. Final Fife (particulars not worth giving) had a certain gloomy beauty to me—strange, grand, sad as the grave!—T. C.

J. G. Cooke, Esq., Mount Street, W.

Humbie, Aberdour, Fife: Saturday.

My dear Friend,—I was very glad of your letter, not only because it was a letter from you, but a sign that you had forgiven me—or, still better—that you had never been offended! I assure you, an hour or

[1] Mrs. James Carlyle.

two later, when left alone and quiet in the railway carriage, I wondered, as much as you could do, what demon inspired the tasteless jest with which I bade you goodbye! in presence too, of the most gossiping and romancing of all our mutual acquaintances! I was so tired that day! Oh my heavens! so tired! And fatigue, which makes an healthy human being sleepy, makes me, in my present nervous state, delirious. That is my excuse—the only one I have to make, at least—for the foolish words I took leave of you with.

Mrs. Hawkes will have told you that I arrived safe, and that I am quite content with the 'Farm-house.' It commands the beautifullest view in the world, and abundance of what Mr. C. calls 'soft food' (new milk, fresh eggs, whey, &c.). The people are obliging; and the lodging very clean. Mr. C. bathes in the sea every morning, lyrically recognises the 'pure air,' and the 'soft food;' and, if not essentially in better health, is in what is almost as good—that make-the-best-of-everything state, which men get into when carrying out their own idea; and only then!

Charlotte[1] is the happiest of girls! not that she seems to have much sensibility for the 'Beauties of Nature,' nor that her health was susceptible of improvement, but that the 'kindness of Scotch people' fills her with wonder and delight. 'Young men that

[1] Mrs. Carlyle's maid.

don't so much as know her name, passing her on the road, say to her, Bonnie wee lassie!' And the farmer here gave her 'a little sugar rabbit,' and said to her 'Little girl, you are growing quite pretty since you came.' Did I ever hear of such kind people? The horse also likes 'the change.' Mr. C. says 'he is a much improved horse; is in perfect raptures over his soft food (grass and new hay) but incapable of recovering from his astonishment at the badness of the Fife roads!' Nero bathes with his master from a sense of duty; and is gradually shaking off the selfish torpor that had seized upon him in London: he snores less, thinks of other things besides his food; and shows some of his old fondness for me. Myself is the individual of the party who has derived least benefit hitherto from the place and its advantages. Indeed, I am weaker than before I left home. But great expectations are entertained from—an ass (cuddy they call it here!) which arrived for me from Dumfriesshire last night. My own choice of animal to ride upon! Mr. C. mounted me twice on the enraptured and astonished horse. But a cuddy will suit better; as Betty remarked when she was here, 'it's fine and near the grund, dear. It'll no be far to fa'!' The farmer says, 'I hope it'll gang! Them creturs is sometimes uncommon fond to stand still!' I am just going to try it. Geraldine sent me a note that looked like being written on a ship in a storm at

sea. Such scrawling and blotting I never beheld, and the sense to match! If Mr. Mantel makes his way here, we shall give him a friendly welcome; but it is a much more laborious affair than from London to Richmond.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

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